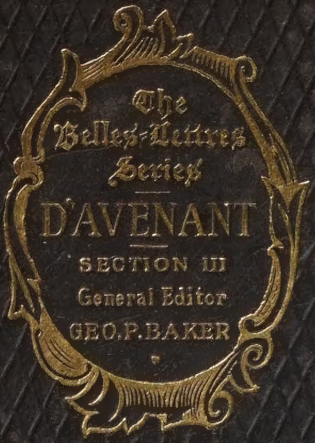
The
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The Belles-Lettres Series

SECTION III

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

GENERAL EDITOR

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From the Frontispiece to the *Works*, 1673

LOVE AND HONOUR

AND

THE SIEGE OF RHODES

By SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT

EDITED BY

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BOSTON, U.S.A., AND LONDON
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS
1909

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Preface

THE only edition of D'Avenant's works since the folio of 1672-3 is that of Maidment and Logan in the *Dramatists of the Restoration* series. In that edition the text has been modernized in spelling and punctuation, comparatively few notes have been furnished, and the critical introductions to the separate plays are rather superficial. The editors deserve credit, however, for having given us an easily accessible text of all the dramatic work of this author without any expurgations.

The two plays in the present edition have been selected for the reason that they most clearly mark D'Avenant's place in the development of the drama. *Love and Honour* is our best instance of the romantic drama beginning to merge into the heroic, as yet unaffected, to any appreciable extent, by the influence of French romance or drama. *The Siege of Rhodes* not only is the most developed type of heroic play before the works of Orrery and Dryden, but it also marks the beginnings of several important developments on the English stage.

I wish to acknowledge my grateful indebtedness to those who have assisted me in the preparation of this volume, especially Professors George P. Baker, Felix E. Schelling, William Hand Browne, and Chester N. Greenough, and the librarians of Harvard University, the University of Pennsylvania, and Yale University.

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Biography

William D'Avenant was born at Oxford in the latter part of February, 1606. He was the son of John D'Avenant, vintner, who, it seems probable, was the first cousin of John D'Avenant, Bishop of Salisbury.[1] After attending the Grammar School of All Saints, he entered Lincoln College, Oxford, in 1621. The following year, on the death of his father,[2] he left college to enter the service of Frances, first Duchess of Richmond, and later that of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. It is probable that about this time he served in the Continental wars.[3]

Already he had begun to write poems and plays. As early as his twelfth year he composed an *Ode in Remembrance of Master Shakspere*, which happily was not printed till 1638, when it had doubtless lost some of the marks of extreme youth. His earliest recorded play is *The Cruel Brother*, which was licensed in July, 1627, and acted at the Blackfriars. *Albovine* was published in 1629 but was apparently not acted. Both are tragedies after the bloody, decadent mode of the time. In Herbert's Register for July 22, 1629, there is an entry recording "The Colonel by D'Avenant," a play identified with *The Siege*,[4] which was first published in the folio of 1672-3. D'Avenant was given to changing the titles of his plays. The version in which the play exists is corrupt, and it is likely that the first version gave more prominence to the character of the colonel, a comparatively insignificant personage in *The Siege*. It is a tragi-comedy like *The Just Italian*, which followed it in 1630. The fun in the latter play is rather rough but entirely in keeping with contemporary dramatic fashion.

For over three years from this time D'Avenant produced nothing, doubtless owing to the long illness referred to in the prologue

1 Campbell, *Mod. Lang. Notes*, xviii, 236 f.

2 In John D'Avenant's will, probated Oct. 21, 1622, William is mentioned as "being now arrived sixteen years of age."

3 Campbell, *ibid.*

4 Fleay, *Chr. Eng. Dr.* i, 101.

to *The Wits*, a comedy produced at court in January, 1634. The same year Mildmay saw *Love and Honour* acted,[1] though the play was not published until 1649. In 1635 D'Avenant, ever ready to reflect the passing humor of the time, wrote a masque for the Queen on the subject of platonic love. *The Temple of Love*, as it was called, is a glorification of the new fad as well as of the Queen herself. A play on the same subject, *The Platonic Lovers*, was produced at the Blackfriars, following in point of time the lively comedy of manners, *News from Plymouth*. In the former D'Avenant dared to poke fun at the waning fad by showing its helplessness before the natural appeal of sex. Two masques, *The Triumphs of the Prince d'Amours* and *Britannia Triumphans*, were produced at Court in 1636 and 1638 respectively, the latter in collaboration with Inigo Jones. The evidence adduced by Brotanek[2] to prove D'Avenant's authorship of *Luminalia* is not entirely convincing. The masque appears with only Jones's name, and the anonymous author and collaborator may or may not have been the same as that of *The Triumphs of the Prince d'Amours*, also produced anonymously. This year, 1638, *The Unfortunate Lovers* and *The Fair Favourite* were composed; the former was acted with great applause both before and after the Restoration; the latter is not on record as having been acted at all. The same year *Madagascar and other Poems* was published.

In December, 1638, D'Avenant became Jonson's successor to the laureateship and was granted a pension of £100 a year. In the year following he obtained a patent to erect a play-house in Fleet Street, which, however, was not built. In June he was made governor of the King's and Queen's company, at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, during Mrs. Beeston's lease. *The Spanish Lovers*, licensed in 1639, has been identified as *The Distresses*, which was not published until the folio. *Salmacida Spolia*, D'Avenant's last masque, was presented by the King and Queen at Whitehall in January, 1640.

We know nothing definite of the part D'Avenant played during the troubles leading up to the Civil War beyond slight references which would indicate that he held some post in the royal army.[3]

1 Collier, *Annals*, ii, 63. 2 *Anglia Beiblatt*, xi, 177 f.
3 *Cal. State Papers*, July 17, 1640, April 13, 1641.

In May, 1641, he was implicated, along with other prominent men, in a scheme to bring the army up from Yorkshire to London to overawe Parliament, and was summoned before the House. He fled and reached France after two arrests and several months' imprisonment. He remained in France until toward the close of 1642, when he returned with supplies for the King and was made lieutenant general of the Ordnance. At the siege of Gloucester in September, 1643, he was knighted. He remained with the royal forces until the defeat of Marston Moor, when like others he fled to France.

While abroad D'Avenant still interested himself in the fortunes of Charles. We hear of his having been sent to England as the bearer of a letter, dated April 25 / May 5, 1645, from Jermyn to Digby. About this time he became a Roman Catholic. In October, 1646, he was sent on a mission by the Queen to urge the King to accede to the Scotch proposals, throw over Episcopacy, and accept Presbyterianism. The mission failed completely, as Clarendon relates with malicious relish, and the discomfited envoy returned to France. Of his later doings in France we have no record except that he busied himself with his heroic poem *Gondibert*, the first two books of which he completed before he started for America. His mission to America was to supersede Lord Baltimore as governor of Maryland.[1] The commission is dated from the court in Jersey, February 16, 1649–50. He was captured, however, in the Channel and imprisoned in Cowes Castle, Isle of Wight. In the spring of 1651 he was transferred to the Tower, and he was not released until August 4, 1654.

While in Cowes Castle he wrote half of the third book of *Gondibert*, under the constant fear of being "interrupted, by so great an experiment as dying" under the axe of Cromwell's executioner. Further composition was fortunately not resumed. On May 23, 1656, he gave an "Entertainment" at Rutland House by declamations and music after the manner of the ancients. This marks the very tentative restoration of the drama to the stage. In the same year and place the first version of *The Siege of Rhodes* was presented. Toward the close of 1658 D'Avenant boldly produced at the Cockpit another "Entertainment" called *The Cruelties of*

1 Campbell, *Mod. Lang. Notes*, xviii, 236 f.

the Spaniards in Peru, a clever move, since at that time England was at war with Spain. The next year he followed this up with a similar piece, entitled *The History of Sir Francis Drake*. For his share in Sir George Booth's premature rising in support of Charles he was committed to prison, but he was soon released.

Shortly after Monk entered London in February, 1660, theatrical companies were established at the Cockpit, Red Bull, and Blackfriars, but they were soon prohibited from acting and their rights transferred to Thomas Killigrew and D'Avenant. A regular patent was granted in August to these court favorites to erect two companies of players in two theatres. D'Avenant opened his theatre in Salisbury Court, and called his company the Duke's; Killigrew opened his theatre at Clare Market and named his company the King's. In June, 1661, D'Avenant opened a new house in Lincoln's Inn Fields with the two parts of *The Siege of Rhodes*. The next year still further rights were given to these patentees.

From now on D'Avenant's work consisted mainly of adaptations from the plays of others. On February 10, 1662, he produced his *Law against Lovers*, adapted from Shakspere's *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado About Nothing*. In the same year his *Playhouse To Be Let* was acted, consisting of two earlier pieces, an introductory act, a translation of Molière's *Sganarelle*, and a travesty of the story of Cæsar and Cleopatra. On September 10 Pepys saw the *Rivals*, D'Avenant's adaptation of Shakspere's *Two Noble Kinsmen*, and on November 5 *Macbeth* as altered by the same daring hand. The alteration of *The Tempest* by D'Avenant and Dryden was performed on November 7, 1667. Dryden in his preface to this play credits D'Avenant with the invention of the "counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely, that of a man who had never seen a woman," and with the writing of the "comical parts of the sailors." Dryden further says that he himself wrote some parts which D'Avenant suggested and amended. His attitude toward D'Avenant throughout is that of a humble disciple. *The Man's the Master*, D'Avenant's adaptation of Scarron's *Jodelet* and *L'Héritier*, was produced on March 26, 1668.

On April 7, 1668, D'Avenant died and on the ninth he was buried in Westminster Abbey. He was twice married. His first wife, Anne, died in March, 1655; his second, Mary, in February, 1691.

Introduction

Throughout his whole career D'Avenant was quick to perceive the preferences of popular taste and to gratify them, whether by merely following what had already been approved, or by introducing what he foresaw would become popular. He was an imitator on the one hand and an innovator rather than an originator on the other. In middle life he came to know from personal experience the dramatic and theatrical conditions prevailing on the Continent, and when he saw his opportunity, he introduced into England what had already become popular abroad and was destined to become so at home. He was facile both as dramatist and as dramatic manager; he wrote plays as well as staged them. By following in this manner the changed conditions in the theatrical world of England and the Continent, he occupies, more than any other English author, the position of a link connecting the drama of Beaumont and Fletcher with that of Dryden. In his earlier plays he is a romantic dramatist, in his later he is an "heroic" dramatist.

The Cruel Brother, *Albovine*, *The Siege*, *The Just Italian*, all produced in 1630, and *The Unfortunate Lovers* and *The Fair Favourite*, both belonging to 1638, are largely fashioned after the type of the romantic plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, with occasional reminiscence of Shakspere. In *The Wits* and *News from*

Plymouth he imitates the Jonsonian comedy of manners. *The Platonic Lovers* is a comedy of the same type, reflecting contemporary conditions. It is an ingenious disputation for and against fruition of love in marriage, with a very outspoken satiric treatment of platonic love, then the reigning fad at court. In his masques D' Avenant contributed his share towards the form of court festivities most in vogue at that time. In *Love and Honour* he takes his first noteworthy step towards the heroic play, of which he had already given slight indications in *The Siege*. It is in *The Siege of Rhodes*, however, that he reveals, in anything like the developed type, what Dryden calls the first light we had of heroic plays.[1] He was the first to revive dramatic entertainments after the Puritan suppression of plays, thus anticipating the Restoration. He was also the first to introduce the opera, then highly popular in Italy and France. He first in England fashioned the public stage as a picture by means of elaborate movable scenery, using his experience in the staging of masques and his observation of stage conditions in France.

The later romantic drama is a special type introduced by Beaumont and Fletcher and imitated to a considerable extent by contemporary and later dramatists. *Philaster*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, and *Thierry and Theodoret* are familiar examples. The plot is located in a strange or distant land, the characters are persons of exalted rank, the interest consists in a series of sensations. A story of pure love is contrasted with one of sensual passion, and both are interwoven with events leading to the fall of

[1] *An Essay of Heroic Plays*, Ed. by Ker, i, 149.

a kingdom or to its threatened destruction, so that each act contains surprising incidents. The battles and pageants of the chronicle play have been abandoned. Properly speaking, there is no logical development of character nor any inevitable entangling and unraveling of plot. Everything is subordinated to the grand climax of the dénouement, which is led up to with much elaboration and resolved with highly sensational effects. The characters fit in with the scene; they are often unreal, romantic, theatric. They conform to definite types, — the sentimental, ineffective, and passionate hero, his outspoken and courageous friend, the sentimental and self-sacrificing heroine, the villains, usually a man and woman of high rank who embroil the love-affairs of the hero and the heroine, and the poltroon, who usually furnishes the comic matter.[1]

D'Avenant's romantic plays have Italy as their scene, and nearly all of them deal with persons of exalted rank. In most of them affairs of state are involved in the love-affairs of the principals. The course of sensual love leads to the overthrow of the existing ruler, even though, as in *Albovine*, he is not the guilty lover. Only in *The Siege* is there actual fighting on or just behind the scenes. Even there it is largely a matter of report. There is an absence of pageantry and of battles intended as display. In most of these plays the contrast between pure and sensual love holds. The pure love, which in *The Siege* is without its contrast, and in *The Fair Favourite* is set against the least harmful form

[1] For a discussion of this type see the volume on Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Belles-Lettres Series*, Professor A. H. Thorndike.

of unlawful love, is highly sentimental. It is that between a lady of low birth and a man of high birth, or it is the love of persons separated by the chances of war and the hostility of their respective parties. Again, it is love suddenly converted from lust, or it is love defrauded of its own by the trickery of others, or it is unrequited affection on the part of a self-sacrificing heroine. In *Albovine* a sentimental effect is gained by the change of the light love of a gallant for his mistress, as it is in the source, to the as yet unconsummated love of a bride and bridegroom. The sensual love contrasted with this is mutual gross animalism, as in *Albovine* or *The Just Italian;* or lust at the expense of innocence, as in *The Cruel Brother*, *Albovine*, and *The Unfortunate Lovers;* or it is in the love of a man tricked into marriage for the woman he loved before his marriage, as in *The Fair Favourite*.

The interest of these plays lies primarily in their action and especially in the effectiveness of the dénouement. There is no careful elaboration of plot, no consistent working out of the action on the basis of character. As many situations of a more or less surprising nature are brought about as the duration of the plot will allow. Thus in *Albovine* the following situations are worked up in rapid succession: Albovine is repulsed by his bride Rhodolinda after he asks her to drink from a goblet made from her father's skull; suspicion of the King is instilled into the mind of his favorite Paradine; the King is compromised through the treachery of Hermegild, the queen's favorite; Paradine is seduced by the Queen and then made to believe that his wife Valdaura is false; Valdaura

gives her husband what seems to be poisoned wine, is stabbed, and then declares she is pure; Paradine is again made to believe in his wife's guilt and in consequence fights and kills the King; he then kills the Queen and Hermegild. In *The Cruel Brother* and *The Unfortunate Lovers* there is the same method of creating interest. In the tragi-comedies the result is kept dark until the end, when after some moments of suspense it is revealed as happy, though it might as well have been tragic. In fine, situations are created without regard to demands of character so that the event may be surprising and theatric. Character drawing, as notably in the case of Paradine, is utterly disregarded in order that out of irreconcilable inconsistencies striking scenes may be produced.

In none of D'Avenant's plays is characterization a matter of development; it is as fixed at the beginning as at the end of the play. It falls into distinct types corresponding with a fair degree of closeness to those of the romantic plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. The lily-livered hero, as he has been called, sentimental, violent, unstable, is the central figure. He is usually under the control of others, and only in the catastrophe does he rise to sufficient independence to bring the plot to a disastrous or happy issue. He is violent in language but singularly ineffective in action. Thus Albovine, who shares with Paradine the dubious honors of the hero, exclaims:

> Malign the pride of some far
> Eastern queen, whom travellers belie,
> And I will forage thee like loud thunder;
> Or like the northern wind upon the main,
> Where lazy hulks are toss'd like chips.

Sciolto thus expresses his love in *The Just Italian:*

> Wert thou divided from
> My reach by sheets of elemental fire,
> By streams of reeking blood, by purple mists,
> Which cannons in their acclamation breathe,
> Or winds when met to blow each other from
> The earth, yet I would pull thee from my heart.

Similar bombast may be found in all these plays. Usually much more effective and more restrained than the hero is his friend and counsellor. Foreste in *The Cruel Brother*, Florello in *The Just Italian*, and Amadore in *The Fair Favourite*, are instances of this type. Florello is a comic character and thus far departs from the type, but in his conduct he displays the qualities of the class.

The heroine is pure and sentimental, and usually suffers at the hands of others. She falls under her husband's suspicions, or she is put in a compromising position because of her love. She is sometimes a forlorn maiden, whose love is rejected, or she is the object of the love of one who is already bound to another. Throughout the play her life is tragic, though it is occasionally just saved from complete tragedy at the close. Only in *The Siege* does she rise above the purely sentimental type and direct the destinies of her lover.

The comic figure of the poltroon appears in the first four plays. In *Albovine* he shares his functions with another character, whose comic appeal was largely through his disgusting pruriency and his foolish chagrin when baffled. The character does not appear in the later plays. The villains, the wicked woman and her

counterpart, the wicked man, are parties to the sensual love or they destroy the pure love of the hero and heroine. The woman plays her part consistently throughout in *Albovine*, but in *The Just Italian* she is suddenly converted and conforms to the type of the suffering heroine. In D'Avenant she appears less often than the male villain.

D'Avenant's romantic plays, therefore, resemble Beaumont and Fletcher's in these striking respects. The scene is foreign, the characters are of exalted rank, the plot is constructed upon the fundamental contrast of pure and impure love, the situations are developed to produce a striking dénouement, and the *dramatis personae* conform to set types without a consistent influence upon the action. Here, as elsewhere, D'Avenant was an adapter not a creator in the field of the drama. He followed Beaumont and Fletcher, though afar off in dramatic skill.

D'Avenant's earliest plays hark back not only to Beaumont and Fletcher but also to Shakspere, whom he imitates in situation and in phrase.[1] For the most part this imitation is confined to the plays produced by 1630; the later ones show comparatively few instances of resemblance. The following illustrations will suffice. Paradine says in *Albovine* (v, iii, l. 114 f.):

> Then glorious war, and all proud circumstance
> That gives a soldier noise, for evermore farewell.

[1] J. D. E. Williams's dissertation, *D'Avenant's Relation to Shakespeare* [1905], which appeared after the above was written, goes into the subject in much greater detail.

Evidently it is in imitation of *Othello*, III, iii, 347 f. Again he says to his wife when he stabs her:

> I am not fraught with devil's spleen; I would
> Not hurt thy soul;

and so recalls *Othello*, v, ii, 31–32:

> I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
> No; heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul;

and 86–87:

> I that am cruel am yet merciful;
> I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So Foreste in *The Cruel Brother* (v, i, 16 f.) says: "I will be just yet cruel too." Borachio in *The Cruel Brother* (IV, iv, 111 f.) says:

> But I 'll follow your heels so close, as I'll
> Go near to tread upon your kibes,

with a recollection evidently of *Hamlet*, v, i, 153, — "the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe." In *The Just Italian* (III, iii, 51 f.) Sciolto exclaims when he learns Scoperta's name:

> O dire affinity! my love is now
> Allied unto my hate,

thus recalling Juliet's (*Romeo and Juliet*, I, v, 140) "My only love sprung from my only hate." The iteration of Alteza's speeches in *The Just Italian* (I, i, 182 f.) is like Iago's iteration in *Othello*, v, ii, 150 f. In *The Unfortunate Lovers* the resemblance to Shakspere has almost completely disappeared, but just at the close Ascoli says he will erect statues of pure gold to

the memory of the lovers, as the Duke does in *Romeo and Juliet*.

In the matter of situation there are also many resemblances to Shakspere. In the way he inspires jealousy Hermegild's conduct in *Albovine* much resembles Iago's. The drinking scene in this play furnishes the motive for the tragedy, as it does in *Othello*. Foreste's treatment of his wife in *The Cruel Brother* recalls Othello's when he believes in Desdemona's guilt. The catastrophe of D'Avenant's play is brought about in much the same fashion as is the murdering of Roderigo and Cassio. The sudden falling in love of Sciolto and Scoperta in *The Just Italian* is like that of Romeo and Juliet; and the window scene of the same play (IV, iii) was perhaps suggested by the balcony scene in the Shaksperean tragedy. So in the same scene Sciolto is unwilling to fight Altamont for the same reason that Romeo does not wish to fight Tybalt. In *The Fair Favourite* the scene between Eumena and Gartha (II, iii) slightly resembles that between Juliet and the Nurse (*Romeo and Juliet*, II, v, 1–17); but, as in *The Unfortunate Lovers*, the Shaksperean influence has about vanished.

There are so many points of resemblance between the romantic plays of the early Stuarts and the heroic plays of the later Stuarts that the latter drama may be regarded as the legitimate development of the former. It is a development in the hands of persons seeking for violent effects, exaggerating characteristics already beyond the bounds of the natural, and elaborating the artificial. It is also a development helped on in its arti-

ficial course by the influence of the French romances and the French drama. The development of the heroic play in D'Avenant is, however, largely a matter of simple evolution on English soil.

The following characteristics of the romantic play, which stretched roughly from 1608 to 1638, persist into the heroic, which flourished from 1664 to 1678: — the scene in a strange or distant land, the exalted station of the *dramatis personae*, the contrast of pure and sensual love, the embroilment of love-affairs with affairs of state, the succession of exciting climaxes capped by a thrilling dénouement, the grouping of the characters into somewhat similar conventional types. In the heroic play there is a narrowing of interest, a playing on fewer emotions. In the romantic drama the preëminent emotion may be love or hate or jealousy or revenge or generosity; in the heroic it is first and always love. All other emotions are promptly subordinated to it; even honor must yield in the end, though it alone for a time is given equal prominence. The heroic play adds the interest of war, with battles occurring on and off the stage. The supernatural plays its part for sensational purposes. Scenes of torture and combat are introduced to enhance the artificial appeal of a type that is wanting in genuine human interest. The artificiality in character-drawing is more marked than in the romantic drama. The hero progresses from the sentimental, ineffective, violent type to the supernaturally valiant type whose love is as extravagant as his self-conceit is boundless. The heroine is less sentimental, more self-assertive, possessing more control

over the hero than her prototype in the romantic drama. The same villains persist and embroil the love of the hero and the heroine; the poltroon has practically disappeared; the rival is given greater prominence and serves as a foil to the hero.

D'Avenant's plays early begin to show features distinctive of the heroic drama. *The Siege* (publ. 1673) — which may, however, have been altered by additions to the form under which it was licensed as *The Colonel* in 1629 — presents love as the predominant element in the plot, with, however, this love in competition with honor. Honor is satisfied and love ends supreme. The lover is valiant and would sacrifice all for love. The heroine has, however, a higher regard for honor, and forces her lover to yield to her sense of right. The friend of the hero is also his rival, but is forced to give place to the hero. There is a background of war, which furnishes the hero with an opportunity to show his valor.

The next play having qualities distinctive of the heroic drama is *Love and Honour* (1634). The name itself is significant, the first proposed being *The Courage of Love*, and the second, *The Nonpareilles, or the Matchless Maids*. The fact that the final name was adopted in 1634 shows how early the idea it involved was in the air, and is an illustration of D'Avenant's quickness to seize upon a catching title. That he altered the general spirit of the play from its original form, so that the first published version, that of 1649, should reflect the tone of the French romances, has not been proved and need not be inferred. The play is but a step in the

evolution of the heroic drama. The predominant interest of the play is love, with generous self-sacrifice and honor as subsidiary motives. The three men who are lovers of the one heroine stand out preëminently for love and are prepared to make any sacrifice for it, whereas the women are actuated by ethically higher motives. Evandra would sacrifice herself because she is the object of the King's revenge and will not accept another in her place; Melora would palm herself off as Evandra from sheer devotion to her friend. Both women are an advance on the sentimental heroine of the romances towards the more independent heroine of the heroic play. Though the heroes show certain resemblances to the ineffective romantic hero, they also approach the type of the later hero. Thus Alvaro speaks of his beloved, who has been captured by Prospero (I, i, 254–264):

> A cholerick beare, or hungry panther would
> Have used her with more soft remorce; had I
> Incountered her in the mad heate of chace,
> In all the fury of the fight, I would
> Have taught my angry steed the easie and
> The peaceful motion of a lambe.
> She would have set her back soft as the ayre,
> And in her girdle bridled him, more curb'd
> Than in his foaming bitt, whilst I, her slave,
> Walk'd by, marking what hasty flowers sprung up,
> Invited by her eye-beames from their cold rootes.

And again Alvaro says to Prospero, who would draw upon himself the Duke's wrath (III, ii, 80–82):

> That kindness was ill-manner'd, Prospero;
> Dost think thou art more worthy of the cause,
> When 't is to be Evandra's sacrifice?

When Prospero offers to die for Evandra, Alvaro replies (III, iv, 104–108):

> Thou dye for her? alas, poor Prospero,
> That will not satisfie, the shaft aimes here;
> Or if it would, I do not like thou shouldst
> Thus presse into a cause that I reserve
> To dignifie my selfe; urge it no more.

When all three lovers are helpless to rescue Evandra, Leonell exclaims (V, ii, 80–81):

> Would I were in a cannon charg'd, then straight
> Shot out to batter it, and be no more.

Prospero suggests (82–83):

> Would all the stones might be ordain'd my food
> Till I could eat their passage out.

"These angry exaltations show but poore," sagely remarks Alvaro, and then he goes on to point out that the "durty Guard" should not be honored with their blood (92–98):

> Have we
> Not grief enough to dye without their help?
> Let us with fix'd and watry eyes behold
> These ladies suffer, but with silence still,
> Calmly like pinion'd doves, and when we see
> The fatall stroke is given, swell up our sad
> And injur'd hearts untill they break.

Almanzor, the mighty hero of Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, would not have made any such proposal; he would "scale heaven" first; but Alvaro, for all that, is nearer the heroic ideal than are, for example, Philaster and Amintor in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays.

At the close of Act III Evandra forces her lover Leonell

to choose honor rather than love, even though that choice involves her probable death. As usual in the heroic play, the heroine stands throughout for honor, while the hero will sacrifice everything for love. It is only when the claims of honor have been met that the heroine consents to listen to love. The dénouement — by means of the revelation of identity through the removal of disguises — points toward the sensational catastrophes of the heroic play.

The Fair Favourite presents the problem of love and honor in the relations of the King towards Eumena, "the fair favourite." She refuses to entertain his love, since it would be at the sacrifice of honor. She says (II, iii, 40–45):

> 'T is equal, sure,
> To have no honour, and to have the world
> Believe that it is lost. Honour 's a rich,
> A glorious upper vestment, which we wear
> To please the lookers on, as well as to
> Delight our selves.

This whole interview is put in the form of the dispute, so common in the heroic play. This play, however, contributes but little towards the development of the heroic type. *The Unfortunate Lovers* contributes less.

In his preface to *Gondibert* (1651) D'Avenant criticises his predecessors in heroic poetry for their use of the supernatural as sometimes depriving "us of those natural probabilities in Story, which are instructive to humane life"; and Cowley in his prefatory verses to the poem commends the author as superior to those heroic poets who had used the supernatural:

> But even thy mortals do their gods excell,
> Taught by thy muse to fight and love so well.

The heroic quality of the poem consists in the devotion of the hero and heroine to love, the unquestioned valor of the hero, the insistence on honor and other noble virtues, the contrast between love on the one hand and ambition and the royal will on the other. An heroic setting is given by placing the scene in a distant land and time, amidst the stir of the camp and the court. The unsuccessful rival, the secondary heroine who vainly loves the hero, the King whose will would thwart the love of the hero, all belong to the heroic play. When D'Avenant came to write an heroic play, he did not depart from his idea as carried out in *Gondibert*. In his address to the reader, prefixed to the first quarto of *The Siege of Rhodes*, he says: "The story represented . . . is heroical, and notwithstanding the continual hurry and busie agitations of a hot siege, is (I hope) intelligibly convey'd to advance the characters of vertue in the shapes of valour and conjugal love."

With the idea that the heroic play and the heroic poem should be the same in spirit and intent, Dryden, the greatest of the heroic dramatists, was in full accord, and he was equally agreed that love and valor ought to be the subject. In his "Essay of Heroic Plays" he recognizes D'Avenant as the pioneer in the heroic drama, and cheerfully acknowledges his obligation to the earlier dramatist. But Dryden would raise the laws of the heroic poem to a greater height, indulge the poet in a further liberty of fancy, and would permit him to draw all things as far above the ordinary proportion of the stage as that is beyond the common words and

actions of human life. It was in the scanting of his images and design that D'Avenant complied not enough with the greatness and majesty of an heroic poem.[1]

The Siege of Rhodes has properly been regarded, from Dryden down, as the first heroic play, though it does not belong to the fully developed type. The primary interest is love in its relations to valor and honor, with the actual siege as an entirely secondary consideration. The hero and the heroine are devotedly attached to each other, but a sense of honor bids them both consent to the heroine's going to the Sultan to plead for the salvation of Rhodes. The heroine's stay in the camp of the Sultan arouses the jealousy of her lover, for he learns that the Sultan has affections for her which might be dangerous. This leads to a renewal of the fighting between the Christians and the Turks, in which the former are defeated. The lady is, however, restored to her lover through the magnanimity of the Sultan. An unimportant part is played by the Sultan's queen, who takes a rôle, which in later heroic plays rises to considerable significance, in malign opposition to the heroine and so balances the corresponding opposition of the King to the hero. The chief elements of the heroic drama are accordingly present in this play, though in somewhat rudimentary form.

The love of Alphonso and Ianthe is conventionally intense, and his love for her is morbidly sensitive to outside influences that make for jealousy. Hers is, however, unvarying throughout, even when she realizes the injustice of his jealousy; and in this respect it is as char-

[1] *Essays*, Ed. by Ker, 1, 151.

acteristic of the sentimental heroine of the romantic drama as of the spotless heroine of the heroic. The love of the rival Solyman is noble and generous after the fashion of the upright rival in the heroic play. He sacrifices himself for the happiness of the lovers, just as his later counterpart does. Alphonso's safety is dear to him because it is dear to Ianthe. Turned in an evil direction, this love in some of the later heroic plays becomes the malicious passion of the powerful villain who tries to frustrate the mutual love of the hero and the heroine. The Queen displays no affection for Alphonso, as her counterpart in the later drama does for the hero; but Dryden saw the possibilities of such a situation and made full use of them. The Queen's love for her husband became a negligible quantity; it was directed toward the hero and balanced the love of the Sultan for the heroine. The passions of the play were thus artificially heaped up for the sake of theatric effectiveness.

There is throughout the play a constant insistence upon the claims of honor, such as is found almost invariably in the later heroic drama. It is virtue or honor that prompts Solyman to give Ianthe free passage to her husband among the besieged Rhodians, so that thereby she wins honor in the eyes of the Rhodians but arouses the jealousy of Alphonso. Alphonso will not purchase freedom with Ianthe by means of the passport Solyman gave her for them both, and she will not be less true to honor by leaving his side. Solyman on the other hand will not be outdone by their respect for honor, and accordingly gives orders that no harm be done either of the lovers. Out of her high sense of honor Ianthe is

ready to go to the camp of Solyman to plead for the Rhodians.

> Her honor's such, as he who limits it
> Must draw a line to bound an infinite.

When, however, the choice is presented to Alphonso of saving the Grand Master or Ianthe, —

> Honour the one would save,
> Pitty would not the other lose,—

he chooses to follow pity, and later, when the Grand Master, the Admiral, and Alphonso swear to save Ianthe from the Sultan, their honor is merged in their love,—

> For honour should no leader have but love.

Honor, as far as the safety of the city was concerned, yielded to love.

Valor is an invariable expression of the love as well as of the honor of the hero of the heroic drama, and it is almost as marked in Alphonso as in any of his successors. From the first his valor is exalted as the greatest safety of the town ; when he is cast down by jealousy, so that his courage and his reason are overthrown, the Grand Master foresees only the sad destruction of the town. In the fighting at the end of the First Part he comes upon the stage with his sword drawn and is praised by the Admiral for having fought as if all Asia were his valor's prey. So in the Second Part, when fighting is decided upon, he plunges into it with all the enthusiasm of the approved hero. Yet, with all his valor, he and the force he fights with are defeated, so that he may receive his freedom through the grace of Solyman and the instrumentality of Ianthe. In this respect, too, he is not unlike the heroic hero, whose valor not

infrequently is ineffective in gaining his most desired ends. In fact, he is somewhat lily-livered, like so many of the later as well as of the earlier romantic heroes. He is too jealous of Ianthe's achievement in going safely through the Turkish camp, as though thereby his honor was lessened, and he is too ready to suspect the purity of his wife because she had to stay over-night in the enemy's quarters. He is not magnanimous enough to credit Solyman with a sense of honor, even when his own wife testifies to it, nor man enough to believe that his wife could be true to him when she was compelled to remain two nights in the power of the Sultan. All these qualities are such as we find also in the hero of the Dryden plays.

The business of the siege bears much the same relation to the love element that affairs of state bear to the sentimental interest in the heroic play. The siege is secondary to the fortunes of Alphonso and Ianthe, just as the conquest of Granada is of less importance than the love of Almanzor and Almahide in Dryden's play. We are not even told the terms on which the city surrenders, Solyman graciously leaving them to the decision of Ianthe. The siege furnishes the occasion for the display of honor, valor, and magnanimity. It brings about the complications in the love of the hero and the heroine, and is also the means by which these complications are straightened out. It moreover furnishes spectacular interest of a somewhat sensational character, as when the Grand Master's palace is represented as on fire and when the actual work of a siege is supposed to be in progress.

Characteristic of the heroic drama is the dispute either between two personages of the play or in the mind of one speaker. Alphonso debates with himself as to the honor of Ianthe in the Turkish camp (Part I, iii, 185–209); Roxolana, Pirrhus, and Rustan dispute concerning her jealousy of Solyman (Part I, iii, 210–237, iv, 170–189). Another dispute arises between Alphonso and Ianthe concerning the magnanimity of the Sultan (Part I, iv, 41–109). Alphonso is torn between his duty to the Grand Master and his love for Ianthe, not being able to decide which to serve in the extremity (Part I, v, 77–138), a situation so characteristic of the heroic play that it was parodied in *The Rehearsal.* A common type is the dispute between Solyman and Roxolana regarding love and jealousy (Part II, iv, iii, 215–358). It is to be noted, too, that these disputes are frequently in speeches of single lines each, and that the single line speech is used in other kinds of dialogue as well. This use is extremely common in the heroic play. The speeches are often on abstract subjects like love, honor, virtue, and jealousy, and are very artificial and stilted.

Notwithstanding the progress which *The Siege of Rhodes* has made towards the heroic play and the many points of resemblance it bears to the later drama, it is yet considerably short of the perfect type, as set forth in Dryden's plays. The sentiment of this play is not so exalted, the rhetoric not so inflated, the exhibition of valor not so extraordinary and amazing. The hero is not quite "the paragon of virtue and the pattern of noble conduct," as he is in Dryden; the heroine is not

yet the steadfast soul who holds the destinies of her lover in the palm of her hand. The theme is not "honor won by love" to the exaggerated extent of the perfected type, nor is the dominant tone heroic passion carried to impossible extremes, whether it be in valor or love or honor.[1]

The relationship of *The Siege of Rhodes* to the romantic plays is still close. The self-sacrificing spirit of the heroine, the jealousy of the hero and the distress it causes himself and the heroine, the entanglement of affairs of state with those of love, the conflict of the pure love of the hero and the heroine with the love of the Sultan for the heroine, which the hero unjustly believes to be sensual, these are traits from the romantic drama which also persist to a greater or less extent into the heroic drama. Ianthe is more than the watery-eyed Aspatia of *The Maid's Tragedy*, but, when suspected by her husband of infidelity, she is not very far removed from the type. When in action, she is more like the heroine of the heroic play. Alphonso is a compromise between the lily-livered type of the romantic plays and the exaggerated figure of the heroic. The character of Solyman and his relation to Ianthe and to his queen are but feeble presentments of the character and the corresponding situation in the romances and the later heroic plays. The love of the Sultan is not heightened, and his magnanimity is not given sufficient motive to account for such a wonderful display toward the town besieged. There is no mistaking the feelings of the corresponding character in the romances. Similarly, Solyman's rela-

[1] See Schelling, *Eliz. Drama*, ii, 348 f.

tions to his queen are such as to be ridiculous, so much concerned is he for her love while he is playing with his tender emotions for Ianthe.

In fact, the French romances had not operated upon this play as they did later on the heroic drama. In both the French romances and the heroic plays the hero is preëminently the object of interest and his relations to the heroine completely dominate the action. Further, he is a hero of such tremendous renown that all others in the play sink into comparative insignificance. He is a great adventurer seeking after other and greater adventures. He puts hundreds to rout; by his presence alone he makes the weaker side the stronger. Alphonso is not so; he is brave, valorous, but not so as to throw all others into the shade. The Grand Master and the Admiral are still to be reckoned with as worthy of full respect. He does not sweep through the play as a personage of sublime self-conceit, as do Almanzor and Maximin in Dryden's plays or the mighty heroes of the French romances. Beyond the fact that the romances and *The Siege of Rhodes* have in common the theme of love, valor, and honor, merging in one illustrious example of virtue, there is very little in the play which we can say is due to the French influence. It was because of this lack of the especial quality which came in with the later plays directly from the French that Dryden said of *The Siege of Rhodes* that "there wanted the fulness of a plot, and the variety of characters to form it as it ought; and perhaps something might be added to the beauty of the style."

D'Avenant's place in the history of the drama de-

pends not so much on his skill as a creative dramatist as on his perpetual interest in the drama and his restoration of it to the English stage after the suppression of Puritan rule. The two plays selected for this edition stand for no great intrinsic dramatic merit as works of art; but *Love and Honour* is one of the best of the early plays and is the first to show pronounced tendencies towards the heroic type, and *The Siege of Rhodes* is by all odds his most famous work and is historically of great significance. *Love and Honour* belongs to the decadence of one style of dramatic art, *The Siege of Rhodes* to the beginning of another.

The qualities which make the romances of Beaumont and Fletcher even to-day very readable and stirring pieces of literature are largely wanting in the plays of D'Avenant. They lack the fire, the *esprit* which carries the reader along by sheer force of theatric effectiveness over dramatic improbabilities in plot and character. *Love and Honour* is far from being in the same artistic class with *Philaster* or *The Maid's Tragedy;* it is artificial to a degree, almost dull by comparison. But, like them, it depends for its effectiveness upon an accumulation of situations, which, however, lack the convincing power, the living interest, the poetic setting that grip the attention in the earlier romances. The incidents in *Love and Honour* are surprising enough, but they are inherently artificial, improbable to a large extent, and the dramatic compensations are very slight. The secret of the Duke of Milan's fate might be kept from his brother by one of those dramatic conventions frequently used by the early dramatists, but it is hard to explain Le-

onel's ignorance of it, to say nothing of Evandra's, since he was "to Millain near allied" and his father had captured the Duke. To give Evandra three lovers creates distraction rather than interest, and to bestow her upon Leonel, who rises in importance only in the very close of the play, is rank injustice to Alvaro, who is forced to keep certain forgotten vows of love to Melora. The natural course of events is wrenched in order that Melora may be happily married and Leonel be rewarded for his act of devotion on the altar of the Duke of Savoy's revenge. Leonel is made to defer very unnaturally his act of devotion in order that the dénouement may be made as effective as possible. Otherwise it should have been brought on before Evandra and the others had gone through the agony of expected death. The *deus ex machina* at the close is but another device to heighten the dénouement; it is wholly unprepared for and is without dramatic justification. Incidents are created merely to free a certain situation into which the dramatist had plunged his characters. Thus Calladine, a person of no special importance, is made to fall in love with Melora in order that she may not be able to outwit Evandra in self-sacrifice; but no sooner is this accomplished than Calladine's love disappears from the action.

Notwithstanding these manifest blemishes, the play is not to be condemned as wholly without merit. Pepys, whose judgment, unfortunately, was not an infallible guide to the best plays, found it a "very good play." There is no lack of action; there are no dull and wearisome speeches to retard the progress of the play. There

are many exciting incidents; disguisings, duels, tricks, explosions of wrath, and the like help on the theatric interest of the plot. That all this was independent of character did not concern the festive Pepys or his contemporaries. In fact, one of the most important features of the Restoration production of the play was the fact that Charles lent Betterton his coronation suit, that the Duke of York furnished Harris with one of his suits, and the Earl of Oxford did the same by Price, — these three actors taking the parts respectively of Alvaro, Prospero, and Leonel. Such was the realism of the time!

To us, however, Evandra is but an example of goodness and self-sacrifice and does not differ so much from Melora that we can form any distinct and separate image of her. The heroes, too, are all after the same pattern, highly virtuous with no redeeming faults. The villain duke is the exact opposite, as far as his relation to the heroine is concerned. His wickedness is artificial, for when the situation is cleared up, he at once takes his place with the noble characters. He is no true villain. All the personages of the play think and act according to convention and are thus leading up to the more highly conventionalized characters of the heroic drama.

In order to add to the theatric interest of this play D'Avenant created the sub-plot. It is a sort of comic counterpart of the main plot, since an ancient widow is the captured prize and her wealth rather than her love the desire of her captor's heart. In contrast to the main plot, the sub-plot depends for its interest on the dialogue

and not on the incidents, for the story consists in the wooing and marriage of this widow by the rogue Vasco and his final divorce. The dialogue is coarse in the extreme, and that, too, without any regard to characterization. The widow is a caricature so hopelessly vulgar that to-day we are disgusted and never amused at the low sport made at her expense. The sub-plot has no organic relation to the main plot to justify its existence to the modern reader, and it appealed to D'Avenant's audience merely by its vulgarity. Like most of his early contemporaries he added a comic supplement to amuse the mob and did not care how it fitted into the play. Dryden and the heroic dramatists did likewise. The romantic drama has degenerated in *Love and Honour* into an artificial heaping-up of surprising and improbable situations, which in their extravagance point toward the still greater improbabilities of the heroic play. The characters, as in the romantic play, belong to set types, but they are lifeless in comparison with the interesting types of Beaumont and Fletcher. The heroes tend to become the exponents of noble virtues and act as puppets, not as men. The heroines, too, show a development toward the impossible paragons of virtue that flourished on the heroic stage, and they fail to arouse human sympathy. The diction, likewise, is well on its way towards the bombast of the later drama.

The First Part of *The Siege of Rhodes* differs in its first edition from the third by the additional matter in which Roxolana is concerned. Her jealousy of her husband is balanced by the jealousy of Alphonso for his wife. D'Avenant in this way seeks to add weight

to the rather slight story of the original and to give the piece greater dramatic unity. In its first form the story of the play is very slight: the main interest, the jealousy of Alphonso for his wife, rests on no evidence whatever; it can awaken, then, only the faintest sympathy. The secondary interest, the siege of the city, is left suspended in mid-air, since the Part closes with the city still besieged. The performance, however, did not depend on the text alone for its success. It was "made a representation by the art of prospective in scenes and the story sung in recitative musick." The scenery and the music were accordingly used to make up for the thinness of the plot. It was an opera, and opera was at that time an experiment to test the public readiness for the legitimate drama. It was, therefore, necessary to avoid too close resemblance to a play. Ianthe's adventure with Solyman, her reception in Rhodes, and the battle in which she and her husband take part might be rather effective scenes but they do not give body to the whole. The jealousy of Roxolana, which is added to the third edition of the First Part, sets off and in a measure gives support to the jealousy of Alphonso. Not only is the dramatic motive strengthened but the issue is made broader in that a double instead of a single reconciliation is effected. Furthermore, it prepares for the fuller action of the Second Part, where Roxolana becomes an agent in the action; in the First Part she had been only a passive and impatient spectator.

The Second Part is but an elaboration of the First with the same motives and virtually the same issue. Alphonso's suspicions are aroused because of Ianthe's

stay in the Turkish camp, and Roxolana's jealousy is excited because of the Sultan's attention to Ianthe. Both Alphonso and Roxolana have much more ground for their suspicions than they had in the First Part. Roxolana poisons Alphonso's mind by means of a letter which represents things at their worst; Solyman's retaining Ianthe in his camp does not seem to the jealous Queen like mere diplomacy or business. These motives interact so that the outbreak of hostilities, notwithstanding the truce, is the natural outcome. The Second Part, therefore, depends less on the novelty of scenery and music than the First and more upon plot and character.

Not only is *The Siege of Rhodes* of importance as the first heroic play and as a play of no small merit in itself, but it ranks high in the history of dramatic literature for other reasons. Besides marking the reëstablishment of the drama on the English stage after the Puritan suppression, it is the first opera deserving the name ever given in England. When D'Avenant in 1656 applied for permission to produce his *Entertainment at Rutland House*, he called the piece an "opera," and though when exhibited it bore no relation to this form, it was so called in a contemporary account of the performance (*Cal. State Papers*, June, 1656.) In the bills, however, it was spoken of as an "entertainment by music and decla[m]ations after the manner of the ancients." The features that associated the piece with the opera — the introductory music characterizing the speaker or the situation, the music closing each declamation, and the lyrics — are as much a part of the masque as of the

opera. But D'Avenant had been in France when the opera was establishing itself there, and was doubtless influenced by its success in France to introduce it into England, at first merely in name, later in form as well, in order to test the readiness of the English public for dramatic performances. The interest aroused in France was very considerable, and D'Avenant would be one of the first Englishmen to share it and to adopt the new form. Its resemblance to the masque would but make its adoption easier. The name, too, would serve as a disguise to a Puritan public familiar only with plays and masques.

In the same year was produced the First Part of *The Siege of Rhodes*. It was sung in recitative music, introduced and accompanied by instrumental music. This was virtually a novelty on the English stage, though as early as 1617 Nicolo Lanière set Jonson's masque, *Lovers Made Men*, to music, and the entire masque was sung in *stilo recitativo* after the Italian manner. Accordingly, D'Avenant in the preface of the first edition could say of recitative that it was "unpractised here, though of great reputation among other nations." This recitative, according to the musician in the *Playhouse To Be Let* (Act 1) "is not compos'd

> Of matter so familiar, as may serve
> For every low occasion of discourse.
> In tragedy, the language of the stage
> Is rais'd above the common dialect;
> Our passions rising with the height of verse;
> And vocal music adds new wings to all
> The flights of poetry.

Recitative was invented by Giacomo Peri and was

used for the first time in the opera of *Dafne* in 1597. It gave a great stimulus to opera, which henceforth rose to such importance that it was introduced by Cardinal Mazarin into France, though with no great success. French opera had an independent origin, coming from the ballet. The first attempt was in 1646, when *Akebar, Roi de Mogol* was performed at Carpentras. A couple of years later Corneille brought out his *Andromède* with elaborate scenic decorations. The use of the chorus in this opera is such as to suggest the possibility that D'Avenant may have had it in mind when composing the First Part of his opera. In the first entry, II, 87–8, too, the Chorus chants:

> Our swords against proud Solyman we draw,
> His cursed Prophet, and his sensual Law.

This is practically an exact repetition of Alphonso's last words that have just been uttered. In *Andromède*, II, ii, the chorus does the same thing twice, in each case repeating the last two lines of the speaker immediately preceding.

The Siege of Rhodes exhibited the first scenery of any pretensions ever employed in a regular drama on the public stage. The scenery of this stage up to 1642 was extremely slight. It was on the whole suggestive rather than realistic. Pieces of movable scenery were employed to furnish forth the scene; but the stage did not yet form "a complete picture produced by scenes, painted in perspective and capable of complete change several times during the performance."[1] Corey in his *Generous Enemies* (1672) says of the former stage:

[1] Schelling, *Eliz. Drama*, i, 177 f.

Coarse hangings then, instead of scenes were worn,
And Kidderminster did the stage adorn.

Probably nothing more elaborate was attempted than the settings indicated in the directions of Cartwright's *Royal Slave* (1636), which, however, was performed at court: the first appearance is a temple of the Sun; the second, a city in the front and a prison on the side; the third, a stately palace, and so on.

In his *Entertainment at Rutland House* D'Avenant puts these words into the mouth of Aristophanes:

"He [Diogenes] is offended at scenes in the opera as at the useless visions of imagination. Is it not the shortest way to understanding, when you are brought to see vast seas and provinces, fleets, armies, and forts, without the hazards of a voyage, or pains of a long march? Nor is that deception where we are prepar'd and consent to be deceiv'd. Nor is there much loss in that deceit, where we gain some variety of experience by a short journey of the sight. When he gives you advice not to lay out time in prospect of woods and meadows, which you can never possess, he may as well shut up his little window, which is the bung-hole of his tub, and still remain in the dark, because the light can only show him that which he can neither purchase nor beg."

This Entertainment, which immediately preceded *The Siege of Rhodes*, was a feeler for the restoration of the drama to the English stage, and it shows the effect which the privately produced masques and the French opera had on D'Avenant. Masques had been produced in the reigns of the early Stuarts with such elaborate scenery that only the very wealthy could afford them; no public stage could have anything to do with them. D'Avenant, however, had had enough experience in the production of his own masques to see, from the point of view of the theatrical manager,

the gain which would accrue from even a moderate use of scenery. The use of scenery in the French opera would confirm him in his opinion.

Following the fashion of the masque, D'Avenant set the performance of *The Siege of Rhodes* in a general framework, an ornament encompassing the scene, within which he placed the special scenery for each act or entry. This ornament was intended to be symbolic of the whole performance, "by way of preparation, to give some notice of that argument which is pursued in the scene," as D'Avenant says in his note to *Sir Francis Drake*. The frieze, in the middle of which was the name RHODES, was ornamented with the arms of the various nations in Rhodes, the cognizance of the Rhodian knights, and the Ottoman crescent. A corresponding frontispiece is found in *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru* and *Sir Francis Drake* as well as in the altered *Tempest*.

All this frieze was outside the curtain, which, when raised, displayed the scenery intended for the action. This scenery was not always consistent with the situation demanded by the text. Thus, in the opening, a prospect of Rhodes in prosperity is displayed, while the action takes place within Rhodes. Similarly, the second entry opens with a prospect of Rhodes besieged, yet the action is within the city. Other scenes with this setting occur in the three remaining entries, one of them having a reference to curtains (v, 284), which shows that the scene was conceived of as a room. The scenery is treated as illustrative of the action, not as the immediate setting for the action. It is indeed an

extension of the old method of indicating the place by posting its name over a door. Still more inconsistent is such a scene as the second in the first entry, which should be set in Ianthe's apartment in Sicily; as a matter of fact there is no indication of any change from the preceding, which is the prospect of Rhodes in prosperity. Only five scenes were painted, and in an unimportant one like this the imagination made up for fitting background.[1]

D'Avenant was content, moreover, to have the prospect of Rhodes besieged serve as background for both the besieged Rhodians and the besieging Turks. Except where specially indicated, the Turks enter upon a scene the Rhodians have just quitted without any directions as to change of scene. In some cases even the *Exeunt* for the Rhodians or the Turks is omitted.[2] In the same way, when the fight waged about the city, the same scenery served for Christian and Ottoman. That there was not absolute identity of place in the dramatist's conception would seem to be indicated by the fact that the opposing forces do not meet upon the stage. Again, D'Avenant uses scenery suitable in one scene but not in another. Thus the fourth entry opens with a prospect of Mt. Philermus with artificers at work upon Solyman's castle and the army drawn up in battalia in the plain below. The same scenery is called for in the fifth entry, after the assault, when the Turkish army is retiring.

[1] Compare the simultaneous scenery of the Elizabethan stage, — Reynolds, *Mod. Phil.* iii, 74–89; Schelling, *Eliz. Drama*, i, 178.
[2] 1 *SR.* iv, 173; v. 62.

The staging of the Second Part differs very slightly from the First. In I, i, and II, i, there is the inconsistency noted above, the prospect of the beleaguered Rhodes serving as background of a scene in the Grand Master's palace. That no distinction was made between scenes in Rhodes and in Solyman's camp, unless definitely indicated, is shown by the stage-direction at the beginning of the fourth Act, which reads, "The scene returns to that of the town beleaguered"; the action of the first scene is in Solyman's camp; the second — with no notice of change of scene — in Rhodes. When special directions are given about staging, it is probable that the scenery was changed or altered. Thus for II, ii, a stage-direction calls for a change, and the scenery of this scene persists through II, iii, and III, i, for at the beginning of Act III the direction reads "the same scene." Very likely the royal pavilion scene of the First Part would serve here. Act II, ii, iii, Act IV, i, ii, had all apparently the one background of the besieged city. This scenery is varied through the first five scenes of Act V, where a night scene is presented with the Grand Master's palace on fire. This suffices for both the Rhodian and the Turkish sides. The direction at the beginning of the fourth scene is superfluous, since the only preceding direction in the act, that in the first scene, was virtually for the same scenery. The setting of Roxolana's pavilion, IV, iii, was repeated in the closing scene, and was evidently more a matter of properties and furniture than of scenic decoration.

Further illustrations of D'Avenant's treatment of

scenery are furnished by *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru* and *Sir Francis Drake*, both produced in 1658. The scenery of the former and earlier piece is illustrative — necessarily so, since the piece is narrative and not dramatic. That of the second, which is dramatic, furnishes a setting for the action, but with curious inconsistencies. In the first entry a mariner on a high tree is represented as "making his ken," and yet in the action reports from within what he sees. Again, in the third and fourth entries the action requires that the scene actually depicted on the canvas should be in progress and, as it were, under the control of the speakers. In the sixth entry the scene presented at the rise of the curtain is sadly disturbed before the curtain falls: mules and their guards peacefully approach, — and so they are depicted on the scenic background, — but soon they are attacked behind the scenes, the guards dispersed, and the mules and their treasure captured; yet all the time painted mules are quietly wending their way down the mountain. In the fifth entry a piece of scenery depicting a beautiful woman tied to a tree is suddenly let into the larger scene already presented, and is later removed. In the second entry the action is brought very closely into relation with the scenery by having the persons in the foremost boat of those making towards the shore set up a song.

The Siege of Rhodes is remarkable again as being the first public dramatic performance in which an English woman took part in an English play. In the masques female parts had been taken by women; but it was not till Mrs. Coleman chanted the part of

Ianthe in the first part of D'Avenant's "opera" in 1656 that a woman appeared in an English performance on the public stage. The first play in which a woman appeared and spoke — not chanted — was *Othello*, as performed on December 8, 1660. Pepys records a visit, January 3, 1661, "to the theatre, where was acted *Beggar's Bush*, it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage." In D'Avenant's patent of January 15, 1662, Charles orders as follows: "And we do likewise permit and give leave that all the women's parts to be acted in either of the said companies from this time to come may be performed by women." Henceforth the acting of women's parts by boys rapidly became a thing of the past.

Thus D'Avenant may be said to bridge the space between the period which ended with the closing of the theatres in 1642 and that which began with the Restoration. This he did both as dramatic author and as dramatic manager. In the latter capacity he conceived of the stage as a picture in which the action takes place, and, though with many inconsistencies, prepared the way for accurate and effective staging. As author his position in the development of the drama is very significant. Beginning as a romantic dramatist in imitation of Beaumont and Fletcher, he gradually departed from the romantic type and finally produced the first play that may properly be called heroic. Though he falls far short of his models in dramatic effectiveness, his first plays do not differ in kind from the type which these authors brought into such general vogue. In his

endeavor, however, to attain theatric appeal, which Beaumont and Fletcher won by their sheer genius for this style of play, D'Avenant, most notably in *Love and Honour*, resorted to extravagances in plot construction, characterization, and diction. He put his characters into situations that called for a great display of noble qualities, he made them personifications of generous emotions; he heightened speech into inflated rhetoric, and distinguished the conflict of love and honor as a dramatic motive. Then in *The Siege of Rhodes* he raised his hero to a still greater prominence, gave him a reputation for all surpassing virtues, and made him and his beloved the centre round which revolve the chief concerns of state. It was but a step for Dryden to give them more extraordinary qualities, to impose upon them superhuman tasks, and to demand of them impossible sacrifices. In D'Avenant's play the conflict between love and honor is a leading motive of action, though as yet it is not the predominant motive it becomes, for instance, in *The Conquest of Granada*.

TEXT

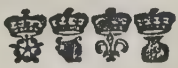
The text of *Love and Honour* given in the Quarto, which was published in 1649, fifteen years after the production of the play, is the only reliable one. Though it was printed when D'Avenant was in France, the lack of his supervision would seem to be shown only in the metrical arrangement and the varying length of the lines. They are frequently divided with utter disregard of regularity. The Folio text on the other hand is for the most part metrically regular, but in the other respects in which it differs from the Quarto it is in nearly every case strikingly inferior. The text of the Folio is so emasculated when compared with that of the Quarto that the only plausible inference is that it is a copy taken down from an actual performance, the defective parts being pieced out from memory. The substituted words are always weaker than the original, such colorless, conventional terms as a mere journeyman might supply. There are frequent omissions for the sake of metre, and other omissions which mean a loss in vigor and point. Passages more or less indecent are usually omitted or purged. There is a certain amount of padding, usually of the weakest character.

The text here followed is the copy of the Quarto in the library of the University of Pennsylvania, which corrects some of the misprints and other errors in the copy in the library of Yale University. The corrections must have been made while the edition was going through the press. The Yale copy has unfortunately been cut too close by an unscrupulous binder, but the University of Pennsylvania copy is beautifully intact. The spelling of the original has been followed exactly, but manifest misprints and errors have been silently corrected. The punctuation has been modernized. No attempt has been made in collating with the Folio to note the differences in spelling, capitalization, or punctuation, except where the last involves meaning of the passage. To do so would take up far more space than this edition can afford, and no valuable purpose would be served. The notation of the scenes is indicated in brackets where not in the original Quarto. Whole scenes and blocks of other scenes given in the Folio, so different in wording that they do not admit of line for line collation, have been transferred bodily to the *Notes*.

LOVE AND HONOVR,

Written by
W. DAVENANT Knight.

Presented by His Majesties Servants
at the *Black-Fryers*.



LONDON,
Printed for *Hum: Robinson* at the *Three Pidgeons*,
and *Hum: Moseley* at the *Princes Armes* in
St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1649.

SOURCES

No source has been suggested for the main plot or the sub-plot of this play. There is nothing in them of sufficient originality to preclude direct invention on the part of D'Avenant.

PROLOGUE

But that the tyran Custome bears such sway,
We would present no prologue to our play,
Since we have learn'd in prologues all the scope
Is with weak words to strengthen weaker hope,
When with sad, solemn phrase we court each eare
Not to observe, but pardon what you heare:
Or if there were but one so strangely wise
Whose judgement strives to please, and trust his eyes,
Him at an easie charge we could provoke
To a kind doome with this grave, long, old cloak.
Now for the over-subtle few, who raise
Themselves a triviall fame by a dispraise,
Our bold opinion is, they may descry
Some easie wit, but much more cruelty.

Prologue. In Q the Prologue is inserted after the play, with the Epilogue following.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The old Duke of *Savoy*.
His brother, } Disguised like
The Duke of *Millaine*, } Embassadors.
Alvaro, Prince of *Savoy*.
Leonell, Prince of *Parma*.
Prospero, a young Count.
Caladine, an old Counsellor.
Vasco, a Collonell.
Altesto, }
Frivolo, } Officers and Souldiers.
Tristan, }
Evandra, Heire of *Millaine*.
Melora, Sister to *Leonell*.
An old Widow.
Lelia, her Maide.
Boy.
Musitians.
Souldiers.
Servants.

The Scaene, *Savoy*.

Love and Honour

Act I. Scæna I.

[*The Battle-Field, some distance from Turin.*]

A Retreate being sounded as from far, enter Vasco, Altesto, Frivolo.

Vasco. Heark, boyes! they sound us a retreat! this skirmish (sirs)
Was no rare pastime to continue at;
'Tis saffer wrastling in a bed; give me
Hence-forth your white fac'd foe, a plumpe faire enemie
That weares her head peece lac'd; I'm for a cambrick helmet, I.
Altesto. And yet these mighty men of Millain got
But little by the sport; some of them shall

1 (*sirs*). F omits. 2 *no rare.* F, not a.
4 *plumpe.* F omits. 5 *I.* F omits.
6 *And yet.* F, All that.
7–10 *But . . . hospitall.* F, —
By th' sport is only that they 'll need hereafter
Less cloath to their Doublets, and no Stockings;
For some of them shall wear a single arm
And wooden Legs, limping their days out in
An Hospital.

Vouchsafe to weare a single arme heareafter,
Two wodden leggs too, and limpe their dayes out
In an hospitall.

Frivolo. How? an hospitall?

Vas. A rode, a rode; your highway, sir, is now
Your onely walke of state for your maim'd soldier.
Your hospitalls and pensions are reserv'd
For your maim'd mercer, decay'd sonnes o' th shop,
That have been often crackd, not in their crownes
Like us, but in their credit, sir.

Friv. And placket squires, that have bin long diseas'd
In their lords service; a score of duckets
Shall bribe them into place, where they may sleep,

13 *hospitalls.* M and L, hospital.
11–16 *your . . . sir.* F,—
the High-way is now prescrib'd
By State-Physicians to decrepid Souldiers;
Where they may feed on wholsom air.
Hospitals and Pensions are reserv'd
For your maim'd Mercer, and lazy Sons of the Shop,
That have been often crack'd, not on their Crowns,
Like us, but in their credit.
17–22 *And . . . heaven.* F,—
And consumptive Ushers, that are decay'd
In their Ladies service. A score of Duckets
Shall purchase them a place, where they may sleep
Before the Hospital Gate, till Boys seek
Birds-nests in their Beards.

And eate and pray, too, but with breath so much
Unholsome, th'ayre can hardly purify't
And make it fit to reach neare heaven.
Alt. Well, the surprize o'th cittadell, wherein
The Duke had plac'd his daughter, with the ladies
Of her traine, and treasure, too, was a service
Of most rare work.
Vas. Just when they sally'd out
To cut our rere in peeces, then steale in
By ambush wisely layd, and make them all
Our prize, was miracle.
Friv. They say his daughter scap'd, and fled, with her
As her best guard, one they call Leonell,
Enter Tristan.
Whom our Count Prospero pursu'd.
Vas. Tristan! Welcome; is all our pillage waggond?
Shall it to night see Turin?
Tristan. All's safe, my lusty leader; our horse too
Have sounded a retreat; and the foe sneakes,

25–26 *a service . . . work.* F, rare service.
27 *steale.* F, to steal.
28–9 *By . . . miracle.* F, —
By ambush, and make them all our prize.
30–1 *with . . . Leonell.* F, with *Leonel.* 34 *see.* F, reach.
35 *All's.* Q, *All s.*
36 *sneakes.* M and L, by a misprint, speaks.

He walkes with's hands in's pockets like a skipper
In a frost.
Vas. Well, let me reckon my estate;
First, a widdow prisoner.
Alt. Mine's a maide prisoner,
Young, my Vasco, she's yet in her first blush;
And I've dispatch'd her unto Turin too
My mothers house, thy prisoner in her company;
They are acquainted.
Vas. You have the luck; these bald chinnes are as familiar
With their good starrs as with spur-rowells,
Play with them, and turn 'em which way they please;
I fought as well as he; and yet (forsooth)
His prisoner must be faire, and young, & mine
So old she might have given Hercules suck.
Now she sucks too, for she hath no teeth left;
In one moneth she'l cost me as much in cawdles
And sweet candy, as her ransome comes too.
Friv. But you have other pillage, Captaine.

37–8 *He . . . frost.* F, —
They walk with their hands in their pockets, like Skippers
In a Frost.
40 *Vasco.* Ends preceding line in F.
41 *unto.* F, into. 46 *'em.* F, them.
47–50 *and . . . left.* F, —
yet he has got
A prisoner fair and young; mine is
So old, that she has Grand-children with gray Beards.

Vas. Let me see, 3 Barbarie horses with rich
Caparisons, 2 chests o'th Generalls cloths.
Alt. And I 2 chests o'th Generalls plate.
Friv. In those I share, Altesto.
Vas. How? plate? shall we incounter our
sowc'd fish
And broyld pullen in silver service, rogues,
Like furr'd magnificoes?
Friv. We shall, Captaine, but you may dip
your morsell in good china earth.
Alt. All your plate, Vasco, is the silver handle
Of your old prisoners [fanne].

Enter Prospero (*wounded*) *and Evandra* (*her armes in a scarfe piniond*).

Trist. Here comes Prospero, the valiant Count.
Vas. And with him the brave prize.
Prospero. Evandra, do not mourne; I that have
made
You captive thus with hazard of my youth
And blood, shall think you now as worthy of
My care as of my valour in the fight;
Can I esteeme you lesse by being mine?

56 *2 chests o'th.* F, a Chest of the.
57 *those.* that. 59 *rogues.* F omits.
61 *morsell.* Ends line in F.
in . . . earth. F, in wooden trays.
63 *fanne.* Q, franne. 65 *brave.* F, fair.
66 *that.* F, who.
67–8 *You . . . worthy of.* F, —
You Captive thus: think you as worthy of.

Evandra. What have I done (unknown unto
my heart)
That I should tempt your valour to so great
A sin as my captivity? or are my crimes
Observ'd more than my prayers, that Heaven
shall leave
Me to become the scorne of victorie?
Pros. It is the sad preheminence of your
Exemplar birth and beauty, to conferr
Honour on him that is your conqueror.
Evand. Honour? Is that the word that hath
so long
Betrayd the emulous world, and foold the no-
blest race
Of men into a vex'd and angry death?
If 'twere a vertue, 'twould not strive t'inthrall,
And thus distresse the innocent.
Pros. I am the warrs disciple, and since first
I had the growth to weare a sword, I nere

72–5 *That . . . victorie.* F, —
That hath provokt your valour to this cruelty?
Or are my crimes observ'd more than my Prayers,
That Heaven hath made me thus the scorn of Victory?
77 *Exemplar.* F, Transcendent.
82–3 *If . . . innocent.* F, —
It would not, were it virtue, thus distress
The innocent.
85–7 *I nere . . . Altesto.* F, —
have found
The strength of reason less prevailing
Than the force of Arms, *Altesto!*

Was taught how to subdue by reason but
By strength. Altesto?
Alt. My Lord.
Pros. Take here this lady to your charge, conduct
Her unto Turin, and there guard her in
My house till my approach.
Alt. I shall, my Lord.
Pros. Let her be safe, Altesto, in thy care
On forfeiture of life; she is my prisoner
And th' noblest in the field, the beautious
Heire of Millaine; had not my niggard stars
Intended me but halfe a courtesie,
The Duke her father had lamented now
Under the same fate.
Vas. I could wish your Lordship would beleeve me
A fitter man to take charge of the lady.
Pros. Why, Captaine?
Vas. You could not commit her to an eunuch
With more safety; if the Great Turke knew me
(Honest Achmet) he would trust me in's seraglio

89 *unto.* F, straight to. 90 *approach.* F, return.
93–4 *And th' . . . Millaine.* F, —
And much the noblest in the Field,
The Heir of *Millain.*
97 *same.* M and L, self-same. 101-3 *if . . . waste.* F omits.

(By this hand) without defalking one graine beneath the waste.

Pros. Successe hath made you wanton, Cap.

Vas. Besides (my Lord) I have tane an old abesse

Prisoner, o such a governesse for a
Young maid; sheel read to her such homilies,
And teach her such receipts out of the Fathers,
How to cure the toothach, preserve plumms,
And boyle amber possits, will make her, sir,
In three dayes a very St.

Pros. Well, you shall take my bounty, too. Close by
The valley that doth joyne toth' neighbour grove
Lyes conquerd by my sword a Millain knight,
His wounds medcin'd, & stopt by the best art
I had, but by much losse of blood unable yet
To move; him and his ransome I bestow on you.

Vas. I thank your Lordship.

104 *Cap.* M and L, captain.
105 *I . . . abesse.* F, I've ta'ne an old lay-Abess.
106 *o.* F, 't is. 107 *such.* F, rare.
108-11 *And teach . . . St.* F omits.
112 *take.* F, taste. *too.* Q, F, comma after this.
113 *doth . . . grove.* F, does join to the next Grove.
115 *medcin'd, &.* F, were drest and.
116–17 *unable . . . you.* F, — he is
Not able yet to move. His ransom I'll bestow
On you.
117 *move; him and.* Q, *move him, and;* M and L, *move him; and.* See II, i, 18.

Pros. But use him nobly, Vasco, for he hath
A courage that well merited his cause,
And fought with eager and with skillfull strength
To free that lady from my bonds, but the glad
day was mine.
Vas. He shall be kindly usd;
Only your sweet Lordship must give me leave,
When he pay's his ransom, to weigh his gold;
Were he my father, sir, he must indure
The tryall of my scales; follow, Tristan.
Pros. Make haste; see him well waggond, and
provide
A surgeon to attend his cure.
Ex[*eunt*] *Vas*[*co and*] *Trist*[*an*].
Evand. Sir, can you find no pitty yet within
Your breast? You have already shewn enough
Of your sterne fathers spirit; is there not
In all your heart so much of softnes as
Declares you had a mother too? Must I
Be led a captive, and in a cruell land
Lament your victorie?
Pros. Altesto, beare her from my sight! make
haste!

121–2 *fought . . . mine.* F, —
bravely fought to free this Lady from
My Bonds.
124–7 *Only . . . scales.* F omits.
128–9 *well . . . surgeon.* F, —
convey'd with care and ease,
And call my Surgeon.
132 *is.* F, but is. 135 *Be . . . captive.* F, Be Captive led.

I am not safe, when I converse with teares.
Exeunt Altesto, Evandra.
I would ambition were not brave in war,
Or that the rage of princes had not made
It lawfull to subdue whom they dislike,
Or 'twere ignoble to inflict a miserie,
As to indur't our selves. Frivolo, where
Didst thou leave the prince?
Friv. In pursuit of the Duke, who since, we heare,
Recoverd Millaine, which causs'd him sound us
(*Drum* [*beats a*] *march afar off.*)
A retreat, — heark, sir, his march leades hither;
It is his way to Turin.
Enter Calladine.
Calladine. The prince, the prince; my Lord Prospero,
You have been sought for; the valiant prince
For this day's action hath advanc'd you to
The publique eare, and we your friends rejoyc'd.

142–3 *Or . . . selves.* F, —
Or that it were as much ignoble to oppress
As to endure oppression from our Foes.
143 *Frivolo.* Begins next line in F.
146 *causs'd.* F, made. *us.* M and L, period after this.
149 *Calladine.* Q, no name before line. *my.* F omits.
150 *for.* F omits. Period at *sought.*
152 *we . . . rejoyc'd.* F, —
all your friends salute
Your fame.

Pros. I did but as his bold example gave
Me fire; I saw him conquer, kill, and leade
In fetters sad faces, which I nere saw
Before, and I beleev'd 'twas good; I wish
That Heaven may thinke so too; I not converse
With bookes, but I have heard our enemies
(Although they wrong'd not me) must be so us'd.

Enter Alvaro, soldiers stripping off his corslet.

Alvaro. Unbuckle, Calladine, the day is hott,
And our great businesse cooles like to their heates,
That fled to humbled Millaine, & have left
Their fainting honour hovering over our crests.
Leade on my horse in triumph; I will march
On foot; he hath perform'd his worke, as he
Had equall'd me in sence of what he did.

Cal. Sir, Prospero the Count, whom your kind feares (*Pros*[*pero*] *kneeles, kisses his hand.*)
So heartily inquir'd for i'th retreat.

153 *gave.* F, taught.
154–5 *I . . . saw.* F, —
I saw him conquer, kill, and lead in Bonds
Men with sad Faces, whom I never saw.
157 *That.* F, High.
not converse. F, ne'er convers'd.
158 *our.* F, that.
159 *Although . . . me.* F, Though these ne'er injur'd me.
so. F, thus. 160 *Alvaro* Q, no name before line.
161 *heates.* F, hearts. 162 *That.* F, Who.
165 *On foot.* Ends preceding line in F.
167–8 *kind . . . retreat.* F, Kind fears did seek in our retreat.

Alv. Rise, noble youth, and let me hold thee neere
My heart, joyne thy stout brest to mine that we
May grow a while together in our love,
Yet when divided, be the same in thought
And act; this day thou hast begot an historie,
And given our Savoy chronicles a theame
To teach them boast, and be beleev'd.
Pros. Alvaro, my dread Prince, why should you lose
Your prayse on me, that did but imitate
The faintest of your vigour, and your skill?
You bred mee from my childhood to doe things
That they call glorious, though (dull and much unlearnd
I cannot reach the cause of what I doe,
More than your example and command.
Alv. Since thou ha[d]st strength to weare a sword, thou hast
Been mine, and't hath been drawn to execute

170 *that we.* Begins next line in F.
173 *an.* F, much. 174 *chronicles.* F, Chroniclers.
175 *them boast.* F, them how to boast.
176 *dread.* F, lov'd. 177 *that.* F, who.
180 *That they.* F, Which men.
much. F omits.
182 *example.* F, great example.
183 *hadst.* So in F. Q, hast. The Yale Q reads *gott'st.*
thou hast. Begins next line in F.
184 *and . . . execute.* F, and it was ever drawn to do.

My will, and though (I know not why) thou wast
Averse to arts, and written labours of
The wise, yet discipline of warre thou lov'dst;
And bring thee to a fiery steed, him thou
Would'st sit, and mannage with such gentle rule
That our idolatrous philosophers
Beleev'd thou hadst created whom thou taught'st.
Pros. Your love will breed me envy, sir; something
I've done (since you are pleas'd to vallew so
My weaker toyles) which may perhaps deserve
Your fathers thanks, and yours, and's yet unknown
Unto you both; Evandra, heir of Millaine,
I have fought for, tane prisoner, and sent
To Turin, a reward for our just war.
Alv. Hah! the faire Evandra made prisoner?
And, Prospero, by thee?

187 *The wise.* Ends preceding line in F.
warre . . . lov'dst. F, War thou still hast lov'd.
188–91 *And . . . taught'st.* F, And well observ'd.
195–6 *and's . . . both.* F, —
and is as yet
Unknown to both.
197–8 *and . . . war.* F, —
and have
To *Turin* sent.
199 *prisoner.* F, a prisoner.

Pros. Why should you thinke him whom you prais'd
So much, unfit for such a victorie?
Alv. Now all the blessings of my faithfull love
Are lost; she whom I doated on with my
Most chast and early apetite is sent
In bonds t'apease my cruell fathers wrath.
Cal. My Lord, he lov'd her much, though temp'rately
Conceald from gen'rall knowledge and his friends.
Pros. Then mount my courser, Frivolo, and try
If by the happy quicknesse of his speed,
Thou canst recover her returne, and use
Her with such faire respective homage as
May expiate my violent surprize.

Ex[*it*] *Friv*[*olo*].

Alv. Fly, fly; I would thy nimble motion could

200 *him . . . prais'd.* F, — that he, whom you have Prais'd.
201 *unfit.* F, can be unfit.
202–4 *Now . . . sent.* F, — The World's belov'd chief beauty thou hast sent.
206–7 *My . . . friends.* F, — My Lord, I know he is a servant to the same Both of her Vertue and her Beauty.
208 *Then mount.* F, Mount straight.
210 *returne.* F omits. 211 *homage.* Ends line in F.
213–16 *Fly . . . reach.* F, — Fly, fly! would thou wert swift enough To overtake the shafts of Love.

Oretake the arrow from th'Assyrian bow,
Or swifter lightning whom our sight pursues
And is to slow to reach.
Pros. What have I done, that I should thus mistake
An act of valiant glorie, for a deed
That argues an austere, ignoble rage?
Alv. Faire Evandra, the pride of Italy,
In whom the graces met to rectifie
Themselves, that had not cause enough to blush
Unlesse for pitty they were not so good
As she; think now the easterne spices sweet,
And that the blossoms of the spring perfume
The morning ayre; necessity must rule
Beliefe; lets strew our altars with them now,
Since she's imprisond, stifled, and chok'd up
Like weeping roses in a still, whose inarticulate breath
Heaven [thought] a purer sacrifice than all our orizons.
Pros. Is she not fitter, then,
For Turin than for Millaine, sir? I saw

220 *pride.* F, delight. 221 *met.* F, meet.
222–30 *that . . . orizons.* F, —
Her sweetness is imprison'd now,
Like weeping Roses in a Still, and is
Like them ordain'd to last by dissolution.
230 *thought.* So M and L; Q, through.
231 *Is . . . then.* F, Is not such excellence more fit.

You take prisoners, and in my fury had
Discretion to atchieve the best.

Alv. O thou hast lost my heart; hence doth proceed
This recreant act, that to thy savage courage
I could never joyne the temperature
Of sweet philosophy; hadst thou been learnd,
And read the noble deeds of gentle knights,
Reason had check'd thy rage, thy vallor would
Have been more pittiful than to have lead
A virgin into harsh captivity.

Pros. I thought I had done well.

Alv. How! well? draw back that falshood in thy breath
Agen, or I will pierce thy heart, that thou
Mayst dye impenitent.

Drawes his sword, Call[*adine*] *stayes him.*

Unhand me, Callandine, I've already met

235 *hence . . . proceed.* F, from hence proceeds.
236 *recreant.* F, cruel.
237–8. *the . . . philosophy.* F, Philosophy.
239 *noble.* F, gentle.
gentle knights. F, nobler minds.
242 *A virgin.* F, So soft a virgin.
244–6 *draw . . . impenitent.* F, —
make haste to draw that falshood back,
Or thou shalt meet a danger worse than death;
For thou shalt dye, e're thou
Hast leisure to be penitent.
247–8 *I've . . . thoughts.* F, —
already I have met
With wiser thoughts.

My better thoughts; why should I waste my wrath
On such a forester? wild as the woods,
Where he should graze with the brute heard, who, though they want
Discoursive soule, are lesse inhumane farre than he.
Pros. She was the daughter of our greatest enemie,
And so I us'd her, sir.
Alv. A cholerick beare or hungry panther would
Have us'd her with more soft remorce; had I
Incounterd her in the mad heate of chace,
In all the fury of the fight, I would
Have taught my angry steed the easie and
The peacefull motion of a lambe.
She should have set his back, soft as the ayre,
And in her girdle bridle[d] him, more curb'd
Than in his foaming bitt, whilst I, her slave,
Walk'd by, marking what hasty flowers sprung up,

248 *waste.* Ends line in F.
wrath. F, anger.
249 *On . . . forester.* F, on a thing.
250–1 *with . . . he.* F, —
with Heards, who though
They want discourse, have more humanity than he.
254 *A . . . would.* F, A Savage Bear must needs.
260–7 *She . . . philosophy.* F omits.
261 *bridled.* Q, bridle.

Invited by her eye-beames from their cold rootes;
And this would each true soldier do, that had
Refin'd his courage with the sober checks
Of sweet philosophy.

Pros. Would you had taught me some philosophy
Before I learn'd to fight.

[*Re-*] *Enter Frivolo.*

Frivolo. All hope is past; she was convey'd in one
Of your swift chariots, sir, which it doth seem
Altesto did unhappily oretake,
And she's ere this within our Turin walls.

Pros. Such language and such newes better become
The fatall birds of night; so ravens croke
When they fly ore the mansions of the sick
And bode their deaths.

Alv. Prospero, see me no more;
Th'art a disease unto my injurd sight:
Flye to some lustfull coast, where none but goates

271–3 *chariots . . . walls.* F, —
Chariots which *Altesto* drove.
She will (e're I can tell you more) be shut
Within our *Turin* Walls.
274–5 *Such . . . night.* F, —
Such news becomes
The fatal Bird of Night.
278 *Th'art . . . sight.* F, Thou art a sickness to mine eyes.
279 *coast.* F. Land.

And satyrs live, where the name of virgin is
As strange as this thy cruelty; there thou
Mayst hope to wander not contemn'd; should I
Behold thy face agen, and let thee live,
My patience would become my vildest guilt.
Cal. See, sir, he weepes; can you indure him mourne
And languish thus, whom heeretofore you did
Embrace in the chiefe ranck of love, not mov'd
(Sir) with his teares?
Alv. No more than to behold
The pudled channell overflow; he saw
Her weepe, and could indur't; the drops fell downe,
Me thinks, as when the pitteous pelican
Wounds her remorsefull breast.
Pros. Sir, have I in one hasty moment so
Farre merited my ruine that no meanes
Is left to winne me to your former grace?

280–1 *where . . . cruelty.* F, —
and where a Virgins name
Will seem as strange as is thy cruelty.
281–4 *there . . . guilt.* F omits.
285–8 *See . . . teares.* F, —
Look, Sir, he grieves! can you be pleas'd to see
Him mourn, whom heretofore you rais'd
To a continual joy, by giving him
A station in the foremost rank of love.
Are you not mov'd, Sir, with his tears?
290–2 *the . . . breast.* F omits.
294 *my ruine.* F, your anger. 295 *Is.* M and L, Are.

Alv. Never, unlesse thou couldst restore
Evandras liberty; she is ere this
Within my fathers reach, whose nature is
Severe, and mortall to her fathers blood;
An ancient vow he tooke will make her destine
So sad, I feare to think on it. Poore Evandra.
Pros. I sent her in good conduct to my house,
Where is a cave, so artfully conceld
Within my gardens verge that not the sunnes
Most prying beames nor humane search
Can ere discover it. Ile hide her there,
Till time and apt convenience can dispose
Her unto Millaine.
Alv. Fly then, loose not the sick hope with slow
Pursuit. Fate keepe her from my father.
Pros. Ile strive to groane away my breath, and die. *Exit Pros*[*pero*].

Cornet flourish afarr off.

Friv. Heark, sir, the Duke, your father, sure

296 *never*. F, No means is left. 298 *reach*. F, power.
301 *So*, F. Q, text badly worn. *it*. Q, comma after this; M and L, period. *Poore Evandra*. F omits.
304 *within . . . verge*. F, Beneath my Garden Mount.
307 *dispose*. F, convey. 308 *unto*. F, home to.
308–10 *loose . . . die*. F, —
lose not the little hope we have
By slow pursuit of it. You careful Powers
Above, preserve her from my Father.
Pros. I'll groan away my weary life.
311 *sure*. F, now.

Doth ride in triumph through the towne, to meete
And celebrate your victorie.
Alv. Give order that our troops march, march slowly on;
Our drums should now in sable cases beate,
Our collours foulded, and our muskets be
Reverst, whilst our dejected pikes we traile,
But that I feare, 'twould breed inquirie in
My father of a cause he must not know.
O Callandine! Evandra is in bonds! *Exit.*

Enter Vasco, Tristan, Leonell wounded and led.

Vas. Prepare the waggon, Tristan, spread a matt in't,
And (dost here) bid my ancient teare of 's collors
For a coverlet; tis thine, sir, all our shift.
Trist. All's ready, sir, ith bottom of the hill;
He shall be us'd like a queen when shee lyes in.
Vas. Softly, Tristan; he moves as weakely as
His sinnewes were of spinners threads, so cutt
And carv'd; he hath made your skin, sir, only
Fit to be worne in summer; this Prospero
Is a Turke when's whinyards drawne, and shines in's eyes.

312 *Doth.* F, does. 314 *march, march.* F, march.
316 *foulded . . . be.* F, folded be, our Muskets all.
323 *thine.* F, thin.
325 *shall . . . in.* F, shall lye like my Mother when she lay in.
326–8 *moves . . . carv'd.* F, moves but tenderly.

Leonell. He us'd me nobly, sir, when I had bled
My selfe past strength to conquer him, [nor] could
I hope to finde such mercy in an enemie,
Lesse I had fallen beneath the force of your
Alvaro, Prince of Piemont.

Vas. I, there 's a man; tis true, Lord Prospero ['s] vallant;
I thinke he dares meet the Devill in duell,
And give him two flashs of lightning odds; but
He wants that they call learning, sir; Prince Alvaro
Is (as they say) a philosopey man:
He talkes of rabins, and strange Hebrew roots,
Things we dull souldiers rather eate then mention.

Trist. He can tell you, sir, how many showers fell
Since Noahs flood.

Vas. I, and how many cloakes those showers have wett.

332 *nor.* So in M and L; Q, wee.
332–3 *My selfe . . . hope.* F, —
Away that strength which did contest with his.
I could not hope
334 *Lesse . . . fallen.* F, —
Unless my better fate had made me fall.
334–5 *beneath . . Prince.* One line in F.
336 *Prospero's.* M and L correct; F, Prospero is; Q, Prospero.
342 *Things . . . mention.* F, —
Things which we dull Souldiers know no use of,
But to boyl and eat for Winter Salads.

Leon. Have you no knowledge of the lady, sir,
That was surpriz'd from my protection by young
Prospero?
Vas. Good! was ever creature of Heavens
making
So libidinous as paltry man? now
Has he a mind to the lady? she, sir,
Is safe in Turin, whither strait we mean
To lead you, too.
Leon. Some comfort yet; it is decreed I must
Indure my bondage where she suffers her's;
Poore Evandra; was fate so niggardly
She could allow no more protection for
Thy beauty than my single fortitude?
Trist. Come, move on, sir; it will be late
ere we
Shall reach the towne.
Leon. What other fortune had the battaile?

346–7 *knowledge . . . surpriz'd.* F, —
news (Sir) of the Lady that
Was forc'd.
348–52 *Good . . . too.* F, —
How, Sir, was there ever a creature
Of Heavens making, like Paltry man?
Now has he a mind (despite of his wounds)
To a fair Lady. She, Sir, is safe
In *Turin*, whither we mean to lead you too.
353 *must.* F, shall.
355–6 *Poore . . . allow.* F, —
How nigardly, *Evandra*, was thy fate,
When it allow'd.
357 *fortitude.* F, arm. 358 *late.* Ends line in F.

Vas. We swadled your duke home; he and the rest
Of your bruis'd count[r]ymen have woundrous need
Of capons grease.
Leon. Strange giddinesse of warre; some men must groane
To further others mirth. What furie rules
Ore humane sence that we should struggle to
Destroy in wounds and rage our life, that Heaven
Decreed so short? It is a mysterie
Too sad to be remembred by the wise,
That halfe mankind consume their noble blood,
In causes not belov'd or understood. *Exeunt.*

360–4 *We . . . mirth.* F, —
We cudgel'd your Duke home, Sir.
Leo. How various are th'effects of War!
361 *countrymen.* So M and L; Q, countymen.
366 *wounds . . . heaven.* F, —
mangled wounds our life, which
Heaven.

Act 2. Scaene I.

[*Vasco's Rooms.*]

Enter Vasco, Frivolo, Tristan.

Frivolo. You have heard the proclaim'd law, Vasco?

Vasco. I would there were no law, or that no man
Were learn'd enough to read em, or that we had
Courage enough not to obey them.

Tristan. Frivolo, what law is this?

Friv. It is proclaim'd all female prisoners
After a yeare should have free libertie
To returne to Millaine, and ransomlesse;
Only a yeare is given to us the conquerors,
That those we took of birth and dowry may
(If we can wooe them to consent) marry us,
But wee have no power to use constraint, nor to
Inforce a maidenhead, on paine of death.

Vas. My beldam hath tane order with her maidenhead
Ten yèares ere I was borne.

Friv. I'th meane time, Tristan,

2 *law.* F, Laws. 4 *this.* F, that. 6 *should.* F, shall.
13 *hath.* F, has. 14 *I'th.* F, In the.

As a requitall for our hopes, we must
Maintaine them at our own charge.

Trist. Must not the men wee tooke pay ransome?

Vas. Yes, yes, they pay: I have a knight given me
By young Count Prospero shall sell his spurrs
Ere he scape free; I will pawne him till he
Be worne toth' title of a squire.

Friv. Thou art as cruell as a constable
That's wak'd with a quarrell out of his first sleepe.

Vas. Hang him, bold Cataian, hee indites finely,
And will live as well by sending short epistles
Or by th' sad whisper at your gamsters elbow
When the great by is drawne, as any bashfull
Gallant of em all.

Trist. But whats the cause our duke is so severe
Unto the heire of Millain (whom 'tis said
Shall suffer instant death), yet is thus kind
To others of her sex?

21 *toth'*. F, to the.
22–3 *Thou . . . sleep*. F, Thou art too cruel, *Vasco*.
27 *bashfull*. F, distrest.
30 *Unto . . . said*. F, —
To this fair heir of *Millain*; who, as 'tis said.
31 *yet . . . kind*. F, and yet is kind.

Friv. She dies to satisfie
A vow hee made in's youth, when those of Millain
Took his brother prisoner, and would not be
Appeaz'd without the forfeiture of's head.
Trist. I am not yet instructed, Frivolo;
Why should not then the rest we took dy too?
Friv. Evandra is a sacrifice for all;
His other mercy takes from th' crueltie
He showes on her.

Enter Altesto.

Vas. From whence, Altesto, comes your loftinesse?
Altesto. Why, from the Duke; I had laid me
For breakfast a fine, comfortable ginne.
Vas. What was't, a wench?
Alt. A rack, Vasco, a rack;
A certaine instrument that will extend and draw
Our sinnews into treble strings, and stretch
Our great shinne bones till they become slender
As knitting needles or a spider's leggs.
Vas. Didst thou commit treason? 'T is well thou hast

33 *in's youth.* F omits. 35 *forfeiture of 's.* F, forfeit of his.
39–40 *His . . . her.* F, —
His mercy shewn to others must excuse
The cruelty he shows to her.
46–8 *and . . . leggs.* F omits.

A braine for any thing; the age requires
Parts; we cannot eat else. But quick, the cause?
Alt. 'Twas to discover where I left Evandra,
Whom Prospero deliver'd to my charge;
I answer'd a full truth, that I restor'd
Her to his hands at his returne to's house;
And this (as fortune would vouchsafe) the Duke
Beleev'd without applying (gentlemen)
The recreation of the rack.
Friv. But she is not yet found.
Alt. No, and the Duke beleeves her still i'th town.
Therefore a guard is plac'd at all the gates to hinder her escape.
Vas. I do not like
This cutting off young wenches heads; 'tis thought
They cannot kisse hansomely without them.
Trist. But how does Prospero excuse her flight?
Alt. He saies she's stoln away, but shews no manner how;
And th'angry duke, though he be precious in
His love, threatens him much.

51 *Parts.* Ends preceding line in F.
55 *to's.* F, to his. 56 *Duke.* Begins next line in F.
59 *i'th.* F, in. 60 *gates.* Ends line in F.
66–7 *though . . . love.* F, —
though *Prospero* be in high
Esteem.

Vas. Some angell stole her from him, and, gentlemen,
If I have any skill in magick, you
Shall see her three daies hence pirking in a cloud,
Southward of yonder star; look up, just there;
With her ivory lute hanging at her back,
And working me a scarfe of sky-colour'd sattin.
Alt. A halter (Vasco) to save the poore state
The charge of a penny; thou'lt have need on't.
Vas. What's become of Melora, your faire prisoner?
You heare the proclamation.
Alt. Yes, and am well pleas'd; I meane to wooe, and marry her. She hath
Twelve thousand crowns by good intelligence.
Vas. If she consent; but I am of the faith,
Such suckets are but seldome swallow'd by
Us wealthy aldermen o'th campe; a joynture
Is the word, Altesto, and then you'l shew her
A young back with a sword hanging over't,
Worse than a handsaw.

74 *poore.* F, beggerly.
75 *The charge.* F, Th'expence. *thou'lt . . . on* F omits.
78–9 *I . . . intelligence.* F, —
I'll woo and marry her.
She has, as my intelligencer, rumour, says,
Twelve thousands Crowns.
80 *the faith.* F, belief.
81 *suckets* F, Suckers 84 *over't.* F, over it.
85 *Worse . . . handsaw.* F, —
Which she esteems no more than a Handsaw.

Alt. Just now I left her at my mothers house;
And, sirra Vasco, she looks, oh rogue, rogue!
A Flanders peake i'th middle of her brow,
Which straight I spy, and shake, and melt, then speak
Fine language to her, and am dutious with
My bonnet at her instep, thus —
Vas. Th'ast found the way.
Alt. Then, Vasco, she moves back, discovering but
The very verge of both her picked toes,
But in white shoes, and then I'm taken that
I stand like one of the Turkes chidden mutes;
A girle in a bongrace thus high may ravish me.
Friv. Alas, poore gentleman!
Alt. But, Vasco, her fingers, by this good day,
I think they are smaller than thy point tags;
And she behaves them on the virginals
So prettily, I'ld wish no more of Heaven
Than once to hear her play *Fortune my Foe:*
Or *John come kisse me now.*
Vas. Those are tunes my old widdow prisoner sings

87 *oh rogue, rogue!* F omits. 91 *Th'ast.* F, Thou hast.
93 *verge.* F, ends. 94 *white.* F, lac'd.
98 *by . . . day.* F omits. 101 *I'ld.* F, I'd.
102 *once.* F omits. 102–3 *Fortune . . . Or.* Omitted in F.
104 *Those . . . tunes.* F, That new Tune.

With more division than a water work
When the maine pipe is halfe stopt.
Friv. You have a yeare allow'd to wooe her, Vasco.
Trist. She's rich; I knew her husband; he thriv'd much
By a monopoly he had of dead womens hair;
All Millaine talk'd of it. She kept another shop
Under St. Maudlins wall, and quilted ushers calves.
Vas. Well, gentlemen, let's waste no time. I'le to
My barbers straight, purge, shave, and wash, for know
If cleanenesse and good looks will do't, Ile teach
Her grandameship to mump, and marry too,
Or my arts faile; Frivolo, you and Tristan
Follow me, I shall employ you both.
Alt. I am for Prospero; he sent to speak with me. *Exeunt.*

111 *quilted.* Ends line in F
ushers. F, Gentlemen-Ushers.
112 *gentlemen.* F omits. 116 *Or . . . faile.* F omits.
117 *Follow me.* Ends the preceding line in F.
118 *am for.* F, must to.

[Scene II.

A Room in Prospero's House.]

Enter Alvaro, Prospero (with a key, and lights).

Prospero. Sir, you have made me know my cruelty;
'Twas such uncomely valour, that I blush
To name't, and trust me, could I sink low as
The center whilest I kneel, stil would I thus
Implore your pardon and your love. *Kneels.*

Alvaro. Arise, I have a memory so apt
T'advance my pitty 'bove my anger when
It mentions thee, that Ile forget the cause
That made thy guilt, and me to mourne; but O,
This dismal place brings it again to thought;
This lookes methinks like to the dark

2–5 *'Twas . . . love.* F, —
It was such wretched courage, as I blush
To name. And could I sink, low as
The Center, whilst I kneel, still I would thus
Implore your pardon.

6–9 *I . . . mourne.* F, —
I am so apt
To let my pity rule my anger, when
Thou art concern'd, that I would fain forget
The cause which makes me mourn.

11–16 *like . . . Art.* F, —
much like the dark
And hidden dwelling of the Winds,
Where storms ingender, which with sudden blasts
Make Nature tremble, and lay flat
The stiffest piles of Art.

And hidden dwelling of the winds, as yet
Unknown to men, where storms ingender, and
The whirling blasts that trouble Nature till
She tremble at their force, and ruine all
The sumptuous piles of Art.

Pros. Necessity hath caus'd this choice, till the
Severe inquiry of your father be
Appeas'd, and we can shape her a disguise fit to
Convey her from the towne.

Alv. With soft and gentle summons call, that she
May clime unto the top and verge o'th cave.

Pros. Evandra, speak, ascend to us; I am
Your penitentiall enemy, that come
To weep away my trespasse at your feet.

Alv. Evandra, rise, break from this thick
And silent darknesse, like the eldest light.

The stage opens, Prospero lifts Evand[*ra*] *up.*

Evandra. Ha! my Lord the Prince?

15 *tremble.* M and L, trembles.
19 *a . . . to.* F, —
some disguise,
In which we may.
21–2 *that . . . cave.* F omits.
24 *that.* F, who. 27 *eldest.* F, first fair.
28–42 *Ha . . . both.* F, —
Evan. Sure 't is the Prince, whom *Prospero* brings
To give me courage in this solitude.
Alv. Illustrious Maid, what expiation can
Make fit this cruel Souldier for
Society of men, who did eclipse

Alv. O noble maid, what expiation can
Make fit this young and cruell souldier for
Society of men, that hath defil'd
The genius of triumphant glorious war
With such a rape upon thy liberty?
Or what lesse hard than marble of
The Parian rock canst thou beleeve my heart,
That nurc'd and bred him my disciple in
The campe, and yet could teach his valour no
More tendernesse than injur'd Scythians use
When they are vex'd to a revenge? but he
Hath mourn'd for it, and sure, Evandra, thou
Art strangely pittifull, that dost so long
Conceale an anger that would kill us both.

Evand. Sir, I am nobly recompenc'd, in that
You will vouchsafe me worthy of your grief,
And though I dye forgotten here (a poore
And luckless maid), lost like a blossome which

The glory of triumphant War, when he
Constrain'd your beauty to endure this shade?
Or what faint virtue can you think in me,
Who bred him my Disciple in the Camp,
Yet could his courage no compassion teach;
But he hath lately mourn'd for it;
And now may all compassion learn of you;
Whose pity does so long restrain
An anger that might justly kill us both.

45–6 (*a . . . maid*). Omitted in F.
46 *a blossome*. Begins next line in F.

Th'injurious wind buries in dust, yet so
Much courtesie deserves to be remembred even
in Heaven.

Alv. Was this a subject fit to beare the
pride
And insolent calamity of war?
As well had it become in the worlds youth
The giant race to hunt with mighty speare
And iron shield the soft and tender ermine!
Evandra, I have lov'd thee much and long.
Why dost thou start, as if some jealous thought
Did whisper that my love devis'd this snare
To keep thee here within my power and
reach?

Evand. I cannot think you are so cruell to
Your self, t'afflict the thing that you esteem.

Alv. No, beautious maid, had I beheld thy
flight

47–57 *Th'injurious . . . reach.* F, —
the wandring wind
Blows from the bosom of the Spring, to mix
With Summer's dust, yet so much courtesie
Deserves to be remembred even in Heaven. [So in M & L.]
Alv. Was this a subject fit to bear the pride
And furious insolence of savage War?
Evandra, I must love you much
Why do you start? as if some jealous thought
Did whisper that my love design'd your prison,
That I might keep you still within my power.
55 *dost thou.* M and L, do you.
59 *that.* F, which. 60 *thy.* F, your.

In our sterne exercise of wrath, I would
Have made the bloudy field a garden fit
T'adorne the shews of a triumphant peace;
And ev'ry soldier like a reaper cloth'd,
Fitter to use his sickle than his sword.
Still thou recoyl'st like the chaste Indian plant,
That shrinks and curles his bashfull leaves at the
Approach of man.

Evand. I've lost my reason, and I want the
courage
To entertaine you[r] kindnesse as I ought.

Alv. Is it because my yeares a little have

61–6 *In . . . recoyl'st.* F, —
Even in our sternest exercise of wrath,
I would have made the Field a Garden, like
The painted prospects of delightful peace.
Still you recoil.

67 *That.* F, Which.

69 *I . . . courage.* F, —
I know not wherefore I should courage want.

70 *your.* Q, you.

71–90 *Is . . . escape.* F, —
Can you participate in any part of that
Unhappy enmity which has so long
Disorder'd both our Fathers breasts? if you,
Whom Heaven did purposely ordain for love,
Should hatred from your Parents learn, you would,
Obeying their example, straight convert
Your duty into sin.

Evan. The gentle Treaties, Sir, of love are fit
For hours more happy and more calm than those
Which Captives can enjoy.

Alv. These words do not enough
Assure my quiet, and my former sleeps.

Pros. Let madness, care, and watchful jealousie,

Oregrowne my youth, or that the enmity
Our fathers interchange begetts in thee
A factious hate, till't make thy duty sinne?
But 'tis not possible thou canst create
A thought will merit such a name.
Evand. The gentle businesse, sir, of love is fit
For howers more calme and blest than those
A captive can enjoy.
Alv. These are not words
To quiet me in sleepe & peacefull thoughts.
Pros. Nor shall I evermore rellish delights
And triumphs of the court, or haughty joyes
Of warre and victorie.
Alv. Evandra, live; be yet some happinesse
Unto thy selfe, and with the patience that
Becomes a maids divinitie, relieve
Thy heart with easie hope of libertie,
Inforcing a content within this darke
And solitarie cave, till I have power
With apt disguise to further thy escape,

Ambition, and despair, for ever keep
The weary world awake, since I no more
Shall relish the delights of Victory.
Alv. *Evandra*, live! be yet some happiness
To your fair self, and with that patience, which
Is native to a Maid, strive to relieve
Your heart with hope of liberty:
Inforcing a content within this dark
And solitary Cave, 'till I have power
With fit disguise to hasten your escape.

Which shall be hastned with my ablest skill.
Beleeve me, good Evandra, the honour of
My birth and soule shall warrant it.

Evand. You are a prince renound, and precious for
Your faith and courtesie.

Alv. Thinke not Ile use advantage, or constraint
Upon thy love; a virgins heart (I know)
Is sooner strok'd than check'd into a kind
Surrender of her breast.

Evand. Sir, all the bounties that the heavens provide
For truth and clemency, fall on [you] still.

Alv. If thou suspect'st I've not enough of cold
And holy temper to resist the flames
Of appetite, command that I shall see

91–3 *Which . . . it.* F omits.
97–99 *Upon . . . breast.* F, —
A Virgins heart, I know, is sooner stroakt,
Than checkt to a surrender of her breast.
100 *Sir . . . bounties.* F, May all the blessings.
101 *you.* So F, and M and L; Q, your.
102–8 *If . . . are.* F, —
If you suspect my virtue cannot rule
My love, command that I shall see you here
No more; and my obedience straight shall be
Confirm'd with sacred Vows:
For I would have your thoughts as pleasant to
Your self, as are your beauties to the world.

Thee here no more, & my obedience straite
Shall be restraind within a sacred vow,
For I would have thy thoughts (Evandra) safe
As thy beauties are.
Evand. It were a crime
Greater (I hope) than I shall ere commit
To doubt such princely goodnesse can pervert it selfe.
Alv. Then I shall cherish oportunities
To hasten my returne.

108 *As . . . are.* M and L, As are thy beauties.
108–9 *It . . . than I.* One line in F.
109–10 *shall . . . goodnesse.* One line in F.
110 *such . . . self.* your princely goodness.
111–28 *Then . . . subdu'd.* F, —
Then you will [M and L, thou wilt] give me leave to make free use
Of every happy opportunity
That may invite me to attend you here ? [So in M and L.]
Evan. When Angels would converse, they could not meet
With less intent of sin, and more of joy.
Alv I must behold you often, that mine Eyes,
Observing much the worth of what they love,
May learn all other objects to despise ;
And know they love themselves when they remove.
Why have I been too long in anger wak'd,
With harsh and clam'rous instruments of War?
Whom wiser love more gently did ordain
To hear harmonious whispers of your Lute.
Why should I wish in vain, that yesterday
Had never been, or that the Victory
Had not been mine ? since I intend to make
My visits here so often, that you shall
Confess the Victor is by you subdu'd.

Evand. Not angells sure when they converse, can meet
With lesse intent of sinne, and more of joy.
Alv. Well, I must see thee oft; thy wondrous eyes
Have softned all my spirits to a calme
And easie temper for thy sway, that I
Could change my corslet, and my iron vests
Of rugged war, to move in gentle pace,
Unto the tunefull whispers of thy lute,
Still cloth'd in tender garments of thy work;
And for a plumed helmet weare chapletts
Of flowers, in a mysterious order rank'd
By thy white virgin hand; then like thy neat,
O'rebusie maid, bind up thy looser philetting
And pleate in curles thy soft, dishevelld haire.
Ile make my frequent visits here till thou
Confesse how much I am subdu'd.
Evand. I am opprest with feare the watchfull Duke,
Your father, should observe unto this sad
Unusuall place your stolne approach, & then
My sorrowes would be doubled in your danger.

129 *feare.* M and L, fear, [lest].
129–31 *I . . . &.* F, —
My fears diswade you, lest the watchful Duke,
Your Father, should observe to this obscure
Unusual place your stoln approach ; for.

Alv. Danger? How noble lovers smile at such
A thought! 'Tis love that onely fortifies
And gives us mighty vigor to attempt
On others force, and suffer more than we
Inflict; would all the souldiers that I leade
In active war, were lovers too, though leane,
Feebled, & weakned with their ladys frowns;
How when their valours stirrd, would they
march strong,
Through hideous gulphs, through numerous
herds
Of angry lyons, and consuming fire!
Knock within.
Evand. What doubtfull noyse is that?
Alv. 'Tis Calladine; I did appoint him here.
Stay, Prospero; let him not enter yet;
O envious chance, must we depart so soone?
They put Evandra downe in the cave.

133–42 *Danger . . . fire.* F, —
Danger's a sound, which gives a false alarm
Only to such as those
Who seldom see their Foes,
And want the luck to feel a little harm.
The Warriour seeks great danger for proud story;
Where he records each day when he prevails:
The Lover walks through greater with less glory;
And of his perils makes but Winter Tales.
143 *doubtfull.* Omitted in F.
144 *did.* Ends line in F.
him here. F, him to be here.
145 *Prospero.* Ends line in F.
146 *chance.* F, fate. Ends line in F.

Descend like the bright officer of day,
Whilst darkned we thy beauteous absence mourne,
And every flower doth weepe till thy returne.
Opens the doore, lets in Calladine.
Pros. His looks declare there's hazard, and some haste.
Alv. What wouldest thou? speake.
Calladine. The Duke your father (sir) is much perplext;
He calls for Prospero, and it is feard,
Will torture him to find Evandra's flight.
Alv. He shall not yet appeare; I will endure
His angers edge with venture of my selfe.
Stay till I send. *Exit.*
Cal. My Lord, I grieve to see your sorrowes beare
So great a weight as makes you groane unto
Your selfe; this silence, and fixation of

148 *thy.* F, your.
149 *doth.* F, shall.
thy. F, M and L, your.
150 *there's.* F, some.
some. F, much.
151 *what . . . speake.* F, What wouldst thou speak? So M and L.
158 *sorrowes beare.* F, bosom feel.
159–60 *groane . . . selfe.* F, groan within.
160–82 *this . . . I love.* F, —
This long and silent fixing of your Eyes,
Agrees not with your nature nor your youth.

Your eyes, untill unchanged objects cause
Them ake, is much unlike your wonted mind;
Suspect not but the prince will qualifie
His father to a peace, and a more just
Interpretation of your worth.
Pros. Know, Calladine, 'tis not Evandras bonds,
Nor all the torments that th'incensed Duke
From cruelty or art can minister,

Suspect not but the Prince will quickly work
His Father to a peace, and a more just
Construction of your worth.
Pros. Know, *Calladine*, 'tis not the menac'd Rack,
Nor all the torments which the anger'd Duke
Can minister, have power to fix me like
A Statue thus. I have another cause.
Call. My Lord, your favours have oblig'd me so,
That I must share your grief; and it, perhaps,
Might yield some remedy, if with your grief
I might participate some knowledge of
The cause
Pros. In the wide world I know not, *Calladine*,
One whom I would more boldly trust than you.
But you will think me mad. —
Call. Sure I shall then
Lay by my manners, and my reason too.
Pros. Come, thou shalt know; and I shall pardon thee
If thou dost smile, at that great pain, which makes
Me sigh; for I shall shew it in
Ambitious shape, whose form no Pencil e're
Could draw so soberly, as not to make
It seem ridiculous.
Call. I am amazed!
Pros. Know, *Calladine*, I love —

Have power to freeze, and fixe me like a statue thus;
I have another cause that swels my heart,
Till't grow too spacious for my breast.
Cal. 'Las sir! your favours have oblig'd me so
That I must share your griefe, and 'twould perhaps
Afford some remedy to share the cause.
Pros. I know not, Calladine, in the vast world
One I more love, or would so boldly trust;
But thou wilt think me mad.
Cal. My Lord, Ile forget then my manners, and
My reason too.
Pros. Come, thou shalt know, I love—
How wilt thou smile to see m'ambitious eyes
Looke higher than the eagle, when he soares
To elevate his sight? I love—
Cal. Who is't you love?
Pros. Evandra; now mixe pitty in thy scorn.
Cal. 'Tis sad the Prince and you should meet with so
Much violence in the same choice.
Pros. At first i'th rage of fight I gaz'd on her,

183 *mixe . . . in.* F, add pity to.
186–9 *At . . . care.* F, —
At first, I in the heat of fight did on
Her gaze, with half discernings of her form.
A mist of fury hung between us then;
But having view'd her beauty since with care.

With halfe discernings of her forme; a mist
Of fury hung between us then, but since
That I have viewd her beauty with some care,
And seen how sweetly she demeanes her in
Calamity, I have orethrown my heart
With liking her too much.

Cal. It will require great wisdome to perswade
In this; the cause is dangerous.

Pros. Would I had nere been born, then I had miss'd
The sight and memory of her, and my
Fond errors should have been as much unknown
As m'uncreated selfe.

Enter Altesto.

Altesto. My Lord, your servant gave me entrance with
Command that I should speake with you.

Pros. 'Tis true; Altesto, y'have a maiden prisoner,
Call'd Melora; 'tis my request that you
Conduct her hither in disguise; though law,

190 *seen.* M and L, see.
195–8 *Would . . . selfe.* F omits.
201 *true; Altesto.* M and L, *true, Altesto.*
201–2 *'Tis . . . you.* F, —
Altesto, welcome!
You took a Maiden Prisoner, call'd *Melora*,
I make it my request that you.

Newly proclaimd, allow no ransome for her,
You shall be paid your own demand.
Alt. Ile obey your Lordship; she shall attend
You straight. [*Aside.*] What use can he imploy her to?
Pros. Come, Calladine, ease me with thy counsell. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III.

Vasco's Rooms.]

Enter Vasco, Tristan, Frivolo, Lelia.

Vasco. Is Lelia your own prisoner, Tristan?
Tristan. The powerful purchase of my sword.
Vas. What is she heire to? a brasse thimble and
A skeane of brown thread? she'l not yeeld thee in
Algiers above a ducket being strip'd;
And for her clothes they'r fitter for a paper-mill
Than a pallace.
Frivolo. Let her serve your captive widdow.
Vas. Why, Tristan, that's a yeares wages for you;
'Tis well thought on; will you serve, Lelia?

208 *ease.* F, and ease.
2 *powerful.* F omits.
8 *Why.* F, Friend.
that's. F, that is.
9 *'Tis . . . Lelia.* F, —
Will you serve a wond'rous old Widow, *Lelia.*

Lelia. I hope, sir, I shall be fit to serve.

Vas. Yes, serve for an hospitall, when the sins
Of the campe are retir'd into your bones;
She's vilely out of linnen.

Trist. How can I help't?

Vas. Let her make love to a sexton, and steale shrowds.

Friv. Trust my knowledge, Vasco, she's for thy turne;
Present her to thy widdow; she may wooe
In thy behalf, toste plum cakes for her muskadine,
And brush her velvet hood on holy-dayes.

Vas. Tristan, convey her to her as my gift;
But, Lelia, you must speake notable words
Of me, first what a goodly man I am;
That I get matrons at a hundred and ten
With double twins, and how in time of warre
I fill up the muster with mine own issue.

Lel. Marry, sir, Heaven forbid.

10–13 *I hope . . . help't.* F, —
Lel. If she be an honest Gentlewoman.
Vas. Nay, she is past all scandal now.
Tristan, this *Lelia's* vildly out of Linen.
Tris. I've given her leave to walk and take the air:
At the next Hedge she may supply her self.

15 *knowledge.* F, judgment. 17 *toste plum.* F, she'll tost.

25 *Marry . . . forbid.* F, —
Lelia. I'm loth to serve, Sir, in a fruitful Family,
Where there are like to be many Children.
Vas. Nay you are not for my turn then.
Lel. But, Sir, if Heaven will have it so. —

Vas. D'you heare? this wench has been villanously
Ill bred; and Ile lay my life
She sings at her work, too, the holy caroll
O'th ladies daughter converted in Paris;
She was of Paris properly, &c.
Trist. Fie, Lelia, you must now take care; you are
Not now i'th campe, but in a civill common wealth.
Lel. I shall endeavour, sir, to learne.
Vas. Nor must you perswade you[r] mistris rise
Too early to her beads; she may catch cold,
Having already a pestilent cough,
And so will dye before I marry her.
Lel. I hope I shall not be so mischievous.

28 *She.* F omits. *work.* Ends preceding line in F. *holy.* F omits.
29 *daughter.* Ends preceding line in F.
30 *She . . . &c.* Q, Roman type; F, all italics except "Paris." *was.* F, is. *&c.* F omits. 31 *Fie.* F omits.
32 *now.* F, here. Ends preceding line in F.
33 *I . . . learne.* F, —
I shall be careful, Sir;
When the Gentlewoman lies in.
34 *Nor must you.* F, You must not. *your.* So F, M and *L*; Q, you. *rise.* F, to rise.
35 *she may.* F, lest she. 37 *will.* F, may.
38 *mischievous.* F, —
mischievous,
As to hasten her to her Beads.

Vas. Well, gentlemen, the fruitfull houre is now
Drawn neere that gives successe; this morning must
Expose me to great charge.
Friv. Thou dost not meane
To court her at her window with rare musick?
Vas. No, she's very deafe; so that cost is sav'd.
Friv. What other charge? She hath no teeth fit for
A dry banquet, and dancing she is past,
Unlesse with crutches in an antimasque.
Vas. I must provide her culleises and broths
That may stir metall in her; in this case
She is; know, my good friends, I find
Her no more fit for the businesse of encrease,
Than I am to be a nunne.
Trist. Thou wilt take care to trim thy person.
Vas. I came just now from consultation with
My barber, who provides me a large maine,
A lock for the left side, so rarely hung
With ribbanding of sundry colours, sir,
Thou'lt take it for the rainebow newly crisp'd
And trim'd; Bucephalus nere wore the like.

40–1 *must Expose.* F, will Put. 42 *rare.* F, much.
48–51 *in this . . . nunne.* F omits.
56–7 *sir, Thou'lt.* F, that You 'll.

Friv. When you have reach'd Sir Leonels ransome,
And the rich widdows wealth, we are forgot,
Like creatures of Japan, things hardly to
Be search'd for in the map.

Trist. In one short month I shall not know his name.

Vas. 'Tis then because thou canst not read, for thou
Shalt find it fairely carv'd on each new church
And hospitall I meane to build apace,
And have my blew boyes march through the streets
Two and two, provided for in guilded primmers,
And their chops of mutton; go haste to the widdows,
Present your damsel, Ile be with you straight;
My captive knight would speak with me.

Exeunt. Manet Vas[co.]

Enter Leonell.

Leonel. I am bold, sir, to make free use of your
Most spacious roomes for benefit of aire.

Vas. Sir, you are welcome; 'tis a liberty

59 *reach'd.* F, toucht.
60 *forgot.* F, forgotten.
63 *one . . . month.* F, a few days.
66 *hospitall.* Followed by period in F.
68–9 *provided . . . mutton.* Omitted in F.
69 *widdows.* F, Widow.

That I expect, and I joy much your wounds
So prosper in their cure.
Leon. You shew your inclination kind and noble:
But is there of Evandra yet no newes?
You promis'd to enquire whether her flight
Be true, or to what place she made her escape.
Vas. No certaintie is known, but all the Court
Troubled with doubts; shortly you will heare more.
Leon. If you could bring me, sir, to Prospero,
Or to the prince, on some affaires that may
Perhaps advantage them, and my own good,
You shall oblige me much to serve you in
My better state of fortunes.
Vas. I will endeavor it, and as you find
Me ready to assist all your requests,
I hope, sir, youle see cause to pay your ransome
With what haste you can, for I would faine be able
To doe good deeds, & we have many poore

75–6 *That . . . cure.* F, —
Which I enjoin: and I am glad your wounds
Are grown so near their cure.
82 *Troubled with.* F, Are full of.
85 *Perhaps . . . good.* F, —
Perhaps be of advantage to them both.
87 *fortunes.* F, fortune.

I'th towne that want their charitie, who have
A will as ready as their wealth.
Leon. Beleeve me, you expresse a soule that hath
Been bred, and exercis'd in holy thoughts.
Vas. Faith, sir, not much, only you know a man
Would joy to doe some good whilst he's alive,
For after death our gifts, I ever thought,
Rather proceeded from a devout necessity,
Than any free desire.
Leon. Tis wisely urg'd.
Vas. It hath been a maxime I have held long.
Leon. And it becomes you still; my ransome shall
Be suddenly prepard.
Vas. I thanke you, sir; follow, & Ile procure
You an addresse toth' prince or Prospero.
Exit.

93–4 *that . . . wealth.* F, —
who never break their Fasts till night;
And then sup far from home.
95–6 *Beleeve . . . thoughts.* F, —
Sir, you express a mind that shews much charity.
My ransom shall be ready.
97–104 *Faith . . . prepard.* Omitted in F.
103 *shall.* M and L omit.
105 *follow.* Begins next line in F.
106 *You an addresse.* F, your free access. Ends line.

Leon. If she were fled, her person is of so
Esteem'd and eminent a rate, that straight
Her instant residence must needs be known.
There is much art in these affaires; how will
She looke on me, that in so great a cause
Could strike, or yeeld to angry fate? I will
Indure her scornes as a deserv'd reward;
Nor should a lovers hopes grow cold because
The influence that last did governe him
Was sick, and cold. That destiny is gone;
The firmament containes more starres than one.
Exit.

107–17 *If . . . one.* F,—
Her person is so eminent, and so
Belov'd by all, that were she fled, her residence
Would straight be known. In this contrivement there
Is much of art. How will she look on me,
Who in a cause, wherein her freedom was
Concern'd, could yield to any force of Fate?
Her scorns I'll suffer as a just reward.
Nor should a Lover's hopes grow cold, because
The destiny which last did govern him
Was froward and averse: whose influence was
So violent, that it now is spent and gone;
The firmament contains more Stars than one.

Act 3. Scæna I.

[*A Room in Prospero's House.*]

Enter Leonell and Prospero, (with a light and a key.)

Prospero. It glads me to behold your strength so well
Restor'd, and, sir, I wish the fortune of
My sword had met another cause & enemie;
Your ransome I have paid, and so much prize
Evandra's happinesse, that, since you make't
Appeare your company will render her
Some quietnes and joy in this her sad
And solitarie state, you shall both see and stay with her.

Leonel. From my first infancy I tooke my speech
And breeding in her fathers court, and by
My neerenes to her, both in deeds and place

5–8 *make't . . . her.* F, —
make
Me think your company will in
Her solitary state be grateful to her,
You shall have leave to make your frequent visits.

11–13 *both . . . miserie.* F, —
in the day of Fight,
You may believe I am of quality
Enough to be esteem'd and welcom'd
In her misery.

I'th day of fight, you may beleeve I am
Of qualitie enough to be esteemd and wellcom'd
in her miserie.
Pros. Your valour then did speake you more
than all
The praise your modestie can urge.
Leon. My Lord, it is your gentlenesse to have
A courteous faith, but I am bold to think
My sight will comfort her so much that she
Will pay you thanks for giving so free trust
Unto my confidence.
Pros. My kindnes to you I shall reserve
Till happier howers; this, sir, is for her sake,
That she may have the benefit of your
Approach. Retire a while within; that key,
When I am gone, will open you a doore,
That leades unto a cave. — *Exit Leonell.*
Melora? where art thou? this way, the light
Conducts thee; thou art safe.

15 *The . . . urge.* F, —
Your modesty, will suffer you to urge.
16–20 *have . . . confidence.* F, —
judge
Me worthy of your trust: but I am bold
To think my presence will be well accepted.
20 *kindnes.* F, kindness, Sir. 21 *this, sir, is.* F, but this is.
23 *Approach.* Q, comma after this; F, Converse.
25 *That . . . cave.* F, —
Which gives you passage to the Cave.
26–7 *art . . . safe.* F, —
are you? — this way
The light directs you onward: you are safe.

Enter Melora.

Melora. How darke, & like the dusty hollownes
Of tombes where death inhabits, this appeares!
Pros. Now you shall know the cause why I have bought
Your liberty; Evandra, daughter to
Your Millain duke, lyes here imprisond by
The chance of battaile, and thus hidden and
Reserv'd till we can free her by disguise.
Mel. O sad discoverie of a sorrow worse
Than I indure! I hop'd she had escap'd.
Pros. I heard that thou wert taken in her traine,
But when the storyes of thy beauty and
Thy vertues reach'd mine eare, I did beleeve
Thou hadst familiar knowledge of her face
And thoughts.
Mel. I know too much of her to think that Heaven
Could thus permit her languish in a cave.

30 *why.* Ends line in F.
33 *battaile.* F, War.
and. F, and is.
37 *thou wert.* F, you were. 38 *thy.* F, your.
39–41 *Thy . . . thoughts.* F,—
Your vertue, were proclaim'd, I did believe
You were acquainted with her;
And were perhaps no stranger to her thoughts.
42 *think.* Ends line in F.
43 *Could . . . her.* F, can suffer her to.

Pros. None can resist their destinie; but, good
Melora, comfort her, and, prethee, for
Kind pitty, when your conversation shall
Beget some pleasant houre, mention my care,
And then my love; for know, she hath so wrought
Upon my heart that, trust me, I shall melt
Like papers overcharg'd with flame, and die.
Wilt thou implore in my behalfe?

Mel. Your bounties have oblig'd me to performe
My best, else I were cruell, sir.

Pros. Feare no surprize; you are secure, for twice
To day my house by sterne authority
Was search'd, but vainly they suspect, and strive
To find this hidden dwelling, that no art
Can imitate for secresie and depth.

45–6 *prethee . . . pitty.* Omitted in F.
46 *when.* Ends preceding line in F.
47 *Beget.* Ends preceding line in F.
48–50 *for . . . die.* F, —
it is a love
So much distrest, that it your pity needs,
And 't is so true, that it deserves your praise.
51 *Wilt thou.* F, Will you.
53 *My . . . sir.* F, —
My utmost service, where you are concern'd.
55 *sterne.* F, strict. 56 *they.* F, all.
57–8 *that . . . depth.* F, —
which no art
Can match for intricate, and secret depth.

Mel. Will you be gone?

Pros. I'm sent for to the pallace where I'm told
I shall endure for this concealement more
Than natures strength can beare, but I've a soule
Dares welcome it with scorne.

Ent[*er*] *Evand*[*ra*].

Mel. Lend me the light; look, there's Evandra, sir.

Pros. It is; remember me, that I may live. *Exit.*

Mel. This mingled passion of strange griefe and joy,
I can no longer quietly containe;
Hail, the most beautious virtue of the world!

Evandra. Lov'd Melora, what dismall chance, more than

60–3 *I'm . . . scorne.* F, —
I now am sent for by
The Duke; and I am told he means t' inflict
For this concealment, more than Nature's strength
Could e're endure; but Love dares Fortune meet,
In all the horrid shapes which she does wear,
When Cowards dress her in the Glass of fear.
64 *there's . . . sir.* F, where Evandra comes.
65 *It . . . live.* F, —
Commend my love, that I may wish to live.
66 *strange.* F, my. 67 *quietly.* F, silently.
68 *beautious virtue.* F, virtuous Beauty.
69–73 *Lov'd . . . death.* F, —
Belov'd *Melora!* what unhappy Guide
Has led thee to be lost in this sad place?
Mel. Why am I mention'd as a thing alive,
Whilst you remain within the House of Death?

My sorrow can digest, hath brought thee here?
Mel. Why am I thought on, or enquir'd for as
A creature that deserves a life, whilst you
Remaine within the house and armes of death?
Evand. I feare thou art a captive too.
Mel. Or else the tyranny of war had been
Too much unjust; wer't fit you languish thus,
And I like to a wanton bird should play
And wing the aire at liberty? and yet
My ransome's freely paid.
Evand. Then thou art now no prisoner?
Mel. A prisoner to you, or else my heart
Were dull, and rudely mannerd to permit
Evandra suffer here alone; this war
Hath quickly nurc'd strange ridles, too, of love.
Evand. Thou dost complaine with cause; 'tis in the prince.
Mel. Another of your enemies; too much

75–9 *had . . . paid.* F, —
should seem
Far more unjust than it has ever been;
Yet *Prospero* has my ransom freely paid.
80–1 *A prisoner . . . permit.* F, —
Your Pris'ner, Madam, for my heart is not
So rudely taught as to permit.
83 *nurc'd.* F, made. 84 *'tis in.* F, meanst.
85–7 *Another . . . that.* F, —
I mean another of your Enemies. We shall
Have too much leisure to unfold.
The accidents which.

Of leasure I shall have t'acquaint you with
The accident that brought me to your sight.

Enter Leonell.

Evand. Melora, who is that?

Mel. Blesse me! how miracles increase to fright
Astonishment! sure there is magick in
This place; madam, my brother Leonel.

Leonel. Ha, Melora? art thou here too? Such mysteries
In change so soon ariv'd I have not read.

Evand. But what unheard of star directed thee
To see and taste our miserable state?

Leon. Ere I begin the little history
Of the short time that thus hath varied us,
Low as the earth I fall to make you pittifull.

Kneeles.

89–91 *fright . . . madam.* F, —
change
The face of wonder. There is Magick in
This Room. Behold.
92–3 *art . . . read.* F, —
are you here too? 't is strange
So many chances should so soon concur.
94–5 *But . . . state.* F, —
But what, more strange than all those chances are.
Has brought you first to *Turin*, and then here,
Where being found, you are for ever lost?
97 *that.* F, which. *hath.* F, has.
98 *pittifull.* F, merciful.

Forgive the crime of destiny, not me,
That left me feeble as an aguish girle
With the faint losse of bloud, when I had tooke
Upon my youth & strength the noblest cause
That ere imployd the anger of a man,
Your liberty; but leverites and doves
Are valianter than I, for else what make
You in captivity?

Evand. Beleeve me, sir, your passion is so great
I understand it not; pray rise; I know
You fought with all the forward will and might
That humane rage could shew; but the success
Of valour they above dispose, that are
More wise and stronger than our selves.

100 *That* F, Which.
101–3 *With . . . man.* F, —
When, after faintness by expence of blood,
I rashly undertook the noblest cause
That ever yet call'd Valour to the Field.
105–6 *what . . . captivity.* F, —
why are you now
A Captive here.
107–12 *Beleeve . . . selves.* F, —
Your passion seems too great, and much too kind,
For me to understand: pray rise! I know
You fought with all the forwardness and force,
That courage could express; but the events
Of valour those above dispose.

Leon. Sure I could weep, but that my eyes
Have not enough of funerall dew to melt
Away. Sister, pray pardon my neglect;
You'l find I am not courteous to my self.
Mel. The time compells distracted thoughts in all.
Evand. There is a banke within, though cold and bare,
Where never flower (in a dispaire of sunne)
Durst fix his root; there we will sit, talke, and
Compare our miseries; then sing like Philomel,
That wisely knowes the darknesse only fit
For mourning and complaint; leade there the light. *Exeunt.*

113–15 *Sure . . . Away* Omitted in F.
115 *Away.* Q, comma after this.
116 *You'l . . . self.* F,—
My sorrows are so much concern'd
In fair Evandra's great distress,
That I want leisure to enquire, how your
Condition stands.
118–21 *There . . . sing.* F,—
Melora come. There is a bank within
Where (in despair of Sun) no Flower
E're fixt his root, there we will sit, tell, and
Compare our griefs, whilst thou dost sing.
119 *in a.* M and L, in.
121 *Philomel.* Q, period after this.
123 *leade . . . light.* M and L, *lead there! the light! there.* F, with.

[Scene II.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.]

Enter Duke (with letters) Alvaro, Prospero, Calladine, attendants.

Duke. Evade me not with such fond circumstance,
Fit only to perswade the easinesse
Of untaught babes; have I not here receiv'd
Her fathers letters, that petition her
Release? Why should he sooth me thus with low
Demeanour in his phrase, if she were free?
Or if not in the towne inclos'd and hid,
Where would she sooner fly than to his armes?

Alvaro. Sir, give my duty boldnes to beleeve
If she were here, & some good man (that now
Conceales her in his pittious feare) shall to
Asswage your wrath deliver her, you would
Not marke her out for death?

Duke. No, sir. How cheape then and how fraile will you
Suppose my vowes? What need we trick
And dresse our altars with such reverend care?
Lets rather straight pervert their use, grease them

1–47 *Evade me . . . traytors thoughts.* See *Notes*, p. 171.
16 *care.* Q, no punctuation after this.

With gluttony and feasts, defile and wash
Them with the riots of excessefull wine.
Is perjurie the least of guilt you can
Perswade me to commit?

Alv. I wish you would allow m'obedience leave
To utter truth; the vow you made was rash,
And not confirmd with oath or church solemnitie.

Prospero. And I am taught the cruelties, or the
Revenge we threaten; Heaven is pleas'd when they
Are never acted but forgot.

Duke. Her sterne and deafned father, when we sought
And woo'd his mercy with humility,
More than dejected hermites on their knees
Render to saints, us'd not my brother with
Remorse, but snatch'd him from the world in all
His pride of youth, his wise and ripened thoughts,
When he was fit to rule a nations fate,
And exercise mankind in what was bold
And good; then shall I not revenge the best
Of all my blood, whilst I have here the chiefe of his?

Alv. Alas, this act, sir, was not hirs, nor in

36 *then.* M and L omit.

The justice of our reason is it possible
By derivation or descent to share a guilt.
Pros. Would I had lost the benefit of strength
When I surpriz'd her, to become the instrument
And pleasure of your rage.
Duke. How, Count? so bold? heare me, thou saucy child
And minion of the war, whom fortune, not
Successe from vertue sprung, hath lifted to
A pride more dangerous than traytors thoughts;
Though I have search'd thy house, & am defeated by
Some charme of my discoverie, I still
Beleeve thou know'st her residence; & bring
Her to my sight, ere yet the sun decline, or thou shalt die.
Alv. I must not live to see it then, nor can
My businesse here on earth intice me to

50 *Beleeve.* Ends preceding line in F.
her . . . &. F, where she is hid ; but.
51 *decline.* F, descends. Ends line in F.
52–7 *I . . . prince,* F, —
I ever fear'd your anger, Sir, till now ;
But now it does pronounce things so improbable,
That I should lack discretion, if I thought
Your heart did purpose, what your words imply.
Duke. Alvaro, though dissembling may sometimes
Be useful to a Prince, yet you shall find
I have no relish of it now ; nor should
A Son, in civil duty, e're upbraid
It in a Father.

One minutes stay in my mortality,
When I behold your goodnesse so decaid.
Duke. Alvaro, was that said like one that knowes
His duty to a father, and a prince?
Alv. I would be heir unto your vertue, sir,
As well as to your bloud.
Duke. Have I outliv'd my courage, office, and
My reason too, tamely to suffer this?
I know thy false, ambitious cunning well;
Thou faine wouldst vexe my weary soule away
That thou mightst raigne, and triumph ore my tombe;
But heare, and tremble at my vow.
Calladine. Sir, for regard of Heaven repent what you
Would speak, ere utter'd it become too great
A sin for mercy to excuse.
Duke. No more, fond Calladine; I am resolv'd,

55 *goodnesse.* M and L, business.
58 *unto your.* F, to your great.
60–5 *Have . . . vow.* F, —
I have out-liv'd my courage, office, and
My reason, if I tamely suffer thee.
Thy boldness bids me thy ambition watch.
And therefore hear, and tremble at my vow.
67 *ere . . . great.* F, e're being utter'd, you repent too late.
69–70 *No . . . guilt.* F, —
I am resolv'd. —
Since thou audaciously dost owne his Crime.

Since thou art covetous to own his guilt,
He shall be safe, and thou endure his punishment;
Bring me Evandra here ere yet the day
Conceale his light, or the next darkness shall
Eternally be thine.

Alv. If on my knees I can perswade you to
An easier doome, thus I endeavour it.

Pros. I beg not to entreat your rigor lesse,
But, as 'twas first design'd, you would convert
It all on me.

Alv. That kindness was ill manner'd, Prospero;
Dost think thou art more worthy of the cause
When 'tis to be Evandra's sacrifice?

Duke. Nere strive, thou shalt have sufferance enough,
And gloriously alone; hence from my sight,
Thou birth ill gotten, and my marriage stain.

Alv. Ile keep my duty still, though not your love. *Ex*[*eunt*] *Alva*[*ro*] *&* *Pro*[*spero*].

76 *An easier.* F, A gentler.
77–9 *I . . . me.* F, —
I beg not, Sir, to mitigate your rigour now,
But that you would (as it was first design'd)
Direct it all on me.
82 *When.* F, Than I, when.
83–4 *Nere . . . sight.* F, —
Alvaro do not strive for punishment;
Thou shalt endure it gloriously alone.

Cal. Dread sir, call back your vow, and then the Prince;
Yet comfort him. What will the world esteeme
Of such an act as time nere paraleld,
And no posterity be so unkind as to believe?
Duke. Thou maist as well perswade th' assembled winds
From all their violence at sea; lend me
Thine eare — do this, but, Calladine, take heed
Thy prosecutions are not faint; I have
A younger son in Sicilly, renown'd
And deare to fame, him I will strive to plant
I'th peoples hearts; as thou art loyal, follow me. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III.

The Widow's Rooms.]

Enter Altesto, Frivolo, Vasco, (fantastically accouterd.)
Vasco. Just in the posture as you see me, gentlemen,
Not a haire lesse i'th lock; and I beleev'd

88 *Yet.* F, To.
esteeme. F, conceive.
90 *be . . . to.* F, will willingly.
96–7 *strive . . . I'th.* F, — plant in all, My.
97 *as.* F, If.
2 *i'th.* F, in my. *beleev'd.* F, thought.

The heart of woman was not able to
Resist such amorous formes.
Altesto. But she would none?
Vas. Name her the pleasures of the marriage bed,
She cries she is more taken with the grave,
'Cause there we are not wak'd with cough nor aches.
Alt. Why sure she knows, for she looks as she had
Been long buried.
Vas. And then I us'd fine phrases,
And talk'd (what call you it?) of Hymens tapers,
Which she interprets, sir, according to
Some modern doctresse of her sect, Hel fire,
A warmth (you know) we souldiers do abhor.
Frivolo. 'Tis base to need it after death; we have
Been hardly bred, and can endure the cold.

4 *amorous formes.* F, Curls and Ribbanding.
5 *her . . . pleasures.* F, but . . . comforts.
6–7 *She . . . aches.* F, —
And she commends the Grave, because none there,
Are wak'd with Coughs nor aches.
8 *Why sure.* F, Surely. *as.* F, as if.
8–9 *Why sure . . . buried.* One line in F.
10 *Hymens tapers.* F, Hymns, Tapers.
11–12 *Which . . . fire.* F, —
She said those are the farthing Candles of
Foolish Poets, and are lighted in Hell Fire.

Enter Widow, and Lelia.

Vas. She comes; this is her breathing roome; use your
Endeavours, gentlemen; tell her, her frowns
Already have so wrought, that my life now
Will nere be fit to come into a lease.

Widow. Lelia, a chaire, I cannot last; 't is more
Than 58 yeares since I had hams to trudge.

Vas. I am your guardian that come to visit you.

Wid. What need it, sir? I practice no escape,
I cannot flye.

Vas. No? Were the window open,
You would behave your selfe as nimbly on
Your wings as any witch in Europe.

Wid. What saies he, Lelia, a witch?

Lelia. He saies we must one day all flye upward;
Heaven is the place we wish for.

Wid. 'Tis well said, sir, for thither we must go,

22 *that.* M and L, that 's.
24 *No . . . open.* F, —
Who knows? for you look like a Witch.
And perhaps too, if the Windows were open.
28–9 *we . . . for.* F, —
He says he wishes we may all flye upward,
Towards Heaven.
Vas. I, Widow! that is the place.
29 *wish for.* The Q is very faint; M and L omit.

Both old and young, no remedy.

Vas. As soone as you please, if you'[l] but marry me.

Wid. Does he talk of marriage?

Lel. He sayes, if you please, forsooth.

Wid. Alas, my vow of widowhood is not yet Expir'd; if he comes some ten yeares hence —

Alt. About that time she'l make a good wife For an antiquary to get records on.

Friv. Although her skin be parchment, 'tis not large Enough to write her annals in, sh'ath livd so long already.

Vas. How did you like the culleise, widow, that I sent you last?

Wid. Why, sir, it went down.

Vas. Though the sea were turn'd to plum-broth, 'twould all down; I have measur'd her throat, 'tis wider (gent.)

32 *you'l.* F, you; Q, you'; M and L, you 'd.
35 *comes.* F, will come. 36 *she'l.* F, she will.
37–9 *to . . . already.* F, —
who may flea off
Her Parchment skin, and write Records upon 't.
Friv. Her skin is Parchment, but not large enough
To hold half her Annals; she has liv'd
So long already.
40 *that.* F, which. 41 *sir.* Q, question-mark after this.
42 *Though.* F, I, though. *'twould.* F, Yet it would. Begins new line in F.
43 *gent.* F, Gentlemen. So M and L.

And deeper than a well; alas the Duke
Considers not my charge; I'ld rather boord
Too young giants, and allow each of them
A wolfe in stead of a dog t'eat their fragments.
Alt. Thou shouldst get her mouth search'd; I'le lay my life
Sh'ath new furnish'd her gummes with artificiall teeth;
She could not grinde so else.
Friv. Though you must feede her at your owne cost, the proclamation,
Beleeve me, allowes none but naturall teeth.
Vas. When she is once i'th fit of swallowing,
If a capon float in her broth, why she
Considers it no more than a small bee, or a May fly.
Lel. You should beare up, you are too backward, sir.
Vas. Sayst thou so, wench? Widow, prepare your selfe,
For I must marry you to night, or else
You fast to morrow; if the Duke will not
Afford us fasting dayes, I shall make bold

47 *t'eat.* F, to eat. 48 *search'd.* Ends line in F.
49 *Sh'ath.* F, that she has. *furnish'd.* Ends line in F.
51 *cost.* Ends line in F. *the.* F, Yet the.
52 *me.* F, me Sir. Ends line in F.
53 *i'th.* F, in the.
54 *why she.* F, she does.
55 *Considers.* F, consider. *a . . . or.* Omitted in F.

To borrow 'em o'th kallendar; this night;
No longer time to delay a good deed.
Wid. Uh, uh, uh.
Alt. This cough (Vasco) is of some great antiquity.
How wilt thou sleep by her?
Friv. A little opium after supper, and let her cough like a
Cannon from a fort, I'le free thee from waking.
Vas. Come, come, provide; trimme up your hood, widow,
And ayre your pettycoates i'th sunne. It is
A case of conscience, gent[lemen], we must
All marry, and live chast.
Wid. Why, sir, if we must needs.
Alt. I thought she would consent; good heart, it is

61 *'em o'th.* F, them of the.
61–2 *this . . . deed.* F, —

you must
Marry to night; there needs but a short warning,
She Coughs.
To go about a good deed.

64 *great.* Omitted in F.
66 *A little.* F, Give her a little. *supper.* Ends line in F.
67 *fort.* Ends line in F.
68 *provide.* F, prepare. Ends line in F. *widow.* F, good Widow.
69 *pettycoates i'th.* F, old Petticotes in the. *It is.* Begins next line in F.
70 *gentlemen.* F, Gentlemen. So M and L, F. Ends line in F.
72 *it is.* Begins next line in F.

As towardly an old thing! Deare Vasco,
Provide us musick; wee'l dance her to death:
Thou shalt be her husband ere night, and her
Executor before morning.
Vas. Sooth, gent[lemen], that's all I desire;
Any thing that is reason contents me.
Friv. Go, kisse her; by this hand, a Brownist is
More amorous; a notch'd prentice, a very
Aretine in comparison of thee. *Vasco kisses her.*
Vas. By your leave, widow.
Wid. Much good may't do you, sir; these comforts come
But seldome after fourescore; the world (indeed)
Is grown so wicked that we never thinke
Of comforting one another.
Lel. I told you she would soften, sir; alas,
A little raw and modest at the first.
Alt. A very green pippin of the last yeares growth.
Vas. You shall finde me a kind of sparrow, widow;
A barly corne does as much as a potatoe.
Wid. Blessing on your heart, sir; we should doe good

74 *Provide.* F, I have provided. *wee'l.* F, we will.
77 *Sooth, gentlemen.* F, Gentlemen; M and L, Sooth, gentlemen. 79 *by this hand.* Omitted in F.
80 *amorous.* Ends preceding line in F. *a.* F, And a.
81 *Aretine.* Ends preceding line in F.
83 *come.* Begins following line in F.

Freely (as they say) without egging on.
Vas. Rise, and stir your feet, 'tis healthfull for you. *They lift her up.*
There — softly, — so —
Alt. If one of the haires of my eyebrow lye
But in her way, she's gone, and falls like an
Elephant whose leggs are cut with a chaine shot.
Friv. Her os sacrum needs a little prop.
Vas. Why, gentlemen, ther's nere a wench in Italy
Moves farther in a day, provide her litter
[Be] easie, and her two mules well fed.
Courage, widow; how is it now?
Wid. A certaine stitch, sir, in my side, but 'twill away in time.
Vas. I, you are young enough,
But given too much to hoyting and to barly breake,
Then dance naked till you take cold; good faith!

97 *and falls.* F, and then falls. So M and L.
97–8 *an Elephant.* F, A Horse. Begins line in F.
101–2 *provide . . . easie.* F, —
that is to say
If her Litter be easie.
102 *Be.* So M and L; Q, But. *two.* Omitted in F.
103 *is it.* F, is 't.
107–9 *good . . . smock.* F, —
you must
Look to it, *Lelia*, and take heed you air
Her Wedding-Smock well.

You must looke too't, Lelia; take heed you aire
Her wedding smock.
Alt. Let it be made of catts skin furre.
Friv. Or a watch-mans rugge gowne, but that her skin
Will weare it out too soone.
Vas. Frivolo, yo' are too lowde.
Friv. I warrant thee I have measured her eares;
She heares in distance but an inch length.
Vas. You'l in, and set the house in order, widow? I'le fetch a priest.
Wid. Truly, sir, I'ld faine aske my friends advice,
One that hath seen but little of the world
Would be glad, you know, of counsell.
Vas. No counsell, widdow; nay, if you want metall,
Let them call't rashnesse, our youth will excuse all.
Wid. Well, sir, you know where marriages are made;
'Tis not my fault; Lelia, provide a broome

109 *catts skin.* F, Cat-skin.
113 *in . . . length.* F, not at the distance of an Inch.
114 *I'le . . . priest.* Separate line in F.
116 *hath.* F, has.
117 *of counsell.* F, to have their friends counsel.
118 *nay . . . metall.* Omitted in F.

And sweepe away the rhume neere the green couch;
And (d'you heare) look for one of my cheek teeth
That dropt under the wanscote bed.

Lel. And shall I stop't forsooth with salt?

Wid. I, and fling't i'th fire; you are weary, sir?

Vas. Not quite so lusty (widow) as your selfe,
But shall keepe pace, the journey being so short.

Alt. Quick, in with her, Vasco, whilst the fit holds. *Exeunt Widow, Vas*[*co*], *Lel*[*ia*].

With cable and thong he drew her along,
So heavily to the priest,
And vow'd to undoe her, ere he did wooe her,
Make her up after who list.

Friv. Ah, rogue, thou art a very larke in the morning.

Alt. And what at night, Frivolo?

Friv. A very owle.

Alt. Thou art a coxcombe, beyond all redemption

124 *That.* F, Which. So M and L.
128 *so short.* After this Q and F have *Enter Altesto*, but, as M and L point out, he has not left the stage.
136–42 *Thou . . . quarter.* F, —
Oh! are you come? *Enter Musitians.*
Friends of the Fiddle, pray strike up, we 'll have
A Dance before the Wedding.
Friv. I cannot dance, *Altesto*, without Cork
At my heels; I must have a Woman behind me.
Alt. Thou shalt lead the Widow. The very tuning

Of wit, lesse thou straight resolve to marry Lelia;
Thy friends will think the match so fit, none shall
Forbid the banes; I knew her mother too:
She's wondrous rich in pewter, small wine [casks],
And spits.

Friv. Yes, I have heard o'th wealthy dowager,
She kept a thatch'd nunnery in my quarter.

Enter Tristan.

Tristan. Wher's Vasco, gentlemen? I am in haste.

Alt. Why, then, for more dispatch answer you[r] selfe.

Trist. The Duke hath sent for him by Calladine.
Who told me 'twas for busines of import;

Of a Cittern will make her bestir her stumps
Like an old Oak.

139 *knew*. M and L, know.
140 *casks*. So M and L; Q, caske.
144 *Why . . . selfe*. F, —
If you are in haste, you had best for dispatch
Make answer to your self.
145 *hath*. F, has.
146–53 *Who . . . hope*. F, —
And it concerns him as a matter of business.
Alt. Send business to fat fellows, who

The Court is all disturb'd, but for what use
He is designd, I cannot learne. Where is he?
Alt. Follow, wee'l convey thee to him; strange luck;
Sir Leonells ransome, this widowes wealth,
And now imployd at Court! Vasco, th'art a gon man,
Usury, furrd gownes, long dinners, and short sleepes,
Thou art condemd to without help, or hope.
Exeunt.

Have got Formality and gray Beards. *Tristan*, you must Dance. Gentlemen Scrapers, pray strike up.
[*Enter* Vas. Wid. Lel.
Friv. Look she 's come already; some Fifty years Ago, she was stung with a *Tarantula*, And ever since a Fiddle makes her frisk.
Wid. Blessing on your hearts, Gentlemen.
Alt. You must into the Dance, Widow.
Wid. I have been Mistress *Marrian* in a Maurice e're now.
Vas. Sweet heart; what think you: I 'm only afraid Lest too much mettle should overheat your blood; Will you to 't, Widow?
Wid. Truly, Sir, it is not wholsom to stand idle, Come, *Lelia.*
Alt. Well said, Widow. *They dance.*
Trist. *Vasco*, now you have done your capring here, You must dance toward Court. The Duke Commanded *Calladine* to send me for you.
Vas. Bear up, Widow, preferment is striding Towards me upon high Stilts.
Alt. *Leonel's* ransom, her wealth, and now employ'd At Court. Th'art a gone Man, condemn'd to Usury, Furr'd Gowns, long dinners, and short sleeps.

[Scene IV.]

[*A Room in Prospero's House.*]

Enter Evandra, Melora, Leonell, (at one dore;) at the other Prospero, (muffled and hid.) A table and lights set out. Evandra sits to reade.

Leonell. Sister, where is your tendernesse? Shall I
Be ever lost through your defect of will
And courage to present me to her eare
In winning characters? Tell her how long
With fervencie I have pursued my love.

Melora. Unhappy Leonell, why dost thou tempt
Me with impossible desires? how oft
Have I sollicited thy sute with a
Repulse? and she hath charm'd me by a vow
Never to mention 't more, till her release.

Prospero [*aside*]. False Leonell, did I for this assist
Thee to injoy her lov'd societie,
That thou shouldst rivall me, and have more fit
Convenience for thy wishes than me self?
Melora is his sister, too; what strange
New chances have these later howers produc'd?

4 *winning*. F, graceful. 5 *fervencie*. F, fervent sighs.
6 *tempt*. F, urge. 9 *Repulse*. Ends preceding line in F.
10 *mention 't*. F, name it. 14 *me*. F, my. So M and L.
16 *later*. F, latter.

I have no advocate, nor am I bold
Enough to be mine owne.
Leon. I see you love me not;
And since I am a trouble to your sight,
Ere long thou shalt behold my face no more.
Pros. [*aside*]. Thou art a prophet to thy self, and I
Thy priest to cut thee out in sacrifice,
Although unworthy of Evandras deity.
Leon. Melora, can you shew no kind remorse?
Mel. Alas, you do mistake my power and will;
Think on some other beauty, for the world
Hath many that may make you fortunate.
Leon. None but Evandra governs in my breast.
Pros. [*aside*]. Her thou shalt nere enjoy; — lend me thine eare — *Leads him aside.*
Leon. Ha! Prospero?
Pros. False knight; was this the cause

18 *I . . . not.* F, You mind me not.
20 *Ere . . . shalt.* F, You shall, e're long.
24 *no kind.* F, me no.
25 *do.* F, much. 27 *Hath.* F, Has.
28 *governs . . . breast.* F, e're shall rule my heart.
29 *thine.* F, your.
30–2 *was . . . love.* F, —
did you for this
Beg a conceal'd admittance here, that you
Might fix your love.

That made thee beg conceal'd admittance here,
To practice love where I had planted mine?

Leon. My lord, I understood not of your love.

Pros. If thou art bold, and since thy vanquishment
Darst tempt a second hazard of my sword,
Go waite me on the garden mount; there I
Will order, though my heart is doubtfull to
Enjoy Evandras love, thine never shall.

Leon. I will expect thee there, and fiercely long
To ravish from thy crest the honour that
I lent thee in our former fight. *Exit.*

34–41 *If . . . fight.* F, —
If you are brave, and after vanquishment,
Dare try a second hazard from my sword,
Go, and expect me on the Garden Mount;
There I'll provide, that since my heart
Grows doubtful of enjoying fair
Evandra's love, yours never shall.
Leo. My Lord, your valour I have try'd in fight;
But had so little knowledge of your love,
That you misplace your anger now.
Pros. You'll meet me on the Garden Mount?
Leo. I was your Captive when you gave me liberty;
And it has never been my custom, to
Contest with those to whom I am oblig'd.
Pros. If you have love, sure you have honour too.
Disclaim the one, and for the other I
Shall never trouble you.
Leo. Disclaim my love! I'll wait you on the Mount.

Enter Alvaro.

Alvaro. Evandra, reach me thy faire hand that I
Seale on it my last farewell.
Evand. Ha, whither do you go?
Alv. Where shadows vanish when the worlds eye wincks,
Behind a cloud, and they are seene no more;
The place of absence where we meet (by all
The guesse of learned thought) we know not whom;
Only a prompt delight we have in faith
Gives us the easie comfort of a hope,
That our necessitie must rather praise than feare as false.
Evand. O horrid mystery! my tender senses are amaz'd; I faine

42 *reach me thy.* F, pray vouchsafe me your. *that.* Begins next line in F.
43 *Seale.* F, may seal.
44 *eye wincks.* F, —
great eye
Does wink.
45 *seene.* Ends line in F.
46–52 *The . . . know.* F, —
The place of strangers where we come
To meet we know not whom, and for
Our willing and officious Guide,
We entertain, and follow hoodwinkt, Hope.
Evan. O dreadful Mystery! my reason is
Amaz'd, and fain would something learn of that,
Which seems, Alvaro, dangerous to know.

Would learne what it is dangerous to know.
Mel. Why do the stars neglect us thus? why should
We lose the noblest and the best of men?
Pros. Me thinks my spirits climbe and lift me to
A valiant envy of his sufferings.
Alv. That thou mayest live here safe till Prospero
Restore thee unto liberty and light,
I must to darknesse go, hover in clouds,
Or in remote, untroubled aire, silent
As thoughts, or what is uncreated yet:
Or I must rest in some cold shade where is
No flowry spring, nor everlasting growth,
To ravish us with sent and shew, as our
Philosophy hath dreamt, and rather seems
To wish than understand.
Evand. All this for me; you shall not dye; why will
You lay so cheape a value on your selfe,

55 *climbe.* F, rise.
56 *A valiant.* F, Ambitious.
57 *thou mayest.* F, you may. *Prospero.* F, Prospero shall.
58 *thee unto.* F, you to wisht.
62–6 *where . . . understand.* F, —
and shall
Perhaps ne'r see that everlasting spring,
Of which Philosophy so long has dreamt,
And seems rather to wish than understand.

To think the world should lose you for my sake?
Alas, a needlesse, triviall virgin that
Can never shew in hopefull promise halfe
That excellence which you reveale in art.
Alv. It is decreed; Evandra, thou mayst live
T' encrease the small example we have left
Of vertue, which hath made thy breast her throne;
Time hath begun to weare away my youth,
And all the good I can performe is to
Preserve the future hope of it in thee.
Evand. Melora, help! sorrow hath fild my heart
With such a heavinesse that I must sink
Beneath its weight — here let me lye, and mourne,
And chide that haughty destiny that thinks
Us so unworthy of their care.

69–70 *To . . . that.* F, —
As to believe the world can lose you for
My sake; for me, a useless Virgin, who.
72 *art.* F, act. 73 *thou mayst.* F, you may.
74 *the . . . example.* F, those few examples.
75 *hath . . . thy.* F, has made your.
78 *hope . . . thee.* F, —
dignity of love,
In you.
79 *sorrow . . . fild.* F, Grief fills. 81 *its.* F, the.
81–2 *here . . . thinks.* F, —
come join with me to mourn,
And chide those prouder destinies, who think.

Mel. My lord the prince, is it no lesse than death
Of her or you, can ease your fathers wrath?
Alv. The doome is past, and the sad houre will want
No wings to hasten its approach; come hither, Prospero.
Pros. It must not be; though I want phrase to shew
My nature smooth, it shall appeare in deeds.
Alv. I charge thee by our love, by all my care
That bred thee from thy childhood to a sense
Of honour, and the worthiest feates of war,
Thou keep Evandra safe till happier daies
Conspire to give her liberty; use her
With such respective holinesse as thou
Wouldst do the reliques of a saint inshrind,
And teach thy rougher manners tendernesse
Enough to merit her society.
Pros. What need this conjuration, sir? I meane

85 *ease.* F, quench. 87 *its approach.* F, it.
88 *phrase.* F, words.
91–5 *That . . . holinesse.* F, —
Which bred thee from thy youth, to vertuous sence
Of Honour, and the just deserts of War,
That thou dost keep Evandra safe, till Fate consent
To give her liberty, and use her still
With such respectful reverence.
97–8 *And . . . society.* Omitted in F.
99 *this conjuration.* F, I this injunction.

To dye for her, that I may save your life;
A brave design; disswade me not. Though I
Faile oft in choice of fitting enterprise,
I know this is becoming, sir, and good.
Alv. Thou dye for her? alas, poor Prospero,
That will not satisfie, the shaft aimes here,
Or if it would, I do not like thou shouldst
Thus presse into a cause that I reserve
To dignifie my selfe; urge it no more.
Pros. What am I fit for then, if not to die?
Evand. How am I worthy of this noble strife?
Alv. Evandra, rise, that I may see some hope
And comfort in thy strength before I take
My everlasting leave.
Evand. You have the voyce of death already, sir.
Mel. Dismall it sounds, like the last groane which men
In torture breath out with their soule.
Alv. I could have wish'd I might enjoy thee and

101 *not.* Q, comma after this. 107 *that.* F, which.
111 *rise . . . may.* F, let me. 112 *thy.* F, your.
115 *groane.* Ends line in F. 116 *with their soule.* F omits.
117–22 *I could . . . thrive.* F, —
Too apt I am to wish, I might
(Remaining mortal) still enjoy your love,
To breed such virtues as would soon entice
The Angels to live here; and never by
Our conversation grow impair'd: but these
Are wishes, and are made too late!

Be mortall still, mix in a love that should
Produce such noble vertues as would soone
Entice the angels to live here, yet not
B' our conversation grow impair'd; but these
Are wishes made too high and late to thrive.
For evermore farewell. —

Evand. O sir, where wil you leave me, then?

Alv. How pittie moystens me! there in the cave.

Evand. It is the mansion, sir, of death; something
Horrid as midnight thoughts can forme so frights
Me still, I tremble when I enter it.

Alv. Ha! what that is but humane dares disturbe thy quietnesse?

Pros. Sir, let me see; it dies if it be vulnerable.

Alv. Still you usurpe my businesse, Prospero —
Bide there, I will go down my selfe.

124 *O . . . wil.* F, Alas! where can.
125 *moystens.* F, softens.
127–8 *so . . . tremble.* F, —
hath there
Of late so frighted me, that I
Still tremble.
129 *Ha . . . quietnesse?* F, —
What thing, which is no more than mortal, dares
Disturb your quietness?
130 *see.* F, search.

Evand. Sir, 'twill not presently appeare.
Alv. I will attend its saucy leasure then.
Descends the cave.
Evand. Lock safe the doore, Melora, with this key.
Pros. What's your designe? meane you t'imprison him?
Evand. Discover (Prospero) the inside of Thy breast; dost thou affect the prince?
Pros. Next to the absent blessings that our faith
Perswades us to, eternity of joyes.

133–4 *Sir . . . then.* F, —
I fear some inlet has been counter-digg'd
Into the Cave, and gives a passage to
Some man, who is employ'd to fright me with
A dismal shape.
Alv. Who e're thou art who dar'st death's Vizard wear,
Assuming the foul shape which Nature most
Abhors, grow bolder yet, and stay till thou
Shalt straight be that, which thou dost counterfeit.
136 *meane you t'*. F, will you.
137–44 *Discover . . . selves.* F, —
'T is, Prospero, now the pretious point of time,
In which your truth should show her self without
A Vail. Speak, do you love the Prince?
Pros. Does Heaven love truth, or do the valiant prize
A Virgins love?
Evan. Why then will you permit
So great a loss to humane kind, as it
Will feel in losing him? Let us design
Some way how to divert that bloudy stroke
Which threatens him, by suffering it our selves.

Evand. Why, then, wilt thou permit that he should taste
A long forgetfulnesse in a darke grave?
Let us invent some way to ease him of
This penance undeserv'd, and suffer it our selves.
Mel. O glorious maid! this goodnesse will confer
A dignity for ever on our sexe.
Pros. [*aside*]. I'm strangely taken with this virgins thoughts.—
Let me embrace your hand; upon my knee
I thank you much; you have some mercy on
My dull, unknowing youth, and can believe
Me fit for noble enterprize, though he
Unkindly did deny my sute: Ile to
The Duke and tempt his fury till he cause
My death; perhaps, when his revenge hath quench'd

146 *A dignity.* F, Renown.
147 *thoughts.* Only period in Q; comma in M and L.
148 *hand.* No punctuation in Q; comma in M and L.
knee. Dash in Q; period in M and L.
147–50 *I'm . . . youth.* F, —
How has this Virgins valour conquer'd me?
Low on my Knees let me embrace your Feet—
I thank you much, for you much mercy have
On my dull youth.
150 *can.* dare. 153 *fury . . . cause.* F, rage till he decree.
154–8 *perhaps . . . captivity.* F, —
perhaps when with my worthless blood
His hot revenge is quench'd, it may

Her thirst with my warm bloud, it may grow cold,
And kindly temperd to you both,
And then I've fully satisfied the crime
Of your captivity, and his free sufferance.
Mel. This souldier hath a great and daring heart.
Pros. But how shall I enjoy her then? I scarce
Can understand the happinesse it beares:
Tis odd ambition this, but yet 'tis brave;
Ile do't: besides, though I'm not learn'd to know
With certainty, yet I have hope I shall
Be sensible of all her visit to
My tombe, and ev'ry flower she strewes will there
Take growth as on my garden banks, whilst I

Grow kindly temper'd to you both, and then
I shall some present satisfaction make
For your captivity.

160–9 *I scarce . . . hers.* F,—
I do
Not understand the happiness it brings.
This is but odd ambition, yet 't is brave;
I 'll do 't: besides, though I 'm not learn'd enough
To reach at certainty, yet I have hope
I may be sensible of all her visits to
My Urn, and every Flower she strews will there
Take growth, as on my Garden Banks, whilst I
(Delighted Spirit) hover o're their leaves.

163 *to know.* M and L, enough.

(Delighted spirit) walke and hover 'bout
Their leaves, comparing still their sent with hers;
O twill be wondrous brave! Lady, dispatch,
That I may goe, and die.

Evand. Since you expresse your will, so kinde and violent,
That small provision there allotted to
Sustaine my life, reach up, and straight convay
Into the cave, that he may finde it out,
And not exchange the paine his father would
Inflict, for famishment.

Pros [*pero*] *takes from behind the arras a bottle and bag, they open the cave.*

Pros. I had almost forgot false Leonell;
He waits me on the mount; I will be with
Him straight, and end his hopes by a long sleepe
Ere I begin mine owne. *Descends the cave.*

Evand. Once more, Melora, lock the doore; now they
Are both secure, tis thou and I that must
Take solemne leave, and never meete in this
Our beauty, colour, or our warmth agen.

Mel. [*aside*]. I am astonish'd at her excellence,

170 *O twill.* F, It will. 177 *famishment.* F, Famine.
183 *thou.* F, you. *that.* M and L, then; F omits.
184 *Take.* Ends preceding line in F. *solemne.* F, our solemn.
185 *beauty.* F, feature.

And scarce have humble grace enough to keepe
Ambitious envy from my thoughts.
Evand. Why should these mighty spirits lay so vast
An obligation on our sex, and leave
Eternall blushes on our soules, 'cause we
In acts of kinder pitty and remorse
(The vertues sure, wherein we most excell)
Durst not adventure like to them?
Mel. The prince deserves a liberall choice of lives
To ransome his; would mine would satisfie!
Evand. How, Melora? I cannot thinke thou dost
So faintly love my happinesse and my
Renowne, to wish to hinder me of both.
Mel. Alas, th'example is so good, I faine would follow it.

189 *vast.* F, great.
191 *'cause we.* F, —
because
We.
192 *acts of kinder pitty.* F, the acts of pity.
193 (*The . . . excell.*) F, —
(Virtues wherein our Sex should most excel.)
194 *like to.* F, life for.
197–9 *I . . . both.* F, —
dost thou so faintly wish
My happiness, and my renown as to
Desire to hinder me of both?
200 *Alas.* F omits.

Evand. But there is reason that I suffer first.
I have a mourning weed within which thou
Shalt dresse, and teach me weare, then so
Apparelled like my cause, I'le walke toth' Duke.
Mel. O leave me not behind, let me accompany
Your mourning too; perhaps my death may be
Accepted best, and you bee thought more fit to live.
Evand. Thy inclinations have a noble sence;
Thou shalt along; go, call thy brother in,
And call aloud; this hollownesse is such
He will not heare thee else.
Mel. Hoa, Leonell? my brother Leonell.

Enter Leonell.

Leon. Tis strange, this Prospero appeares not yet;
Sure he is faint, and's aguish courage comes

203 *and teach me.* F, for me to.
204 *I'le walke to th'.* F, I'll to the.
205–7 *let . . . live.* F, —
let me at least
Accompany your mourning in so good a cause.
209–12 *go . . . Leonell.* F, —
Thy Brother's come, *Enter* Leonel.
Let us contrive how to secure him too.
He hath not yet heard of the Duke's severe
Decree against the Prince, which quickly will
Involve both him and *Prospero.* *They whisper.*
213 *this.* F, that.
214 *and's.* F, his.

To him by fitts; what is your will?
Evand. If thou dost love me, Leonell (as thou
Hast sworn, and with assertions most devout),
I know there is no strict command I can
Present, but thy obedience will performe.
Leon. Bring me to triall straight; if I prove weake
Or false, I am unworthy to appeare
In the suns light, or evermore enjoy
The better influence of your eyes.
Evand. Give me confirm'd assurance on your knee
That you will execute with reall faith,
And punctuall circumstance, what I injo[i]ne.
Leon. Let me salute your hand; I breath on it my vow.
Evand. Now Ile informe thee, Leonell; the prince
And Prospero are both within the cave,

215 *what . . . will.* F omits.
217 *sworn.* Ends preceding line in F. *assertions.* F, professions.
218–19 *I can Present.* F, —
that I
Can give.
219 *performe.* F, pursue. 220 *weake.* F, faint.
222 *evermore.* F, e're. 225 *reall.* F, steady.
227 *Let . . . vow.* F, —
Vouchsafe your hand, that I may breathe on it
My Vow —
228 *thee.* F, you.

Shut and inclos'd by us, where hourely thou
Through a small, slender wicket shall't convay
Such food, as a disguised servant of
The house (who heretofore provided our
Reliefe) shal helpe thee to. Take here this key,
And not permit their passage forth till I
Am gone t'ordaine by death their liberty
Secure, which I will suffer to appease the angry duke.
Leon. Furies and fiends cease on my sences straight!
What have I promis'd in the rashnes of

230 *us.* M and L, me.
230–7 *Shut . . . duke.* F, —
Shut and secur'd by us, where carefully
You through a Wicket shall convey such food,
As by a faithful Servant of the House
(Who daily in disguise provided our relief)
Shall help thee to; take here this Key,
And suffer not their passage forth, till you
Shall hear I am secure from th' anger of
The Duke, and have procur'd their safety too.
Leon. This is a Mystery.
Evan. It must not be examin'd, Leonel.
Leon. Why have you here inclos'd them?
Evan. If you already question me, to give
A cause for that which I enjoin'd, where is
The strict obedience promis'd by your Vow?
231 *small.* M and L, small and.
234 *to.* Q, comma after this.
238 *Furies . . . straight.* Omitted in F. *cease*, M and L, seize. See *cease* in *Glossary*.

My dull and inconsiderate love? 240
Evand. If thou dost break thy vow, the curses of
The saints, and mine (which dying will not least
[Affect] thy perjury) fall on thy heart.
Mel. Never be call'd my brother, nor assume
The honour of my valiant fathers name. 245
Evand. Melora, come; we are too slow in such
An act as will outlive all history.
Ex[eunt] Evan[dra] and Mel[ora].
Leon. O what a dull, inhumane lover am
I grown! that simply by a forward and

240 *dull and.* Omitted in F.
F, —
Can you
A Mediator for their safety be,
Without apparent danger to your self?
Evan. Do not enquire, what means I have of safe
Access to move the Duke, nor what new chance
Has made me confident t'appease that rage
Which does endanger them and you.
Leo. Dear Sister, leave me not in ignorance.
Mel. Dare you believe I will consent to that,
Which honour has not heedfully propos'd?
Leo. You have design'd I shall remain perplext.
242–3 *The . . . heart.* F, —
The virtuous at their death fall on thy head.
243 *Affect.* So M and L; Q, Afflict.
246–7 *in . . . history.* F omits.
249–58 *that . . . known.* F, —
who by a forward duty yield
That she, in whom my life and love subsists,

Unskilfull duty can consent the queene
And lady of my life should be a sacrifice
To hinder others deaths! This sure is such
A great example of a female fortitude
As must undo all men, and blushing make
Us steale from our unjust advancement ore
The world; teare off our sawcy beards before
The scatt'ring winds that give us the preheminence
Of sexe; when this is known, let women sway
Counsels and war, whilst feeble men obey. *Exit.*

Shall danger seek, to keep it from my Rivals.
Her great Example of a female fortitude,
Does quite blot out all the heroick names
Of men, and makes us, even with blushes, shrink
From our usurp'd Dominion of the world.
When Story mentions this.

Act 4. Scæna I.

[*A Room in Calladine's House.*]

Enter Calladine (*in a night gowne,*) *and a Servant.*

Calladine. A lady, sayst thou, in a mourning vest?
What should this earely visit meane, ere yet
By full appearance of the sun we can
Distinguish day from night?

Servant. Sir, she importunes much to speak with you,
Saies her affaire asks secrecy and haste.

Cal. Retire a while without, and let her in.

Exit ser[*vant*].

Enter Melora (*in mourning*); *she unvailes.*

Since first my eyes had judgement to discerne
A meane from excellence, they nere beheld
A beauty so ore-coming and exact.
What are the lov'd commands you'ld lay on me?
I not remember that I ever saw
A face I would more willingly obey;
If it were civill, too, I'ld aske your name.

1 *vest.* F, Vail.
3 *By . . . sun.* F, By any dawning in the East.
6 *Saies . . . haste.* F, And says her bus'ness does require dispatch.
11 *you 'ld.* F, you 'll.
12 *I . . . that.* F, I cannot justly think.
14 *too, I 'ld.* F, I would.

Melora. Beleeve me, gentle sir, when that is known,
You'l think me too unfortunate to live;
I am call'd Evandra.

Cal. Ha! the princesse? wisely did Prospero
Preserve thee from my sight; thy beauty is
Too great and dangerous for youth to know
And be secure; though I nere saw her till
This blessed houre, yet fame assisted me
T'imagine an idea like her selfe;
But why have you forsaken your conceal'd
Aboad, and thus adventure into th'view
Of men? I feare it is not safe.

Mel. 'Tis to employ your vertue, sir; I know
You love the prince, though not with so devout
A heart as mine; for that I may restore
Him unto liberty, and's fathers love,
I here present my selfe to cruell death.

15 *Beleeve . . . sir.* F omits.
15–16 *when . . . unfortunate.* One line in F.
16 *to live.* Begins next line in F.
18 *wisely did Prospero.* F, Count Prospero wisely did.
19 *thee . . . thy.* F, you . . . your.
21–2 *though . . . houre.* F, —
And though I ne'er beheld
You till this hour.
23 *T'imagine . . . selfe.* F, To guess at an Idea like your self.
25 *adventure . . . view.* F, adventur'd in the view.
29–30 *for . . . love.* F, —
for now in hope I may
Secure his liberty, and threatned life.
31 *cruell.* Omitted in F.

Cal. [*aside*]. This is a valiant piety, a gratitude
That shews her mind more noble than her shape;
She is not known unto the Duke more than
By guessing characters tane from report;
She must not dye; though lately his commands
Have singled my allegiance out, it is
Religious sure to faile in this.

Mel. Sir, expectation of the ills we must
Endure do more perplex us than the paine
It selfe. I crave you'ld not protract my sufferance.

Cal. [*aside*]. My thoughts have fashiond it unto my wish.
Is there not a captive call'd Melora,
(Most beautifull and young) that hath of late
Familiar been to your society?

Mel. [*aside*]. I feare he hath discoverd me.
D'you know the lady, sir?

34–5 *She . . . report.* F, She to the Duke is yet unknown.
36 *commands.* F, command.
37 *Have singled.* F, Did single. *it is.* F, yet 'tis.
39–41 *Sir . . . sufferance.* F, —
A long expectance of the death I must
Endure, does more perplex me, than the pain
It self. Sir, let me beg that you would please
Not to protract my sufferings.
42 *unto my.* F, to my best.
43–5 *Is . . . society.* F, —
There is a Captive call'd *Melora*, fair
And young, who has of late familiar been
With your conceal'd distress.
46 *aside.* So M and L. *hath.* F, has.
47 *D'you know.* F, Know you.

Cal. Only by Prospero's report, and I
In charity desire her person safe;
Your death alone will satisfie the Duke.
Mel. My prayers have much endeavor'd that it may;
And, sir, t'assist your kind humanity
Receive this key, 'twill give you entrance where
She now remaines a prisoner by my art;
It is a narrow closset that ore-looks
The orchard grove; you know the house, 'tis Prospero's.
Cal. I am familiar there with all the vaults
And hidden passages.
Mel. Sir, for regard of honour suffer not
Her freedome from that place till I am dead,
For she's so much delighted with this cause,
That with unwilling falshood I was faine
To take advantage of her orizons,

48–9 *Only . . . safe.* F, —
Only by such report as *Prospero* gave;
But I, in charity, may wish her safe.
50 *will.* M and L, would.
51–2 *My . . . humanity.* F, —
I have by pray'rs endeavour'd that it may;
And to assist your charity.
53 *Receive.* Ends preceding line in F. *give.* F, procure.
55 *that.* F, which.
56 *you . . . Prospero's.* F, in Prospero's house.
57–8 *vaults . . . passages.* F, passages.
61 *For she's.* F, She is. 62 *unwilling.* F, some help of.
63 *take.* F, make.

And whilst she kneeling lengthned her discourse
With Heaven, steale on this funerall habit, and
In haste close up the dore to hinder her
Pursute, where now she stays lamenting her
Inforc'd secure estate, and envying of
This danger which I chearefully embrace.
Cal. My life shall warrant hers; be pleas'd to enter there,
And stay till I informe the Duke of your appearance and approach.
Mel. Most willingly; but still, sir, I implore your mercy would
Secure that lady, and the prince, how ere
The angry starrs provide for me.
Cal. It is no lesse unkind t'importune than
To doubt my care; there, lady, through that doore —
Expect my sad returne will be too soone.

65–6 *steale . . . up.* F, —
I took this funeral habit hastily,
And then lockt up.
68 *of.* F, me. 69 *This.* F, The. 70 *be pleas'd to.* F, Pray.
71 *of . . . approach.* Omitted in F.
72 *your mercy.* F, you. Begins next line in F.
73 *prince.* Ends line in F.
74 *provide for.* F, dispose of. So M and L.
75 *It is.* M and L, 'T is.
75–6 *It . . . care.* F, —
'Tis as unkind to press, and urge, as 'tis to doubt
My care.

Mel. [*aside*]. Forgive me, best Evandra, that I thus
Assume thy name, and have beguil'd thee of
So brave a death; the motive that perswades me to't
Did not become thy knowledge nor my tongue.
Exit.

Cal. This princesse hath a soule I could adore
Whilst it remaines eclips'd on earth, nor shall
It yet reach Heaven; both being utterly
Unknowne, will make the plot with easy help
Succeed. Melora straight I will present
T'appease the fury of the Duke, and then
This lady and the prince are free; through blood
Is the best issue of our hopes; if fate
Ordaine it thus, I shall prove fortunate.
[*Exit.*]

79 *Assume.* Ends preceding line in F.
80 *death.* Ends preceding line in F. *that perswades.* F, which o'rerul'd. *to't.* F, this act.
81 *become.* F, befit.
82 *hath.* F, has. *I could.* F, which I.
83 *Whilst it remaines.* F, Even whilst it stays.
88–9 *through . . . hopes.* F, —
Since blood
Must be the best we can expect.

[Scene II.

Outside Vasco's House and underneath the Widow's Rooms.]

Enter Frivolo, Tristan, Musitians, and Boy.

Altesto. Come, boy, lift up your voyce to yon' bay window;
Sing the song I gave you last night, and firke
Your fidles bravely too; beare up the burthen.

Boy. *No morning red, and blushing faire,*
Be through your glass, or curtaines spyd,
But cloudy gray, as the short hayre
Of your old, everlasting bride.
Chorus. *So old, so wondrous old, i' th nonage of time,*
Ere Adam wore beard, she was in her prime.

Boy. *Whose swarthy, dry'd Westphalia hipps,*
Are shrunk to mummie in her skin,
Whose gummes are empty, and her lipps,
Like eyelids, hairy and as thin.
Chor. *So old, so wondrous old, &c.*

Boy. *For am'rous sighs which virgins use,*
She coughs aloud from lungs decayd,
And with her palsey cannot chuse
But shake, like th' trembling of a maid.
Chor. *So old, so wondrous old, &c.*

1 *boy.* F, Boys. So M and L. *voyce.* F, voices.
8 *i'th.* F, in the. 9 *beard.* F, a beard. So M and L.
18 *But . . . maid.* F, But shew the trembling of a Maid.

Boy. *And when her nightly labour swells,*
To vast extent, her pregnant wombe,
Midwives believe that it foretells
A hopefull timpany to come.
Chor. *So old, so wondrous old, &c.*

Boy. *What need her husband then vex heaven,*
And for a plenteous off-spring begge,
Since all the issue can be given,
Is that which runneth in her legge.
Chor. *So old, so wondrous old, &c.*

Alt. Good morrow to the right worshipfull leader, Captaine Vasco,
And to's his right reverend bride.
Now, gentlemen scrapers, you may be gone.
Ex[it] Musick.

Enter Vasco (dressing himselfe).

Vasco. My good friends, a certaine salt shower should have
Season'd your feathers, had not my luck bin

20–2 *And . . . foretells.* F, —
No mighty labour e're shall swell,
To any fruitfulness her Womb ;
For were she big, 't would but foretel.
25 *What . . . then.* F, Let not her Husband e're.
30 *Captaine Vasco.* Begins next line in F.
31 *to's his.* F, to his.
32 *Now . . . gone.* F, —
Pray throw your money far enough, for fear
It light within the Pales.

To marrie with one that consumes all her moysture
In rhume, a meere Egyptian cloud for drowth.
Alt. But why so soone abroad? Vasco, are these
A bridegroomes howres? thou art as early up
As creditors i'th terme.
Frivolo. Or seargeants when
The needy gallant meanes to steale a journey.
Tristan. And they prevent it by arresting his innocent horse.
Vas. Businesse at Court; but, gentlemen, this is
A resurrection to me; beleev't
I'm risen from the dead, from bones more dusty
Than theirs that did begin their sleep beneath
A marble coverlet some thousand yeares ago.

Enter Widow and Lelia.

Alt. 'Las, poore Vasco! widdows can strangely mortifie.

35–6 *To . . . drowth.* F, —
To marry one that wasts her moisture in rheum.
37 *abroad . . . these.* F, abroad, Sir? are these, *Vasco.*
38 *thou art.* F, you are.
39 *As . . . terme.* F, As breaking Creditors.
41 *his.* Ends line in F.
42–3 *but . . . beleev 't.* F, —
but this
Is a resurrection to me, Gentlemen.
44 *I'm.* F, I am. *more.* F, as. 45 *than.* F, as.
45–6 *that . . . ago.* F, —
who have slept beneath Marble Coverlets
A thousand years.

Widow. Put dates and amber in the gruell, Lelia,
And let it boyle long.
Lelia. And shal I make the poultice straight, and send
Your other hood, forsooth, to be new lin'd?
Wid. First, stay till you have ript my velvet muffe,
Ile have that lining serve.
Vas. She's risen, too; pure soule,
Devotion and aches keep her still waking.
Wid. How do you, sir? we must comfort one another.
Vas. There is need of't, no marriner ere had
A worse night in a storme.
Alt. This usage, Vasco, wil hardly mollifie
Her iron chest, and make her bags open.

58–80 *This . . . church-yard.* F, —
This usage never will dissolve her Bags.
Vas. I would order her Bags, if she would prove
So courteous as to dye.
Alt. You 'll find her obstinate in that chief point.
A Widow that had civil kindness in her,
Would for her Husband's benefit
Make a low Curtsie, take her leave, and dye,
With less noise, than Flies depart in a Frost.
[*She listens.*
Vas. She 'd think it strange if any of my Friends
Should move it; though 't is clearly for my good.
What is 't.
Friv. For her to depart from one life,

Vas. Nay, I've tane order for her wealth, if she
Would be so courteous now to dy.
Alt. Beleeve me, you'l find her very obstinate
Touching that point; 'tis true, a woman that
Had the least dramme of kindnesse or of reason
Would for her husbands benefit depart
This transitory at a minutes warning,
Make a low courtsie, take her leave and dy,
She listens.
With lesse noise than flies forsake us in a frost.
Vas. I, you speake of kind, reasonable women;
Alas, she's of another mould; she'ld think't
A strange request if I should urge it to her,
Though it be evidently for my good.
Friv. What is't for her to dye once? alas,
She knows well she hath eight lives more to come.
Alt. Frivolo saies right. I think, Captaine, 'twere fit
You make a motion to her; see how 'twill worke.
Vas. Never, gentlemen; if her own good nature

Who, having as many as a Cat,
Has eight more to come?
Alt. *Frivolo* says right. Captain, move it to her.
Vas. She 'll live till she be thought so much a Ghost,
That we must take a House in a Church-yard.

Will not perswade her to't, let her e'ne live
Till she be thought so much a ghost, that the state
Command her take a house in a church-yard,
And never walke but at midnight.
Wid. What do they say, Lelia?
Lel. Forsooth, devising for your worships good.
Wid. Kind heart! me thinks you are not merry, sir.
Vas. Who, I? as joviall as a condemn'd man, I.
Wid. Will you sit down and eat a little broth?
Vas. I shall be cawdled like a haberdashers wife
That lies inn of her first child; but, methinks,
Upon a stricter view you look not well,
Your bloud absents it selfe; are you not faint?
Alt. I, and her eyes shrinke, and retire into
Their melancholly cells; your breath smells somewhat
Of earth, too, but 'tis not much.
Friv. By'rlady, but take heed, my grandam thus
Was taken spinning at her wheele, and dy'd
So quickly (as they say) as one would wish.

85 *I.* F omits.
89–90 *Upon . . . faint.* F, —
Upon a sudden, Chuck, you look not well.
91–2 *I . . . breath.* F, Her Eyes begin to stare, and her breath.
92 *somewhat.* Begins next line in F.
94–5 *By'r lady . . . wheele.* F, —
My Grandam was taken thus spinning.

Trist. I've seene a coarse look better in a shrowd.
If you have any businesse now with Heaven
'Twere fit your prayers were short, for I much feare
You'l not have breath enough to utter it.
Wid. 'Tis more than I feele; look I so ill, Lelia?
Lel. As you were wont, forsooth,— [*aside*] most strange and uggly.
Wid. Come, leade me in: pray, husband, do not grieve,
Tis but a fit that ever takes me once
In fifty yeares: but weepe not, 'twill away.
Vas. [*aside*]. Every teare shall be as big as a turnip
When I weepe; the good pox comfort you! Wench,
Follow the game close, still breath death to her.
Lel. Warrant you, sir, I cannot do a better
Deed than put her in mind still of her end.
Exit Widow and Lelia.

98–100 *If . . . it.* Omitted in F.
100 *enough.* M and L omit. 102 *most.* Omitted in F.
107 *the . . . you.* Omitted in F. *you.* Q, comma after this. *Wench.* F, Good Wench.
108 *close.* Ends preceding line in F.
109 *Warrant you, sir.* Omitted in F. *cannot.* M and L, erroneously, can.
110 *Deed.* Ends preceding line in F. *put.* F, to put.

Vas. Marry a widow, and be coffind up
With clouts and a skelliton? by this day,
I lay last night lock'd in [a] surgeons box;
Compard unto her bed, a pothecaries bing
Is a Venetian cowch and canopie.

Alt. Those that seek gold must dig for it in mines.

Vas. Well, my camp-companions, what thinke you now
O'th Court? I am sent for thither to take charge
Of what is yet the moitie of a miracle.
But you are all content to thrive, to jet
And strut like lustfull turkeys with your plumes spread.

Alt. Tis not amisse; my good Lord Frivolo,
I kisse your soft hands; noble sir, keepe on
Your cordovan, I sweare your glove is a
Preferment, 'bove the merit of my lips.

Friv. You cherish my ambition, sir —signieur
Tristan? your profess'd slave: I pray keepe on

111–19 *and . . . miracle.* F, —

I lay last night
In a Surgeons Box, or Pothecarys Bing.
[*Exeunt* Wid. *and* Lel.

Alt. Were you not sent for, *Vasco*, to the Court?

Vas. Yes, and to take charge; but of what I know not.

120 *But.* F, Well.

121 *lustfull.* F omits. 123 *hands.* F, hand.

123–6 *noble . . . sir.* Omitted in F. *signieur.* Begins next line in F.

127 *your . . . slave.* F omits.

Your way, I'ld rather build another wall
Than to dishonor you by taking this.
Trist. Beleeve it, sir, both hands must be cut off
Ere I mistake to place you neere the left.
Vas. This practise will do well. Follow apace,
I must with speed to Caladine. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III.

A Room in Prospero's House.]

Enter Evandra, Caladine.

Evandra. 'Tis strange, it seemes he knowes me not, and that
The falsly kind Melora weares my name.
He speakes as if her life he tendred more
Than mine; 'tis a mistake I faine would cherish.
Calladine. I did not thinke the stock of nature could,
In this her colder age, be rich enough

128 *way.* Ends preceding line in F. *I'ld.* F, Sir, I had.
128–9 *I'ld . . . this.* Given to Tristan in F.
130–1 *Beleeve . . . left.* F omits.
132 *well.* Comma after this in Q. Period in M and L.
1 *'Tis . . . that.* F, He knows me not; and it should seem.
2 *name.* Comma after this in Q. Period in M and L.
6–10 *In . . . difference.* F, —
Afford the world, in this her latter spring
Of Beauty, two fair Flowers so flourishing.
Yet this, does to my instant judgment seem.

To store the world with two such beauties that
Together take their growth and flourishing;
And this unto my instant judgement seemes
(If such amazeing formes admit of difference)
The more exact, but that the blood and stile
Of princess makes the other claime our reverence
As well as love, and for Alvaro's sake, I wish
I could procure that she might live.

Evand. I have consider'd what you told me, sir,
And though the princesse, through a fond excesse
Of love, would hasten a calamity
That all the world must grieve and wonder at,
Yet I could give her reason an excuse,
For I my selfe to ease her sufferance
Could willingly indure the same.

Cal. It ripens more, and swifter than my hopes
Designe; you reach at an ambition, lady,
So great and good, my wonder interrupts

12 *our.* F, my. 13 *As well as love.* F omits.
14 *could.* Ends preceding line in F.
18 *That.* F, Which. 19 *reason.* F, passion.
20 *to . . . sufferance.* F, to free her now from death.
21 *the same.* F, it.
22–25 *It . . . enough.* F, —
It ripens faster than my wish design'd.
You aim at such a virtuous glory, Lady,
So great and good, as I want words to praise it.

My language still, I cannot prais't enough.
Can such a vertuous courage dwell in your sex?
Evand. If you uprightly love her and the prince,
(Whose care she is) straight leade me to the Duke,
And try how reall my professions are.
Cal. Forgive the office you invite me to,
Which by the hopes of my religion could
My life excuse, I should esteem 't too cheape
An offering; this, lady, is the fatall way —
Evand. Melora, now my fortune is above
Thy art, and I shall equall thee in love. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.]

Enter Duke (with letters), Vasco, Altesto, Frivolo, Tristan, Attendants.

Duke. Againe in low petitionarie stile
He beggs me by these letters to release
His daughter, and doth proffer summes so vaste

26 *a vertuous.* F, high. *sex.* F, soft Sex.
27 *If.* F, Sir, if. *uprightly.* F, nobly.
32 *esteem 't too cheape.* F, — esteem it much Too cheap.
33 *lady.* F omits.
1 *low.* F, a. 3 *doth.* F, does.

To ransome her, as would orecome the covetous:
But I have sent him such deniall, with
Disdaine, as must distract and breake his heart.
Vasco, yo've heard how ill I am obeyd
By these perfum'd, smooth traitors of the Court,
And I have chosen you to show a duty
Fitting the stricter discipline of warre,
To actuate all my wil with instant diligence.
Vasco. You must injoyne me, sir, commands that are
Most horrid and unnaturall, when I
Prove slow, or faint to execute.
Duke. If these your officers and friends become
Disloyall to your will, you may provide
The rack and tortures to inforce em too't.
Vas. If their own appetites wil not perswade,
There is small hope from punishment.
Marke, sir, that whey-fac'd fellow in the red,
The rack is his delight, and gives him as

6 *distract and.* F, consume or. 7 *yo've heard.* F, you hear.
8 *perfum'd, smooth.* F, indulgent. *the.* F, my.
10 *Fitting the stricter.* F, which becomes the.
11 *To . . diligence.* F omits.
14 *execute.* F, execute your Will.
16–17 *Disloyal . . . too't.* F, —
Disloyal to command; then threaten straight
Such punishment as shall enforce them to it.
21–3 *The . . . sleepe.* F omits.

Much ease as when he's stretch'd with lazinesse
And a coole mornings sleepe.

Duke. Is't possible!

Vas. I've seene him suffer the strapado thrice,
Hang in this politique posture in the ayre,
As he were studying to circumvent nature,
And no sooner downe but calls for a wench.

Duke. I know you have the skill to govern them.
Be sure that Prospero's house be diggd untill
The pinacles and the foundations meet.
Unlesse they deale by sorcery and charmes,
I'le find these buried lovers out, and my
False sonne the prince, that covets darkenes more
Than blessed light, or my respect.

Vas. I doe not like this businesse should concerne
The prince; although the rack be somewhat out
Of season with my old bones, for his sake

Enter Melora and Servant.

I shall become a parcell traytor too.

23 *Is't possible.* F, You mean, *Tristan.*
25–6 *Hang . . . nature.* F omits.
27 *downe.* F, done. So M and L. Note the form of the torture, however, involving suspension in the air. *calls.* F, he call'd.
29 *untill.* F, till all. 30 *foundations.* F, foundation.
33 *that covets.* F, who loves. *more.* Begins next line in F.
34 *blessed.* F, the blessed. *my respect.* F, me.
36 *although.* F, Though now.
37 *season.* F, date. *for.* F, yet, for.

Melora. I feard that Caladine, delaying his
Returne so long, might frustrate all my glory;
And how Evandra's skill might worke with him
Was dangerous. I doe not see her here.

Servant. Pray Heaven my master do not check my forwardness
T'obey your will; he meant you should keepe home.

Mel. My presence here will make his benefit;
I told thee so before; trust my excuse in thy behalfe.

Duke. What ladye's that?

Mel. One that to pleasure you with a revenge
Present my selfe to execution with
As liberall joy, as to the marriage priest.
And when I name my selfe Evandra, you
Will know enough to satisfie your wrath.

Duke. Is the belov'd bird flown from the darke cage?

39 *that.* F, lest.
40 *Returne.* Ends preceding line in F. *all my glory.* F, my design.
44 *you . . . home.* F, that you should stay till his return.
45 *will . . . benefit.* F, shall much advantage him.
46 *my excuse.* F, me.
48 *that.* F, who. *a.* F, full.
49 *Present my.* F, Presents her. *execution.* F, execution now. *with.* Begins next line in F.
50 *As liberall.* F, greater. *as to.* F, than to.
52 *wrath.* F, anger. 53 *from the.* F, from her.

Their magick was not strong enough to hinder destinie,
And you will find small am'rous pitty in
My frozen age. My guard, ceaze on her straight.

Enter a guard, and bind her.

Alt. [*aside*]. Vasco, this is Melora, my prisoner.

Vas. [*aside*]. Peace, devill, peace, thou wilt destroy brave mysteries.
A noble girle; I conceive all; now would
My gratious widow be burnt to char-coale
Ere she had braine or nature for a plot
Like this; I could eat her, and her cloathes too;
By this hand, her very shooes were a rare messe.

Mel. Yf you expect to find me here a lowly sutor,
Tis but to hasten, sir, your glad content
With a dispatch upon my life; and that
The prince may be [a]ton'd unto your love.

55 *small.* F, no. 56 *guard.* F, Guards.
60 *char-coale.* F, a Charcoal. 62–3 *I . . . messe.* F omits.
64 *expect.* F, suspect.
65 *sir . . . content.* F, your dispatch.
66 *With . . . life.* F, On my afflicted life. *and that.* F, that so.
67 *aton'd . . . love.* F, atton'd [Q, ton'd; M and L, restor'd] to your lost love.

Duke. Her spirit seemes to stir my manhood more
Than it astonisheth my sence. I am
Resolv'd to farther your desires (brave dame)
With all the helpe of cruelty and haste.

Enter Caladine and Evandra.

Calladine. Death, slave, what make you here? the princesse too?
Why did you give her liberty?

Serv. She told me, sir, it was with your consent.

Cal. She hath ore'reach'd my skill, I am undone.

Duke. Stay, Caladine, another prize? come back
And render me that ladies name.

Evandra. He knows it not; my name's Evandra, sir.

Mel. [*aside*]. I feare I am depriv'd of my intent.

Duke. We must to Delphos sure t'untie these doubts
And wonders with an oracle.

68–71 *Her . . . haste.* F, —
Her spirit seems too great for her soft Sex.
But I 'm resolv'd you suddenly shall meet that death
Which now you bravely seek in his worst shape.
72 *Death.* F, False. 75 *hath.* F, has.
77 *render.* Ends preceding line in F.
80 *sure t'untie.* F, send to solve.
81 *And . . . oracle.* Omitted in F.

Evand. Do not beleeve that lady, sir, she hath
Beguil'd me of my name, and is so sick
And fond with an improper love, she would
Betray her self unto a paine; she knows
Not how to merit nor endure like me.
Mel. O, sir, I find her language is most apt
And powerfull to perswade, but let your faith
Consider my assertions too.
Evand. Why dost thou let thy kindnesse
wrong me thus,
Undoing thy religion with thy love?
Mel. 'Tis you confer the injury, that will
Not suffer me to dye in peace.
Vas. Rare wenches both; all this is for the
prince.
Duke. Though small inquiry would discover
soone
Who justifies the truth, yet I will end

84 *with.* F, of. *she would.* F, that she.
85 *Betray.* F, Betrays. *unto a.* F, to.
85–6 *she . . . me.* F, —
such as she can
Not merit nor endure like me.
86 *nor.* M and L, or.
87 *O . . . apt.* F, —
Sir, though her eloquence is very apt.
88–9 *but . . . Consider.* F, —
yet you may please,
Well to consider.
90 *dost thou.* F, do you. *thy.* F, your.
91 *thy . . . thy.* F, your . . . your.
92 *confer.* F, have done. *that.* F, who.

The difference so as shall afford you equall joy,
And not endanger a mistake in me;
Convey them to the fort, they shall both die.
The Guard laies hold on them.

Vas. Hath this Duke buried all his goodnesse in's
Revenge? sure he is libd, he hath certainely
No masculine businesse about him.

Duke. Lead them away.

Cal. Ile follow too, and mourne the obsequy
Ere ceremonious death make it compleat.

Mel. Forgive this emulation (madam); you
Shall know a cause that will invite you to't.

Evand. Poore Melora! I pitty not my self but thee.

Exeunt Cal[ladine], Evan[dra], Mel[ora], and Guard.

Duke. Now let my son and's minion, Prospero

99 *shall both.* F, both shall.
100 *Hath this Duke.* F, The Duke has. *in's.* F, in.
101–2 *sure . . . him.* F, —
An old Skipper in a great storm
Has more of a Lover in him.
105 *Forgive.* F, excuse. *madam.* Q, F, no punctuation after this; M and L, period after *emulation*.
106 *invite.* F, perswade. So M and L.
to't. F, —
to
Forgive me when I dye.
107 *I.* F, Alas, I. Begins next line in F.
108 *Now . . . minion.* F, Alvaro, and his Minion.

(Rebellious as himself), resign toth' fiends
Their dark and hidden tenements again,
Come forth free and secure, for since they valued death
As a delight, they shall not suffer it;
Go, straite proclame their next appearance safe,
For it wil pleasure me they should stand by
To see, and not be able to resist, the justice of revenge.

Vas. Sure, revenge is a strange kind of lechery;
How it hath alterd him!

Duke. Vasco, now the inchanted house may stand;
But be you here to morrow with some strength
To guard their execution from impediments
Of rage or pitty; they shall suffer early. *Exit.*

109–11 *resign . . . secure.* F, —
may now resign
To hidden Fiends their dark abodes again.
They may walk free.
112 *suffer.* F, compass.
113 *Go . . . proclaime.* F, Proclaim. *safe.* F, to be safe.
114 *For . . . me.* F, I am content.
115 *see.* Ends preceding line in F.
justice of. F, —
power
Of my.
116–17 *Sure . . . him.* F, —
Revenge is a most dangerous kind of lust;
The pleasure of it has strangely alter'd him.
118 *Vasco, now.* F, Now, *Vasco.* 119 *some.* F, fit.

Vas. I thank your Grace for any employment.
Altesto, art thou a rogue?
Alt. A little (sir) infected with your company.
Vas. Art thou so very a rogue, if I command
Thee from the Duke, to cut off these ladies heads,
Thou'lt whet the axe thy self, and do't with the
Dexterity of a Flemming?
Alt. I will see thy head in a leatherne case first,
Kickt in a football-match from gole to gole.
Vas. Why, I thank thee; what say you, Frivolo?
Wenches and surgeons have cost you deare;
Have you remorse enough to do't?
Frivolo. I've a mind rather to rebell, break shops
Open, and make choice of my silks, without
Taking notice (sir) of the mercers book.

123 *Altesto.* Ends line in F.
124 (*sir*) *infected.* F, infected (Sir).
125 *thou so very.* F, such a. *if.* that if. *command.* F, bid.
126 *from.* Ends preceding line in F. *these.* F, these two.
127 *Thou'lt.* F, Thou wilt. *do't.* F, do it. *with.* Begins next line in F.
131 *Why . . . thee.* F, I thank you, Sir.
132 *surgeons.* F, Surgery.
133 *do't.* F, do it.
134–6 *I've . . . book.* F, —
I 'll rather mutiny, break open Shops,
And measure Silks by the length of my Pike.

Tristan. Such wholsome businesse would more take me, too,
Than cutting off poore ladies heads, unless
Your faire widow (Vasco) come in my reach;
I could behead her for her left eare-ring,
Though it be but an agat set in copper.

Vas. Come, let's to bed; the sun to morrow will
Rise black, or I shall think him a dull, insensible
Planet, and deserves no more adoration than a farthing candle. *Exeunt.*

[Scene V.

A Room in Prospero's House.]

Enter Leonell, Alvaro, Prospero.

Leonel. Sir, you have heard how she betraid me to
A vow, and with what cruell menacings
My sister and her self petitiond heaven
T'assist their curses in a punishment
Upon my after-life, if I were perjur'd by
A breach of what my promise did assure.

137 *Such . . . businesse.* F, That is a bus'ness.
139 *faire.* Omitted in F. *in.* F, within.
141 *be.* F, were.
142 *Come, let's.* F, Let us.
143 *a.* F, such a. *insensible.* Begins next line in F.
144 *and.* F, as. *adoration.* Begins next line in F.

Alvaro. It was a vow no lesse unkind than rare,
T'imprison us that had no cause nor will
To do a noble stranger injury;
But I have learnt a tame philosophy
Perswades me to forgive all but my selfe.
Prospero. How comes the date of your strict vow expir'd,
And that you now afford us liberty?
Which, if my memory be just, you said
She did enjoyne you should not be ere she
Was gone to suffer death.
Leon. Sir, she is gone; my sister, too. One that
Attends by your command these hidden walks,
In breathlesse haste just now distill'd the poisonous news
Through my sick eare.
Alv. Gone? and to dye? adorn'd

7 *rare.* F, strange. So M and L.
8 *that.* F, who.
10 *a tame.* F, such true.
11 *Perswades me to.* F, As bids me still.
15 *be ere.* F, do, till.
16 *to . . . death.* F, —
and had well satisfy'd the Duke
In our behalf.
17 *that.* F, who.
19–20 *In . . . eare.* F, —
Did bring just now, in breathless haste,
The dreadful News.

(Me thinks) like to an ancient sacrifice
With flowers, which are not sure the issue of
The spring, but of her beauty and her breath.
Pros. Would I had patience to endure calamities
Like this! but I 'm forbid by my galld heart.
Why did you keep us limited and lockt
I'th cave when we had power to hinder her
Departure and her death? 'Twas a bold crime.
Leon. Sir, I have hope I gaind your pardon when
I mention'd the misfortune of my vow.
Pros. I understand not such injurious vows:
Thou lov'dst her, Leonel, and through the pride
Of envy couldst not yeeld, since thy own hopes
Grew faint, that mine should ere be prosperous;

21–8 (*Me thinks*) . . . *crime.* F, —
Not like an ancient Sacrifice with Wreaths,
Which Priests from flowry Banks provide,
But by her several beauties, which excel
All the collected Chaplets of the Spring.
Pros. Let patience tamely keep her countenance at
This grief. The stubborn breeding of my heart
Will not endure't; why did you keep us lockt
Within the Cave? we might have hinder'd her
Departure and her death? you were too bold.
29 *have.* F, did. 32 *Thou lov'dst.* F, you lov'd.
33 *couldst.* F, could. *thy.* F, your.
34 *Grew faint.* F, Began to fade. *ere be prosperous.* F, grow and flourish.

Therefore with cunning willingnesse endur'd
Her desp'rate sally to the Duke.

Leon. That I did love her, sir, is a most true
And fitting glory to proclame; but that
I'm guilty of so base a slander as
Your rashness hath devis'd, provokes me to
A rage that may prove dangerous: reclame
Your thoughts, and teach them more civility.

Pros. The prince grows solemne with his griefe; lest we
Disturbe him, let's retire aside, and Ile
Whisper such reasons to thee as shall want
No courage to be truths, though they inflame.
They walke aside.

Alv. Fountaines that ever weep have in their teares

35 *Therefore with.* F, you with a. 36 *sally.* F, visit.
37–42 *That . . . civility.* F, —
That I did love her, is a true, and now,
Perhaps, a fitting glory to proclaim.
But when you say, my pride, or envy, could
Be guilty of so coorse a cruelty,
As that which you invent, you urge me then
To such a rage, as may prove dangerous.
Reclaim your thoughts, and teach them to be civil.
43–6 *lest . . . inflame.* F, —
Let us
Retire aside, where I in whisper may
Complain, and speak such reason as shall want
No courage to discover truth.
47 *that.* F, which. *have.* F, yield.

Some benefit, they coole the parched earth,
And cherish a perpetuall growth; the sad
Arabian tree that still in baulmy drops
Dissolves her life, doth yield for others help
A medicine in those teares: but triviall man,
Though he hath sence to mourne, may weep and melt
His injur'd eyes to viewlesse aire, yet all
Th'expence affords is vainely to discerne
His mourning gives his sorrows life and length,
But not the guiltlesse cause a remedy. *Lies down.*
Leon. My Lord, I stayd upon the garden mount,
And in the heate of my impatience was
So kind, much to lament your tardinesse;
But now I must have leave to think one that
Delights to heape up wrongs hath fury more
To dare than do.

48 *Some.* F, A. *coole the parched.* F, quench the thirsty.
49 *perpetuall.* F, succeeding.
49–57 *the . . . remedy.* F, —
Th' *Arabian* Tree, which does in balmy drops
Dissolve its life, affords a Med'cine in
Those Tears; but man, though he hath cause to make
Him mourn, and reason to inform him of
That cause, yet finds no use of weeping, but
To know it brings his grief no remedy.
55 *vainely.* M and L, mainly.
60 *much.* F, as. 61 *one that.* F, that he.
62 *Delights to.* F, Who takes delight. *wrongs.* F, injuries. *hath.* F, has. Begins next line in F.

Pros. Were this a temple, and the prince
Imploy'd i'th rev'rend businesse of a priest,
I could not suffer such a boast from one
That I have us'd with so much clemency
In fight — defend thy life, or it is mine.
They draw and fight.

Leon. Are you so masterly — again — I find
No lightning in your eyes, nor in your sword.

Pros. You have the skill, but I'le distemper it —

Alv. Hold, hold, eager and silly ministers
Of wrath, is this a time to bleed, when ere
The morning sun uncloud his pensive face,
There will bee streames of blood let out enough
To make him drinke till he be sick with sacrifice?
Give me thy sword. How, Prospero, are my
Commands grown wearisome and cold? —

Pros. There, sir — I 'm still rebuk'd like to a boy.

64 *Imploy'd i'th.* F, Doing the. 65 *one.* F him.
66 *That.* F, Whom. *so much.* F omits.
67 *fight.* Ends preceding line in F.
71–2 *eager . . . wrath.* F omits.
72–3 *when . . . face.* F, —
have you
Forgot that e're the morning Sun appears.
74–5 *enough . . . drinke.* F, —
which he
May drink.
78 *I'm . . . boy.* F, You still rebuke me like a Boy.
[*Gives him his Sword.*

Alv. How long shall I direct thy temper to
A gentle and a soft demeane ere thou
Grow wise, and milde enough to governe it?
Let me intreat you, sir, to sheath your weapon too.

Leon. Sir, you are worthy to command; and know
I weare it for my guard, not insolence.

Pros. I am appointed all my actions still,
As my stupiditie made me not fit
To know, but suffer injuries.

Alv. Why dost thou frowne? The sullen wrinckles on
A lyons brow carry a grace, 'cause they
Become a beast, but he that can discerne
The nobleness of valor should be smooth
As virgins in their bridall ornaments.

Pros. Sir, I am taught; how ere my sences are

79–81 *direct . . . it.* F, —
correct thy anger, till
Thy temper will be fit to govern it.
82 *weapon too.* F, Sword.
84 *not insolence.* F, and for your service.
86–7 *As . . . injuries.* F, —
As if I were not capable to know,
But made to suffer injuries.
89–92 *'cause . . . ornaments.* F, —
because
They may become a beast; but man should wear
His courage in a dress lovely and soft,
As are a Virgins bridal Ornaments.
93 *how ere.* F, And yet.

Not so mistaken and so weake but that
They know him false; he lov'd Evandra.
Alv. Is that a crime? thou told'st me in the cave
Thou lov'dst her too.
Pros. I nere durst tell you so,
Till you discern'd my passions, and inforc'd
A true discoverie of their hidden cause.
Alv. But I esteem'd it for a vertue knowne,
And it indeerd thee more to my respect.
Pray tell me, sir, did you love Evandra?
And with a heart sincere as she deserv'd?
Leon. Sir, the confession may be honour, but
No shame. I did, and with a fervencie
Upright as my religion could produce.
Alv. O what a prompt and warme delight I feele

96 *thou told'st.* F, you told. 97 *thou lov'dst.* F, you lov'd.
100–1 *But . . . respect.* F, —
But I did call it virtue when 'twas known;
And it did raise you high in my esteem.
[*Turns to Leonel.*
Be, I beseech you, free in your confession.
102 *Pray . . . sir.* F omits.
103 *heart.* Ends preceding line in F.
104 *be.* Begins next line in F. *honour.* F, honour to me.
105 *shame.* No punctuation after this in Q; F, M and L, have period. *did.* F, —
did
Evandra love.
106 *produce.* F, direct. 107 *prompt and warme.* F, satisfy'd.

When others reason are inclin'd unto
My choyce? 'tis strange the sencelesse world should so
Mistake the privilege of love, the best
Of objects! Heaven affects plurallitie
Of worshipers, t'adore and serve, whilst we
In that chiefe hope are glad of rivalship;
And why should ladies, then, that imitate
The upper beauty most to mortal view,
Be barr'd a numerous adresse? or we
Envie each others lawfull, though ambitious, aime?
Come, joyne your hands, and seale a friendship here,
Good as inviolate, lasting as truth.

Leon. You give my wishes, sir, a full content.

108–17 *When . . . aime.* F, —

When others in their love concur with mine!
But fatally the senseless world mistakes
The priviledge of love. Does not the best
Of objects, Heaven, affect plurality
Of Worshippers, and would be rather by
Consent of many, than by one ador'd?
And we in that chief hope are wisely glad
Of Rivalship. Why then should you, or you
Repine, when all of us *Evandra* love.
Who merits the consent of all our Vows.
She by all beauty makes no less a claim:
Our mutual love turns envy into shame.

119 *Good . . . truth.* F omits.

120–1 *You . . . Ile.* F, —

You cannot, Sir, command so fast as I'll obey.

Pros. I have not words to promise much; but shall.

Pros. I want the skill to promise, sir, but Ile
Performe all your desires with noble faith.
Alv. And now let me imbrace you both, for we
Are lovers all, though when the morne must rise
To see and blush at th'actions of the world,
Like sad, distressed turtles we shall want
Our mate; then we may sit and mourne beneath
The willow that ore'shaddowes every brook,
There weepe, till we are vanisht quite in teares
T'increase the streame, whose senceless mur-
murings
Will be excus'd hereafter in our cause.
Pros. O that my heart would be the officer
Of death unto it selfe, and breake without
My irreligious helpe; my life is tir'd.
Leon. And I have thoughts so wild, so much
unsafe,
They would be sinne in utterance, as in act.

122 *noble faith.* F, loyalty.
123 *And . . . me.* F, 'Tis seal'd, and I. 124 *must.* F, does.
125–30 *To . . . streame.* F,—
And, blushing, sees the mischiefs of the world;
We then shall like afflicted Turtles want
Our Mate: and we may sit and mourn beneath
The Willow which o'reshades the neighb'ring Brook;
There weep, till vanishing in tears, we swell
The shallow stream.
131 *excus'd.* F, explain'd.
132–3 *be . . . selfe.* F,—
quickly to it self
Be death's stern Officer.
135 *so much.* F, and so. 136 *They.* F, As.

Alv. Give me your hands; with a slow fun'-
rall pace
Weel move, to see this dismall tragedie.
Let's beare it bravely, like such lovers as
Have reason can perswade their courage to
Attempt things bold and fit; whilst there was
hope,
We cherish'd it with proffer of our lives,
But now the strength of armies cannot free
Her from my fathers wrath; nay, hand in hand—
To shew this truth in loves philosophy,
That as one object equally allures
Th'ambition of our hope, so we not interchange
Malignant thoughts; but sev'rall lovers, like
Strange rivers that to the same ocean trace,
Do when their torrents meet, curle and embrace.

Exeunt.

137–44 *with . . . wrath.* F, —
whilst with a fun'ral pace
We move to watch this dismal Tragedy.
We may, befriended by the secret aid
Of *Calladine*, get safe into the Fort,
Where in resistance we at least can dye,
If none, in favour of our cause, revolt:
Evandra's Prison Window does o'relook
The Western Walk: there a Sentry,
Dispos'd by *Calladine*, waits to let me take my last sad sight,
And at the morning Watch.

147–8 *Th'ambition . . . thoughts.* F, —
The virtue of our loves, so it shall still
In Rivalship, despite of jealousie,
Unite our hearts.

148 *but.* F, For. 149 *that.* F, which.

Act 5. Scæna I.

[*A Room in Calladine's House.*]

Enter 2 Embassadours with letters, Caladine, Vasco, Altesto, Frivolo.

Calladine. Your letters merit to have power on my
Respect and diligence; I shall afford
You both; but when I bring you to the Duke
'Tis to be fear'd you 'l find the privilege
Of all my favor there is lost.

1 Ambassador. Accesse and audience, sir, is all our hopes
Presume to get; the times befriend us not.

2 Ambassador. We had swift notice of these ladies danger;
And, sir, how ere it prove, your wishes must
Oblige us to a lasting gratitude.

1–5 *Your . . . lost.* F, —
Your Letters merit that respect and diligence,
I shall afford you both; but when I bring
You to the Duke, I fear you'll quickly find
The priviledge of all my favour lost.
7 *times befriend.* F, time befriends.
8 *had swift.* F, have had.
9 *your.* M and L, your very.
9–10 *And . . . gratitude.* F, —
And, Sir, whatever the success shall prove,
Your very wishes shall oblige us much.

Alt. What are these strangers, Vasco, that envy
Our sleep, and wake us before day?
Vasco. Embassadors from Millaine, whose hopes want
Some cordiall water, for they'r very sick.
Cal. Vasco, it is the Dukes command that you
Assemble straight some strength from the cast regiments
To guard the pallace yard.
Vas. What need it, sir? to my knowledge the two ladies have no
Other weapons than bodkins, and their nailes
Closse par'd, besides, a thread of eglantine,
Or a small woodbine stalke, will fetter them
As fast as cables of a galley-grosse.
Cal. I but deliver what I had in charge.
My Lords Embassadors, this is your way.

11–12 *that . . . wake.* F, —
who deprive
Themselves of sleep to wake.
13–14 *whose . . . sick.* F, —
who have ta'ne
Much pains in a Journey, to lose their labour.
They come to save the Ladies by a Treaty.
16 *Assemble . . . regiments.* F, —
Assemble straight from the Cast Regiments,
Some sudden strength.
18 *two.* M and L omit.
18–22 *What . . . galley-grosse.* F, —
What need of Guards? the Ladies have
No Weapons but their Bodkins.

1 Amb. These preparations are severe; I doubt
His mind will not be easily reclaim'd.
2 Amb. You see the gen'rous people like it not.
Exeunt Emb[*assadors*] *and Cal*[*ladine*].
Vas. Altesto, go and muster up from all
The lanes and alleys in the town a troop
Of fine, fleet rogues, such as will turne their backs
To a bullet and outrun it, yet love
Commotion too; I would have such, Altesto.
Frivolo. Let me furnish you; Hell shall not yeeld a regiment
Of fiends that will be more invisible
At the approach of justice or religion.
Alt. O for a tiny, short truss'd baker that
I knew; a carman, too, that dy'd some three
Months since with eating meazled porke; they would
Have march'd to such a war with cowlestaffe and
Batoone like Hercules.

31–2 *yet . . . Altesto.* F,—
Men of
No superstition; but that love Holy days
Meerly for commotion.
32 *Commotion.* M and L, Communion.
33–40 *Let . . . Hercules.* F,—
Let me furnish you with a Troop of Car-men.
Alt. I knew one, who dy'd about three months since
With eating meazled Pork; he lov'd Mutiny;
And with a Cowlstaff, would have cudgell'd Hercules.
39 *with.* M and L, with a.

Enter Tristan (leading the Widow) and Lelia.

Vas. How now? whither move you so fast, like a
Fleet snaile over a cabidge leaf, so early too?
She sleeps lesse than carriers, traytors, or madmen.

Tristan. She requests me to be the staffe of her age.

Vas. But whither, I pray?

Widow. Why, sir, to see the shew.

Vas. The shew! the motion of Queene Guinivers death
Acted by puppets would please you as well;
The jade, too, is as full of remorse as
A beare that wants his supper.

Wid. I would have a safe place, where I may stand
And weep without having my handkerchiefe
Stolne away.

Lelia. It is of pure cambrick, forsooth,
And made of her grandmothers wedding apron.

41 *now.* F, now Bunting. *fast.* Ends line in F.
42 *leaf.* Ends line in F. *too.* F, too, before day.
43 *She . . . madmen.* F omits.
44 *requests.* F, desir'd. 47 *you.* F, her.
48 *is . . . of.* F, has no more. *as.* F, than.
49 *beare.* Ends preceding line in F.
50–1 *stand And.* F omits.
51 *weep.* Ends preceding line in F.
52 *away.* Ends preceding line in F. *forsooth.* Omitted in F.
53 *of.* Ends preceding line in F.

Wid. Yes, truly, and wrought when I was a maid.

Alt. That's an antiquity beyond all record.

Vas. Sirra Tristan, be you sure you avoid
No throng; a croud well shuffled, and close pack'd,
May do now a speciall courtesie;
Let her be squeez'd, for she's as rotten as
A hollow tree that stands without a root.

Trist. My shoulder shall help, too, at a dead lift.

Friv. A scaffold that were weakly built would serve.

Wid. We must make haste; farewell, lambe.

Exeunt Trist[an] Wid[ow] Lel[ia].

Vas. Lambe, which my own translation renders calfe.

Alt. 'Twill be long ere thou grow up to a bull:
For few will venter to help thee to hornes.

Vas. Well, gentlemen, pitty my case, I have
Endur'd another night would tire a perdu,
More than a wet furrow and a great frost.

Friv. Will she not dye?

57 *well.* F, hard.
58 *do.* F, do me. So M and L.
59 *be.* F, be well.
59–60 *for . . . root.* F omits.
61 *too.* F, her.
64–6 *Lambe . . . hornes.* F omits.
68 *Endur'd.* F, Had.
night. F, night that.
69 *and . . . frost.* F omits.

Vas. I have perswaded her, but still in vaine;
And all the help the laws afford us poore,
Mistaken men, that marry gold instead
Of flesh, is a divorse; it must be thought
On suddenly; Altesto, haste to your charge.
Alt. Good morrow, cavaliers.
Vas. 'Twill be an houre yet before that greeting
Be in season; pray Heaven, Tristan remember the crowd. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II.

Outside the Fort.]

Enter Alvaro, Prospero, Leonel, and Boy (to sing).

Alvaro. This glorious hazzard in thy sister (Leonel)
Doth equally perplex my sufferance
With what the faire Evandra must endure.
Leonel. You now have heard the chearefull art she us'd

71 *perswaded her.* F, propounded it.
73 *men.* F, Lovers. *that . . . gold.* F, who have marry'd Money. *instead.* Begins next line in F.
74 *must.* Ends line in F.
75 *suddenly,* F, straight. *haste.* F, hasten. *to.* Ends line in F. 76 *cavaliers.* F, Gentlemen.
77–8 *'Twill . . . crowd.* F, —
You want an hour to make your greeting seasonable.
Vasc. I hope *Tristan* will take care to squeeze
My Damsel in the Crowd.
Scene II. F. — See *Notes*, p. 172.

To be the first that should confirme her love
With prostitution of her virgin life.
Alv. But why for me? How poore they make me now,
That have betray'd me to a debt the wealth
Of saints (that are in kindnesse ever rich)
Is not of able value to discharge;
I love them both with equall flame, and I
Distinguish neithers beauty when compar'd;
'Tis vertue and remorce give ladies eminence
In the severe discretion of my heart.
Prospero. I want the wisdome how to love; but I
Am sure I find I love, and 'tis too much.
Alv. Come sing; would musick had the power to give
A life, as it hath had to move things dead.

Song.

O draw your curtaines and appeare,
Ere long, like sparkes that upward flie,
We can but vainly say you were,
So soon you'l vanish from the eye.

And in what star we both shall find
(For sure you can't divided be)
Is not to lovers art assign'd,
'Twill puzzle wise astrology.

24 *you.* M and L, we.

Enter Evandra, and Melora, above.

Evandra. Who is it that assumes the office of
The dying swan? all musick now (me thinks)
Is obsequy, and he that sings should sing his death.

Melora. The gentle and most valiant prince, bold Prospero.

Evand. And there behold the faithfull Leonell.

Leon. O pardon me that I have kept my vow.

Evand. Brave youth! I prize thy truth great as thy love;
We now are mark'd here, and inclos'd for death,
So you have all a blessed liberty.

Alv. A liberty? we are more bound than slaves unto
Th'unwieldy oare; like harness'd cattell in
A teeme, we draw a load of sorrow after us
That tires our strength.

Evand. There was no way but this
To keep you still among the living, who
Before endeavour'd nobly to procure
Our freedome with your deaths; do not repine
At destiny, all remedy is past.

Alv. A fatall truth; for we but now dejected on our knees
Did wooe my fathers mercy, and in vaine.

Mel. Then strive not by untimely rage to help
And further our impossible release
With certaine hazzard of your selves; our last
Sute is, we may begin our willing death
As quietly as undisturbed sleep.
Evand. The silly crime of envy which unlearn'd
And haughty lovers use, I shall prevent;
You'l want the object now that makes you interchange
The vext remembrance of each others claime.
Alv. Were you to live we could not share that guilt;
Though number make us three, wise love has given
Us all one peacefull heart.
Evand. O Melora! were it but timely now
To wish continuance of mortality,
Like them, we should not differ though the same
One virtue were our mutuall hope and choice;
But you should chide her, sir, for she hath lov'd
Your happinesse too much, vainely to lose
Her life when mine would satisfie.
Alv. Why, Melora, didst thou undo my soule
With so strange courtesie? but why did you,
Evandra? stay, o stay, leave us not yet.

Evand. The guard are entred here, and now the last
And shortest of our houres is come; farewell,
Brave prince; brave Leonell, farewell: farewell, brave Prospero.

Mel. The gentle, valiant prince,
Farewell; and valiant Leonell, farewell;
Farewell, the hardy Prospero.

Ex[eunt] from above. Leon[el] and Pro-[spero] draw their swords.

Alv. Nay, stir not, gentlemen, it is in vaine,
They are beyond all humane help; would you
Scale Heaven, and coole the sawcy sun with your
Fraile breath when he doth scorch you with his beames?
For such is now the enterprise that strives
To rescue them from this high fort.

Leon. Would I were in a cannon charg'd, then straight
Shot out to batter it, and be no more!

Pros. Would all the stones might be ordain'd my food
Till I could eat their passage out!

Alv. These angry exaltations shew but poore.

Pros. Sir, whither shall we go?

Alv. To see them dye; but not like vaine and colerick boyes, to shew
A fury that can hazzard none but our

Disdained swords; yet still, my worthy friends,
There is an undertaking left, and such
As valiant lovers may performe; why should
The base and durty guard be honour'd with
Our opposition or our bloud? have we
Not griefe enough to dye without their help?
Let us with fix'd and watry eyes behold
These ladies suffer, but with silence still,
Calmely like pinion'd doves, and when we see
The fatall stroak is given, swell up our sad
And injur'd hearts untill they break.

Leon. I do not find my self unapt for this.

Pros. My breast containes an angry lump that is
Too stubborne for a quiet bravery;
He that shall strike Evandras life shall feele
Me till he sink low as the hollownesse where devills dwell.

Alv. This way; let us avoid the gazing multitude. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.]

Enter Duke, Caladine, Vasco, 2 Embassadors, and Attendants.

Duke. Have you unto your officers given charge
To guard the passage from the fort unto
The pallace yard with bold, well-govern'd men?

Scene III, 1–61. F. — See *Notes*, p. 176.

Vasco. All is directed, sir, as you command;
But for their government, if it be to be had
In prisons, galleys, or stews, you may
Trust them with a mutiny.
Calladine [*aside*]. His resolution's fix'd, and there remaines
No comfortable signe to flatter hope.
Duke. My Lords Embassadors, sit down; and though
You now behold a prince that rather loves
To be thought cruell than to break his vow,
Do not beleeve to be severely just
Is tyranny; you shall have faire admittance,
Yet your request unkindly ought to be
Deny'd; and though your master (when the chance
Of war rendred my brother in his power)
Stole in the dark his noble life, and durst
Not give the wrathfull act a gen'rall view,
I'm not asham'd to publish my revenge;
It shall be openly perform'd, to shew
I not suspect mens censure or dislike.
1 Ambassador. Sir, he that ministers revenge may hurt
And damage others, but can bring no good
Or reall profit to himselfe.

6 *stews.* M and L, the stews.
17 *in.* M and L omit, erroneously.

2 Ambassador. And with your Highnesse leave, we think it were
More wise to mulct our masters treasure, which
Shall be exhausted freely to your own
Proportion and content, so you will take
His daughter and her lov'd companion from
The danger of this day.

Enter Evandra, Melora, Guard, at one doore: Alvaro, Prospero, Leonell, at the other.

Duke. I will not sell my brothers bloud;
The prisoners approach; make roome; ere long
They shall enjoy the liberty of soules.
Vasco, lend me thine eare. *Whispers.*

Alvaro. How beautifull is sorrow when it dwells
Within these ladies eyes? so comely that it makes
Felicity in others seeme deform'd.
I wish my patience may be strong enough.

Leonel. I now begin to doubt I am not fit
To see their hazard and indur't.

Prospero. Nor I; my loyalty already's stird
Beyond the temp'rate suff'rance of a man.

Duke. Thou seest the prince weares trouble in his looks;
Though any opposition he can make
Be but impertinent and weak, yet charge
Thy officers, if he endeavor to
Disturbe my will, imprison him i'th fort.

Vas. I shall observe him, sir; [*aside*] I do not like
This employment; the prince will find no enemies in all my tribe.
Duke. If you have any words from Millaine that
Imports their knowledge, ere they dye, be briefe,
My Lords Embassadors; I give you leave
To whisper your affaire, or if you please,
To make it publique to the world.
1 Amb. Your cruell resolutions, sir, have so
Confin'd our liberality that all
We shall deliver to Evandra now
Is but her fathers and her countries teares,
And those we can by deputation pay
To the indang'ring of our eyes.
2 Amb. And to Melora, that in kindnesse thus
Hath shar'd her destiny, we do confer
The worlds eternall wonder and applause.
Evandra. It will deprive me of some joy in death, to think
My father needs must suffer by a vaine,
Unprofitable griefe, and 'tis the last
Request I make, that he would wisely now
Forget my obsequies and name.

62 *that.* F, who.
63 *Hath.* F, Has. *do confer.* F, may assure.
65 *to.* Begins next line in F.
66 *a vaine.* Omitted in F.

Melora. And my desires make sute, that those who shall
Hereafter write the businesse of this day
May not beleeve I suffer for the hope
Of glorious fame, but for a secret in my hidden love.

1 Amb. Question your justice, sir; must they both dye?

Duke. Both; and I think my payment is but short,
When I consider well the measure of
My brothers worth with their unvalu'd sex,
And wish some man that boasts your masters bloud
Were singly here to undergoe their fate,
It would more pleasure my revenge; but since
There is no hope in that desire,—away, lead them to death.

Leon. Stay, sir, reprieve them but one minutes space

70 *desires . . . sute.* F, condition sues. *sute.* M and L, by a misprint, sure.
71 *write.* F, read.
72–3 *May . . . fame.* F, Will not believe I suffer to get fame.
74 *Question your.* F, Consult with.
76–7 *When . . . sex.* F, —
When I compare the solid weight of worth,
My Brother had, with their light Sex.
78 *And.* F, I. *that.* F, who.
81 *lead . . . death.* A separate line in F.

Untill you heare a stranger speake.
Alv. What meanes this noble youth?
Duke. Be sudden in thy speech, for my revenge brooks no delay.
Leon. If I produce a man ally'd unto this family you so abhor,
Great as your selfe in title and descent,
Will you with solemne vow confirme their liberty,
And take his life to satisfie your wrath?
Duke. By th'honour of a princes faith I wil;
And such a miracle would ravish me.
Leon. I dare beleeve your vow, you were so just
Though cruell in your last, and, know, my joyes
Must take the privilege to boast you now
Have lost the power to make them dye.
Duke. It shall be wonderfull if that prove true.
Leon. I am not Leonell, the Millaine knight,

83 *Untill . . . heare.* F, Till you have heard.
85 *Be . . . delay.* F, —
Be sudden then;
For my revenge will not endure delay.
86–7 *If . . . descent.* F, —
If I produce a Prince ally'd to him,
Whom you abhor and persecute.
88 *Will you.* Ends preceding line in F. *vow.* F, Vows.
90–1 *By . . . me.* F, —
By all a Prince's Faith is worth, I will;
And vow devoutly to so wisht a Miracle.

But Leonell, the Duke of Parmas son,
Heire to his fortune and his fame.

Evand. O Melora! thy brother will reveale
Himselfe and quite undoe our glorious strife.

Leon. By this you find I am to Millaine neer
Ally'd; but more to tempt your fury on
My life, know 'twas my valiant father took
Your brother prisoner, and presented him
Where he receiv'd his death, my father that
So oft hath humbled you in war, and made
His victories triumph almost upon
The ruines of your state.

Alv. So young, and fill'd with thoughts so excellent,
That they surprise my wonder more than love!

100–1 *O . . . strife.* F, —
Thy Brother does reveal himself,
Melora, and outdo our glorious strife.
103–4 *but . . . life.* F, but, that I may provoke you more.
104 *know 'twas.* F, Know, Sir, it was.
106 *that.* F, who. 107 *hath.* F, has.
107–9 *made . . . state.* F, —
led
His prosperous Ensigns to your Palace walls.
110–16 *So . . . them.* F, —
He swells my bosom with his mighty mind:
He would transcend my honour and my love,
But, Count, we must adore not envy him.
Pros. I am, as your Disciple, taught;
But yet I hope it is no crime to wish
Fortune had me the Heir of *Parma* made;
Then it had been my luck to dye for them.

Well mayest thou worship, Prospero, but darst not envy him.

Pros. B'ing your disciple, sir,
I'm better taught; but 'tis no crime to wish
Fortune had made me heire of Parma and
Not him, then I had dy'd for them.

Vas. This is some comfort yet; I'm for the ladies!

Cal. But't hath not given our sorrows a full cure.

Duke. Sir, you are boldest with your selfe; but you
Shall see I need no provocation to
Observe my vow; unbind the ladies there,
And beare him straight to death.

1 Amb. Stay, sir, he must not dye.

Duke. How? age and griefe makes thee a foole, and mad.

1 Amb. He must not, sir, if your revenge be wise,
And fix your anger where 'tis most deserv'd;
Takes off a false beard.
Behold Millaine himselfe, your enemy;

117 *This.* F, Here. 118 *But't hath.* F, This has.
119 *but you.* Begins next line in F.
120 *provocation.* F, admonition.
121 *there.* F, straight.
122 *beare . . . death.* F, lead this Champion to encounter Death.
124 *and mad.* F, or mad.

Live, princely youth, and let my yeares (which time
Would soone determine) be the ransome of
My chiefest bloud; Evandra, do not weep.
Evand. O sir, there was lesse use of me; why would
You with this danger on your selfe destroy
That noble fame I vertuously pursu'd?
Mel. Our hope of endlesse glory now is lost.
Alv. Sure, Heaven intends more blessings to this day!
Duke. I have atchiev'd my wishes in full height;
This was a justice, sir, more than I could
Expect from my own stars; free Leonell,
And let him suffer the prepared stroake.
2 Amb. First heare me speak, and, sir, how ever you'l
Interpret the discretion of my words,

128 *princely.* F, valiant.
135 *Sure . . . day.* F, —
Has Heaven perform'd so much to check Revenge,
And will it not in clemency proceed?
136 *I . . . height.* F, —
My utmost wishes with success are crown'd.
139 *prepared.* F, intended.
140–2 *how . . . resolv'd.* F, —
though you may doubt
My manners, and discretion lost, yet I
Will boldly say.

I am resolv'd he shall not dye, nor none
Of these, though all in your command and power.
Vas. Say'st thou so, old shaver? make but that good,
The maids of Savoy shall everlastingly
Pay thee tribute in dainty gloves and nosegays
To stick in thy girdle.
Duke. This were a mystery would please indeed.
2 Amb. Look on me well: I am your brother, sir; *Pulls off a false beard.*
And though ten yeares I have been hidden from
Your sight, this noble Duke hath us'd me so,
I cannot call it banishment, but the
Retir'd and quiet happinesse of life.
Alv. How wisely have the heavens contriv'd this joy!
1 Amb. And though his fortune in the war, which made
Your armies ever flourish with successe,

145–7 *The . . . girdle.* F, —
And the Maids of *Savoy* shall kiss thee, till
Thou recover thy youth again.
149 *St. Dir. false.* F omits.
150 *hidden.* F, hid. 151 *hath.* F, has.
152–3 *I . . . life.* F, —
In all retir'd felicities of life,
That I had never cause to think I was
His Prisoner, but a Partner of his pow'r.
155 *which.* Ends line in F.

Taught me prevent my countries ruine by
Detaining him from your employment there,
Yet he enjoy'd all the delights that solitude
Affords: and when he chose his happinesse
In books and deep discourses of the learn'd,
I search'd the most remote and knowing world
For men to furnish his desires.

2 Amb. It is acknowledg'd, sir, and with a bounteous thanks.

Duke. How welcome are these miracles! let me
Embrace thee as the greatest joy that since
My birth I have receiv'd. O my lov'd brother,
Thou see'st, though absent, I've been faithfull to
Thy vertues and thy memorie.

2 Amb. But, sir, too strict a master of your vow;
Yet 'tis a fault my gratitude should more
Admire with thankfulnesse than chide.

Duke. This happy day deserves a place supreme
And eminent i'th kallander.

157 *Taught.* F, Made.
164 *and . . . bounteous.* F, with lib'ral.
168 *I've . . . faithful.* F, —
I have ever been
True.
173–4 *a . . . kallander.* F, —
a signal place
In all our Kallenders.

2 Amb. First I will give into your courteous armes
The Duke of Millaine, sir, good & renoun'd;
And now the bold and princely Leonell;
Then Alvaro, my honourd nephew, that
Deserves the best of humane praise and love.
The Duke embraces them.
Alv. Dread sir, that every one may share the joy
And blessings of this precious houre, let me
Restore poore Prospero into your breast.
Duke. He shall bee cherish'd and his faults forgiven.
Pros. I shall deserve it, sir, in future deeds
Of honour and of loyall faith; how I
Am rap'd to see those wonders strangely thrive?
Vas. What thinke you of the starrs now, Caladine?
Doe these small twinkling gentlewomen
Looke to their business well? have they a care of us?

175 *First . . . into.* F, Let me deliver to.
177 *And . . . bold.* F, With him the true.
178–9 *Then . . . love.* F, —
And now *Alvaro* my most honour'd Nephew.
182 *poore . . . breast.* F, bold *Prospero* to your former love.
184 *shall.* F, will.
186 *rap'd.* F, rapt. So M and L.
188 *these.* F, those. *gentlewomen.* F, Gentlemen.
189 *have . . . us.* F omits.

Cal. It is beyond our merit or our hope.
Vas. Ile buy me an optick, study astrologie,
And visit 'em ev'ry faire night ore my house leds.
Duke. The chiefest happiness of virtue is
Th'increase; which to procure, with Hymens help,
Wee'l knit and intermingle lovers hearts.
Come, my Alvaro, Ile bestow thee straight.
Mel. A little patience, sir, and heare me speake
Before you give what lawfully is mine.
Duke. Indeed thou dost deserve him by thy love.
Mel. In love Evandras interest justly
Doth equall mine, but I appeale unto
His vow, which sure her goodnesse will assist.
Alv. And my religion shall perswade me keepe;
But where (Melora) was it made?

192 *ev'ry . . . ore.* F, in Moon-shine on.
193–5 *The . . . hearts.* F, —
The chiefest hope we can from virtue have,
Is the encrease of it by Hymens help.
200–1 *justly Doth.* M and L, Doth justly. *justly . . . mine.* F, equals mine. Ends line in F.
201 *I.* F, I'll. *unto.* F, Sir, to.
202 *sure.* Ends preceding line in F.
203 *And . . . keepe.* F, —
I shall not need,
More than Religion to secure my vow.

Mel. Within my fathers court, when five yeares since
(Disguis'd you stole to see a triumph there)
You promis'd, if our houses enmity
Were ever reconcil'd, the church should joyne our hands.
Leon. Sir, what my sister speakes I'm witnesse to,
And hope this day shall end our parents strife
In a kinde peace.
Duke. Which thus I doe confirme;
Take him, Melora, with him all the joyes
Thy virtues or our prayers can procure.
Alv. Didst thou for this with kind Evandra strive
Who should encounter danger first? Although
Thy beauty's chang'd, it is not lost; I now

205 *Within.* F, Sir, in.
206 *Disguis'd . . . stole.* F, You came disguis'd.
208 *our hands.* Separate line in F.
209 *I'm . . . to.* F, I can attest. 211 *doe.* F, will.
212–13 *with . . . procure.* F, —
and receive with him
Those blessings, which your virtues have deserv'd.
214 *Didst thou.* F, Did you.
215–17 *Although . . . prophecie.* F, —
though War
Has kept, five years, your beauty from my sight,
And in the Cave you did a Stranger seem;
Yet I remember now your lines of beauty,
Those you have kept, and I will keep my Vow.

Remember thee, and my vowes prophecie.
Embrace.
1 Amb. Now, my best Evandra, give me thy hand;
And heare receive it, valiant Leonell;
That I may ratifie the faith I gave,
If ere this war expir'd she should be thine.
Duke. Then hee may challenge present interest,
For we may meet to heare voyces and lutes,
But never more the angry drum.
Evand. Alvaro's virtues, sir, and yours have both
An equall claim; persons I nere admir'd
So much to make a difference in my choyce;
Therefore my fathers promise and my love
Have made me yours.
Leon. I am orecharg'd with my felicitie.
Alv. To Evandra, gladness be stil renew'd,

218 *Now.* F, Inserted after *me.*
220 *That I may.* F, For I must.
221 *If ere.* F, That when.
222 *challenge . . . interest.* F, straight possession take.
223–4 *For . . . drum.* F omits.
227 *make.* F, breed. 228 *Therefore.* F omits.
229 *made.* Ends preceding line in F.
231–4 *To . . . choyce.* F, —
Still may *Evandra's* gladness be renew'd,
Whom I, with peaceful joy, can see
Design'd by Fate, to happy *Leonel.*
Evan. And I shall celebrate *Melora's* choice.

Who since I see so worthily bestow'd,
My love is quieted in everlasting rest.
Evand. And mine by your exact and perfect choyce.
Pros. These glad atchievements are so well deserv'd
Ile not maligne your joyes; Ile to the warr
And fight to win you a perpetuall peace.
Vasco takes Millaine aside.
Vas. I'm bold to crave acquaintance with Your Grace,
And to begin it with a sute.
1 Amb. It shall be granted, sir.
Vas. I have married Your Graces country-woman,
And was a little (sir) mistaken in her age;
Would you'ld procure us a divorce.
1 Amb. If you can make't appeare she is too old.
Vas. She writes a hundred and ten (sir) next grasse.

235 *glad.* F, great.
236 *Ile . . . joyes.* Q, I . . . loyes; M and L correct.
236–53 *I'le . . . love.* F, —
That I have lost my envy, not my love.
Call. Such another good day would make us all mad.
Vas. Yet I must to my old Trot again.
Duke. Let Hymen join those Hearts, whose stedfast Faith,
Pow'r, with the frowns of death, could never move:
This happy day I 'll consecrate to Love.

1 Amb. 'Tis a faire age; well, sir, you shal have a divorce,
And what the profits of her dowry would
Have been, I will my selfe bestow on you.
Vas. Such another good day makes us all mad.
Duke. Come, to the temple, and let's joyne those hearts
That with such pious courage have endur'd
The tryall of a noble constant faith;
Whom tortures nor the frowns of death could move.
This happy day wee'l consecrate to love.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

Troth, gentlemen, you must vouchsafe a while
T'excuse my mirth, I cannot chuse but smile;
And 'tis to think, how like a subtle spy
Our poet waits below to heare his destiny:
Just in the entry as you passe, the place
Where first you mention your dislike or grace:
Pray whisper softly that he may not heare,
Or else such words as shall not blast his eare.

Epilogue. Q places this in right column at foot of last page of text.
4 *below.* F omits. So M and L.

Notes to Love and Honour

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

Love and Honour was licensed in November, 1634, and was called first *The Courage of Love*, then *The Nonpareils or the Matchless Maids*, and lastly by its present title. Mildmay has a note on December 12 of this year, "To a play of Love and Honour." It was acted again by the King's Men on New Year's night, 1637. At the opening of the new playhouse in Dorset Gardens on October 21, 1661, it was brought out before the court with great display. Downes records the performance as follows:

"Love and Honour, wrote by Sir *William Davenant:* This Play was Richly cloath'd; The King giving Mr. *Betterton* his Coronation Suit, in which, he acted the Part of Prince *Alvaro;* The Duke of *York* giving Mr. *Harris* his, who did Prince *Prospero;* And my Lord of *Oxford* gave Mr. *Joseph Price* his, who did *Lionel*, the Duke of *Parma's* Son; *The Duke* was Acted by Mr. *Lilliston;* *Evandra*, by Mrs. *Davenport*, and all the other Parts being very well done: The Play having a great run, Produc'd to the company great gain and estimation from the Town."

3, 10. grave, long, old cloak. The speaker of the prologue used to appear in a long black cloak.

11, 102. Honest Achmet. Sultan of Turkey, first of this name. He ruled from 1603 to 1617.

12, 103. without defalking . . . waste. The meaning is clear when *waste* is read as *waist*. See *defalk* in the *Glossary*. M and L are misleading.

19, 220. Faire Evandra . . . orizons. "Fair Evandra, the pride of Italy, in whom the graces met to correct themselves, whose only cause for blushing, however, was that they were not so good as she. The eastern spices are sweet and the blossoms of the spring perfume the morning air; with them let us now strew our altars, since she is imprisoned, stifled, and choked up like weeping roses in a still, whose inarticulate breath Heaven thought a purer sacrifice than all our orizons." It is not clear to what "necessity must rule beliefe" refers. The passage is badly written if not corrupt.

28, 362. capon's grease. Apparently as a healing ointment. The editor has no parallel use of the expression.

29, 13. tane order. Taken measures or steps, made arrangements. Cf. IV, ii, 60.

32, 66. he . . . His . . . him. Prospero . . . the Duke . . . Prospero.

34, 102. Fortune my Foe. A ballad "of one complaining of the mutability of Fortune" was licensed to John Charlewood to print in 1565–6, and may be the song in question. The following is the first stanza of a black-letter copy of "a sweet sonnet, wherein the lover exclaimeth against Fortune for the loss of his ladyes favour, almost past hope to get again, and in the end receives a comfortable answer, and attains his desire, as may appear: to the tune of *Fortune my Foe.*"

Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me ?
And will thy favour never better be ?
Wilt thou I say forever breed my pain,
And wilt thou not restore my joyes again ?

Though probably not the original, this is the earliest copy extant of the ballad. The references to it in contemporary literature are very frequent. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher: *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, V, iii, 87. See Chappell, *Old English Popular Music*, I, 76–9.

34, 103. John come kisse me now.

Jon come kisse me now, Jon come kisse me now,
Jon come kisse me by and by, and make no more adow.

This is all that remains of the song, preserved in the Dublin MS., where it is followed by thirteen stanzas in the Scotch dialect, headed "his answer to yt, sam toone." It was more in use as a dance than as a song. The tune is found in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book.* See Chappell, I, 268–9.

40, 66. chaste Indian plant . . . man. Compare *The Distresses*, II, iv, 42.

I shrink like th'Indian flow'r
Which creeps within its folded leaves when it
Is touch'd, asham'd that man should come so near't.

46, 155. He . . . His. Prospero . . . the Duke's.

50, 5. Algiers. A famous slave market.

52, 30. She was of Paris properly.

"'A rare example of a virtuous maid in Paris, who was by her

own mother procured to be put in prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery: but she continued to the end, and finished her life in the fire.

'Tune is — O man in desperation.
It was a lady's daughter,
Of Paris properly,
Her mother her commanded
To mass that she should hie:
O pardon me, dear mother,
Her daughter dear did say,
Unto that filthy idol
I never can obey.'

The remaining eleven stanzas (of eight lines) may be found in Evans's *Old Ballads*, I, 135, Ed. 1810." Dyce's note to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, v, iii, 69 (vol. II, p. 224).

54, 67. my blew boyes . . . streets. Blue-coat boys, or scholars of a charity school, who wore as uniform the blue coat of the almoner. The most famous school of this character was Christ Church Hospital, and the uniform was a long dark blue coat, fastened at the waist by a belt, with bright yellow stockings. See Pepys, June 1, 1665, for just such a procession as Vasco had set his heart upon.

57, 115. The influence . . . one. The reference is to the astrological influence of the stars upon the fate of man.

66, 118. There is . . . light. There is a slight resemblance here to *Richard II*, III, i, 144–156.

67. 1–47. Evade . . . thoughts.

Duke. Evade me not with idle Tales,
Fit only to prevail on childhoods frowardness.
Are not her Father's Letters here, in which
Her pride descends, and humbly sues for her
Release. Why stoops he thus, if she be free.
Or if not in the towne inclos'd and hid,
Where should she sooner fly than to his armes?

Alvaro. If in this Town she were conceal'd by some,
Who more compassion show'd to her distress,
Than duty to your will; and now by them
Were render'd here; yet I have boldness to
Believe, you would not think her death,
A fit revenge for former cruelty;
Such as my Uncle from her Father suffer'd.

Duke. It shall suffice for the beginning of
Revenge, and does in part perform my vow;
If we our vows presume to violate,
Why dress we Altars with such rev'rend care?
Let us pervert their use, grease them with Feasts,
And dash them with the remnants of our Wine.
Alv. Your vow was made in haste, and not confirm'd
By sacred Oath, with Church solemnity.
Prospero. Before your vow was made you taught us all
To shun the pleasure of revenge, as but
The lust of weaker minds.
Duke. Her cruel Father when we mercy sought,
Even with our tears, was deaf to all remorse.
He snatch'd my Brothers life out of the arms
Of all this Western world; for all with love
Embrac'd him, who deserv'd as much as Fame
E're publisht of a Chief so young.
Can any then diswade me to revenge
The loss of my best blood, when I have here
The best of his?
Alv. This cruel action was not hers.
Nor can the guilty with their Sov'raignty,
Or Lands, devolve their crimes; those pass not by
Deriv'd inheritance, no more than souls.
Pros. Would I had lost myself, when I found her
To be the pity'd subject of your wrath.
Duke. You Minion of the Camp! you grow too bold;
And your success (more from your fortune, than
From virtue sprung) has rais'd you to a sullenness,
As dark and dangerous, as Traytors thoughts.

68, 32. but snatch'd . . . And good. Compare *Hamlet*, I, v, 76–9.

70, 65–97. tremble . . . follow me. Compare *Lear*, I, i, 110–184.

78, 81. Aretine. Pietro Aretino (1492–1557), an Italian, famous for his licentious writings. References to him are frequent.

81, 125. stop't forsooth with salt . . . fire. "When a cast tooth having salt thrown over it is cast in the fire, a fresh tooth will spring up in the place it occupied." — M and L.

82, 142. thatch'd nunnery. A euphemism for a brothel, which being a mean structure would likely be thatched.

86, 39. I will . . . fight. Cf. *I Henry IV*, v, iv, 72–3 :

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop to make a garland for my head.

89, 83. their care. The reading of the Folio is grammatically correct.

95, 158. his free sufferance. Alvaro's voluntary sufferings.

101, 242. which dying . . . perjury. "The fact of my dying will not in the least affect thy perjury." The construction is bad, though the meaning is clear enough.

109, 10. Westphalia hipps. Westphalia is still famous for its hogs. Compare *Albovine*, IV, ii, 113.

111, 36. Egyptian cloud for drowth. Possibly because clouds in Egypt are not accompanied by rain.

113, 60. tane order. See note **29, 13**.

117, 129. taking this. The person favored passes along the inside of the walk nearest the wall.

126, 106. to't. To forgive this emulation.

128, 128. Dexterity of a Flemming. The Flemings were noted for their skill in the arts.

128, 136. the mercers book. Proverbial with reference to the debts of a gallant.

133, 49. the sad Arabian tree. The balsam tree, *Commiphora Opobalsamum*, native to Arabia and yielding Balm of Gilead. See Sir Thomas Browne, *Certain Miscellany Tracts*, I, 34. (Bohn ed. III, 180 f.)

137, 114. that imitate . . . view. That to mortal eyes are the closest imitation of the upper or heavenly beauty.

144, 61. at a dead lift. In a crisis or emergency; as a last resort.

145, 1–104. Scene II. F, with *Calladine* for *Boy*, reads :

Calladine. Their Window, Sir, is there. But let me beg
You would not let your sorrows make you known :
For my officiousness to your command,
When by your Father found, will cause such jealousie,
As may deprive me of all future means
To serve you.

Alv. Trust my discretion, *Calladine*.

Cal. If rashly you resent the form of his

Proceeding, you may lose the hope I find
In the Ambassadors; who seem to bring
(Though they are secret in the main import)
Such offers, as perhaps, may be receiv'd.
They wait me in the Palace, Sir, and you
Must please to make this visit short.
Alv. You may securely leave us. [*Exit* Calladine.
The cruel doom which fair *Evandra* must
Endure, cannot perplex me, *Leonel*,
More than this glorious hazard of your Sister.
Leonel. You now have heard, how chearfully she strove,
To be the first, who should her love confirm,
With offer of her Virgin life.
Alv. How must I stoop, and groan beneath the weight
Of so much poverty, as such a debt
Lays not on me alone, but on our Sex?
How shall I pay this double debt of love?
Owing to two a heart so constantly
Entire, that it could ne'er divided be.
I must love both, with equal flame, since none
Their beauty can distinguish, when compar'd;
And both in brighter virtue equal are.
Pros. I want skill, great beauty to distinguish; but I
Can feel my heart grown sore with love of it.
[Evandra *and* Melora *are seen in mourning at the Window.*
Melora. Three I discern, and they must surely be
The gentle and most valiant Prince,
The noble *Prospero*, and the faithful *Leonel*.
Alv. The Casement now is open, and, e're dawne
Appears, a double day does seem to break
Through Clouds of mourning.
Evandra. That is the Prince's voice.
Alv. Your voice cannot but sweet Musick be,
Though you can now only a *Requiem* sing.
Why should not Musick, if it e're gave life,
To things inanimate, and made them move,
Now lengthen yours who have the soul of love?
Leon. Pardon me, Saint, that I have kept my Vow.
Evand. Your truth I value equal to your love:
But what is praise to men above it grown?

Whose worth we rate so much beyond our own,
That we, to make the world enjoy it, have
Design'd your freedom, and our selves a Grave.
Alv. What can the world enjoy when you are gone?
Time will his Hour-glass stop, when yours is run.
Mel. Repent not that Example which you gave:
You would have lost your lives our lives to save.
Could we do less than you our pattern make?
Refuse not that which you would have us take.
Evand. Accept of your relief now ours is past.
Alv. Can we accept relief which cannot last?
Your gift, when by your fatal deaths 'tis sign'd,
Shews us unworthy, and your selves unkind;
For you reproach us with the life you give,
By thinking we, when you are dead, can live.
Evand. Let not your love's impatient anger wake
Death's sleep, since 'tis the last we e're shall take.
Mel. You to your Father quiet duty owe:
Let not your love above your duty grow.
Evand. The trouble of your Rivals now will cease;
And all loves Civil War expire in peace.
For that which did enlighten Beauty, life,
Ending in me, will quickly end your strife.
Love fades with Beauty, which your diff'rence bred;
For ev'ry Lover does forsake the dead.
Alv. Some comfort let it bring your parting mind,
That you had pow'r to make even Rivals kind.
Leon. In Love's Records it shall your glory be,
That, whilst you govern'd, Rivals did agree.
Pros. You are the first that e're Love's knot so ty'd,
As to unite, whom Nature did divide.
Evand. If 'twere not fit, *Melora*, now to dye,
I could a while endure mortality.
So soft a peace, here, in Love's shade appears,
As cannot be more calm above the Spheres.
But you should chide her, Sir, who in vain strife,
Would, with the needless Signet of her life,
Seal her undoubted love, and press to dye,
When with my death I all might satisfie.
Alv. Why did *Melora* thus my soul undo?

That is but half the question, why did you,
Evandra, to my Fathers wrath submit?—
[*The Ladies look back suddenly.*
Loves great Examples stay! leave us not yet!
Evand. The Guards are entring, and have brought our doom,
The shortest of our fatal hours is come.
Renowned Prince, and faithful *Leonel*,
And valient *Prospero*, to all farewel.
Mel. Farewel for evermore, the gentle and
Most valiant Prince, the noble *Prospero*,
The brave and faithful *Leonel*, farewel.
[*Exeunt Ladies from above*, Pros. *and* Leon. *drawing their Swords.*
Alv. Nay, stir not, Gentlemen; It is in vain:
We have not strength enough to storm the Fort.
Make not your purpose known before your deeds.
We must attend the pity of the Crowd.
Leon. Affliction now is urg'd to such extreams,
That patience seems to change her constant Face:
She first looks pale with doubt, and then does blush,
As if asham'd of remedy when it is slow.
Alv. Cover your courage, and pray sheath your Swords.
Pros. Sir, whither shall we go?
Alv. Where we may best observe,
What looks the Officers and Souldiers wear.
If they begin to grieve, their grief will soon
To anger grow; from whom the people, prone
To passion, quickly will take fire. Too long
My Father has my constant duty known;
And now may find the peoples change, when they
My lowness measure with his high success:
For as they still all prosperous greatness hate,
So my affliction may their pity move;
They Princes only in affliction love. [*Exeunt.*

150, 1–61. **Have . . . eyes.** The Folio reads:
Enter Duke, Calladine, Vasco, *two Ambassadors, and Attendants.*
Duke. Have you given charge to all our Officers,
To line with double Guards the passage from
The Fort, and to secure the Palace-yard
With men well disciplin'd?

Calladine. It was directed, Sir, by your command.
Vasco. But for their discipline, it is as good
As prisons, Gallies, or the Stews could give them:
Men of strict conscience, that will say their prayers
Before they mutiny, and a long Grace
Before they fall to plunder.
Call. His anger seems so fixt, that I suspect
Th'Ambassadors will take their leave of hope.
Duke. My Lords Ambassadours, pray take your place,
You treat now with a Prince, who rather would
Be held unmerciful, than break his Vow.
You may interpret my decree so ill,
As to pronounce that cruel, which, I think,
In the worst sense, is but severely just.
Your Master (when the chance of War did yield
My Brother to his pow'r) stole in the dark
His most renown'd and pretious life.
He durst not give the wrathful act an open light.
But I am not asham'd of my revenge,
It shall endure the publick test; to shew
I dare invite the censure of the World.
1 *Ambassador.* We come not to excuse the cause of your
Revenge, but to divert the dire effect
From you and us. Revenge so fruitful is,
That the succession of it will not cease;
But still, whilst pow'r has any strength, it does
Beget new Monsters to amaze the World.
2 *Amb.* And with your Highness leave, we judge it may
Be more your interest, rather to exhaust
Our Masters treasure than his bloud; which shall
Submit even to your own account, if you
Will please to cover the offences past,
And free his Daughter, and *Melora*, from
The danger of this day.
Duke. I am not so impov'risht by our War,
That I have need to sell my Brothers bloud.
[*Enter* Evan. Mel. *Guards at one door*, Alv. Pros. Leo. *at the other door.*
Room for the Prisoners; who shall soon
Have larger freedom than they wish, for they

By death will gain the liberty of Souls.
Vasco, give me your ear. — [*Whispers with him.*
Alvaro. Stay at this distance, and be temp'rate, till
I judge the season fit to try our friends.
How beautiful is sorrow, when 'tis drest
By Virgin-innocence? it makes
Felicity in others seem deform'd.
My patience grows unfit to counsel yours.
Leonel. And I grow every minute worse prepar'd,
To take that counsel which you cannot give.
Prospero. My loyalty is spent: it was too tame
A virtue for a mind so much provokt.
Duke. The Prince does breed a tumult in his looks.
Be watchful o're our Guards, and diligent
To mark the multitude. If it divides
To lesser Knots, of busie Whisperers,
And then from parcels, and from whispers, does
Grow suddenly to a collected Throng,
And general murmur, 'twill be dangerous.
Vas. I shall be careful, Sir. The Prince will find
Few Enemies in all my Tribe.
Duke. If you have any words from *Millan*, which
Concerns their knowledge e're they dye, be brief.
You have my Lords Ambassadors, free leave
To whisper your affair; or, if you please,
Let it be publick to the World.
1 *Amb.* Your cruel resolution, Sir, has so
Restrain'd our speech, that all we shall
Deliver to *Evandra* now, is but
Her Parents, and her Country's tears; and those
We can by mourning deputation pay.

146, 18. As it hath . . . dead. The reference is to the myth of Orpheus and his music, which had the power to make inanimate things show signs of life.

165, 232. Who . . . My love is quieted. Not an unusual construction. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, I, iii, 131: "thine enemy who if he break thou mayest with better grace exact the penalty." See Franz, *Shak. Gram.* 214.

TEXT

The text is that of the quarto of 1663 (Q3) as contained in the Harvard University copy, with which are collated the quartos of 1656 (Q1), 1659 (Q2), and 1670 (Q4), and the folio. The Boston Public Library copy of Q2 is earlier and less accurate than the Harvard copy. The differences between Q1 and Q2 are very slight, the latter being probably but a reprint of the former, much as the later copies of Q3 are revisions of the earlier copies while the play was going through the press. Q4 differs very little from the folio. In fact the textual variations in the several editions are exceedingly slight as compared with those of *Love and Honour*. The spelling has been modernized. The variations in spelling, capitalization, and punctuation are not noted except when the sense of the passage is affected. The textual variations of the Second Part, which is found only in the two later quartos and the folio, are still slighter than those of the First Part. The numbering of the lines in the Entries of Part I is continuous; D'Avenant clearly did not intend here, as he did in Part II, an exact division into scenes. Thus in Entry I no change of scene is indicated and the Chorus remains on the stage throughout the whole Entry. Where the indentation differs from that of Q3, it is that of Q4, which is simpler and more regular. Q3 follows no consistent plan.

THE SIEGE OF RHODES:

The First and Second Part.

As they were lately Represented at His Highness the Duke of *YORK*'S Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

The First Part being lately Enlarg'd.

Written By

Sir VVILLIAM D'AVENANT.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the *Anchor*, on the Lower-walk in the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

SOURCES

The historical sources of the play. The account of the siege of Rhodes upon which D'Avenant depended for the historical part of his play is contained in Knolles's *Historie of the Turkes*, which was published in London in 1603, and in Bosio's *Istoria*. Rhodes was besieged by Solyman the Magnificent during the Grand Mastership of Philip de Villiers L'Isle D'Adam, who had been elected to this position in 1522. Solyman laid siege to Rhodes in the spring of 1522 and kept up his attacks on the city till it surrendered on Dec. 25 of that year. The various details of the siege which D'Avenant embodied in his play are to be found in the notes, as well as those which he adapted to suit his purposes. Incidents and characters which had nothing to do with the account of the siege in Knolles or Bosio, but which are found in other parts of the *Historie* and are used in the play, are also accounted for in the notes. The setting fire to the Grand Master's palace at the close of the action is a bit of sensationalism invented by D'Avenant for spectacular purposes, and the terms of the peace as stated in the play are without historical basis, since they had to be made to fit in with the romantic and purely imaginative material.

The romantic sources of the play. So far as we know there is no source which corresponds in all respects to the romantic part of this play, but there are stories and plays in contemporary French literature which would seem to have furnished certain leading details. The resemblance between this play and the romance of *Ibrahim* has been noted by both Dr. Campbell and Professor Child, the former rejecting, the latter accepting it as a source.[1] In the romance the Sultan Solyman II is in love with Isabella, the beloved of his Grand Vizier Ibrahim, who in turn is beloved by Roxolana, the Sultana, the wife of the Sultan. For a while Solyman nobly resists his desires, but under the evil influence of his sister he resolves to gratify them by putting Ibrahim to death; again his nobler instincts are appealed to and he ends all happily for the lovers. The resemblances — the identity of the Sultan, the clash between his love and the hero's, the faithfulness of the lovers to each other, the variation in the conduct of the

[1] *Modern Language Notes*, XIII, 177 f.; XIX, 168.

Sultan to the lovers — these do not seem of significance great enough to fix a source. There is a slight resemblance in the adventures of Ianthe to those of Axiamira in this romance. Rustan captured the ship on which Axiamira was sailing, after she had made a gallant fight in which all her men were slain. She was taken later to the court of Solyman, where she remained in prison in great fear of Roxolana. This story may have given D'Avenant some hints for the adventures of Ianthe.

Dr. Campbell makes out a much stronger case for the Solyman-Perseda group of stories and plays. These include Yver's *Le Printemps* and Mainfray's *La Rhodienne*, with their English representatives in Wotton's *Cupid's Cautels* and Kyd's *Solyman and Perseda*. The later events of this story centre about the siege of Rhodes. Perseda is taken captive by the forces of the Sultan, who at once falls in love with her. Her constancy to her lover Erastus, however, arouses the better nature of Solyman so that he lets her marry Erastus, whom the Sultan now appoints governor of Rhodes. Through the villainy of Brusor, one of Solyman's bassas, the desires of the Sultan are again aroused, with the result that Erastus is condemned to death on trumped-up charges of high treason. Perseda, hearing of her husband's death and of Solyman's approach, heads an insurrection of Rhodians against him and is slain on the walls by a Turkish bullet. The resemblances of this story to the play are considerable. Solyman, Alphonso, and Ianthe correspond respectively to the Sultan, Erastus, and Perseda. The background of the siege of Rhodes is the same in both. The motives, the love of the Sultan for the heroine, which conflicts with the desires of the lovers, his fluctuating conduct, and the constancy of the lovers are much the same in both. The love of the Sultan is, however, very much toned down, till it is but a shadow of the violent passion of Solyman in the earlier story. The relation of the lovers towards Rhodes is different, and the issue of their love is intensely tragic in one account and happy in the other. D'Avenant probably took certain details and changed and added to them to suit himself. It was a way he had. The plot is typical of the heroic play as it was to develop later. It is significant that the part of Roxolana is not in the First Part ; it may have been taken directly from the later part of Knolles or have been suggested by the romance of *Ibrahim* mentioned above.

[To the Reader.

I may receive disadvantage by this address design'd for excuses; for it will too hastily put you in mind that errors are not far off when excuses are at hand; this refers to our representation: and some may be willing to be led to find the blemishes of it; but would be left to their own conduct to discover the beauties, if there be any. Yet I may forewarn you that the defects which I intend to excuse are chiefly such as you cannot reform but onely with your purse; that is, by building us a larger room; a design which we began and shall not be left for you to finish, because we have observ'd that many who are liberall of their understanding when they would issue it out towards discovery of imperfections, have not alwayes money to expend in things necessary towards the making up of perfection.

It has been often wisht that our scenes (we having oblig'd our selves to the variety of five changes, according to the ancient drammatick distinctions made for time) had not been confin'd to eleven foot in height, and about fifteen in depth, including the places of passage reserv'd

To the Reader. In Q1, Q2, only.

for the musick. This is so narrow an allowance for the fleet of *Solyman* the Magnificent, his army, the Island of *Rhodes*, and the varieties attending the siege of the city, that I fear you will think we invite you to such a contracted trifle as that of the *Cæsars* carved upon a nut.

As these limits have hinder'd the splendor of our scene, so we are like to give no great satisfaction in the quantity of our argument, which is in story very copious; but shrinks to a small narration here, because we could not convey it by more than seven persons; being constrain'd to prevent the length of *recitative* musick, as well as to conserve, without incumbrance, the narrowness of the place. Therefore you cannot expect the chief ornaments belonging to a history drammatically digested into turns and counterturns, to double walks, and interweavings of design.

This is exprest to forbid your excess of expectation; but we must take care not to deterr you from the hope of some satisfaction; for that were, not only to hang out no bush, but likewise to shut up our doors. Therefore, as you have heard what kind of excellencies you should not expect: so I will in brief (I hope without vanity) give you encouragement, by telling you, there are some things at least excusable which you may resolve to meet.

We conceive, it will not be unacceptable to you if we recompence the narrowness of the room, by containing in it so much as could be conveniently accomplisht by art and industry: which wil not be doubted in the scenes by those who can judg that kind of illustration & know the excellency of Mr. *John Web*, who design'd and order'd it. The musick was compos'd, and both the vocal and instrumental is exercis'd by the most transcendent of *England* in that art, & perhaps not unequal to the best masters abroad; but being *recitative*, and therefore unpractis'd here, though of great reputation amongst other nations, the very attempt of it is an obligation to our own. The story represented (which will not require much apology because it expects but little praise) is heroical, and notwithstanding the continual hurry and busie agitations of a hot siege, is (I hope) intelligibly convey'd to advance the characters of vertue in the shapes of valour and conjugal love. And though the main argument hath but a single walk, yet perhaps the movings of it will not seem unpleasant. You may inquire, being a reader, why in an heroick argument my numbers are so often diversify'd and fall into short fractions; considering that a continuation of the usual length of *English* verse would appear more heroical in reading. But

when you are an auditor you will finde that in this, I rather deserve approbation then need excuse; for frequent alterations of measure (which cannot be so unpleasant to him that reads as troublesome to him that writes) are necessary to *recitative* musick for variation of *ayres*. If what I have said be taken for excuses, I have my intent; because excuses are not always signs of error, but are often modest explanations of things that might otherwise be mistaken. But I have said so much to vindicate my self from having occasion to be excus'd for the *poem*, that it brings me at last to ask pardon for the length of the *epistle*.

WILL. D'AVENANT.]

August 17.
1656.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The EARL of
CLARENDON
Lord High Chancellor of England, &c.

MY LORD,

Though poems have lost much of their antient value, yet I will presume to make this a present to your Lordship; and the rather because poems (if they have any thing precious in them) do, like jewels, attract a greater esteem when they come into the possession of great persons than when they are in ordinary hands.

The excuse which men have had for dedication of books has been to protect them from the malice of readers: but a defence of this nature was fitter for your forces when you were early known to learned men (and had no other occasion for your abilities but to vindicate authors) than at this season when you are of extraordinary use to the whole nation.

To the, etc. Q1, Q2, no Dedication; Q3, Dedication inserted before Part II.

Yet when I consider how many & how violent they are who persecute dramatick poetry, I will then rather call this a *Dedication* than a *Present;* as not intending by it to pass any kind of obligation, but to receive a great benefit; since I cannot be safe unless I am shelter'd behind your Lordship.

Your name is so eminent in the justice which you convey through all the different members of this great empire, that my *Rhodians* seem to enjoy a better harbour in the pacifique *Thames*, than they had on the *Mediterranean;* and I have brought *Solyman* to be arraign'd at your tribunal, where you are the censor of his civility & magnificence.

Dramatick poetry meets with the same persecution now from such who esteem themselves the most refin'd and civil as it ever did from the barbarous. And yet whilst those vertuous enemies deny *heroique plays* to the gentry, they entertain the people with a seditious *farce* of their own counterfeit gravity. But I hope you will not be unwilling to receive (in this poetical dress) neither the besieg'd nor the besiegers, since they come without their vices: for as others have purg'd the stage from corruptions of the art of the drama, so I have endeavour'd to cleanse it from the corruption of manners; nor

have I wanted care to render the *ideas* of greatness and vertue pleasing and familiar.

In old *Rome* the magistrates did not only protect but exhibit plaies; and, not long since, the two wise *cardinals* did kindly entertain the great images represented in tragedy by *Monsieur Corneille*. My Lord, it proceeds from the same mind not to be pleas'd with princes on the stage, and not to affect them in the throne; for those are ever most inclin'd to break the mirrour who are unwilling to see the images of such as have just authority over their guilt.

In this poem I have reviv'd the remembrance of that fatal desolation which was permitted by Christian princes when they favour'd the ambition of such as defended the diversity of religions (begot by the factions of learning) in *Germany*; whilst those who would never admit learning into their empire (lest it should meddle with religion and intangle it with controversy) did make *Rhodes* defenceless; which was the only fortify'd academy in Christendome where divinity and arms were equally profess'd. I have likewise, for variety, softened the martial encounters between *Solyman* and the *Rhodians*, with intermingling the conjugal vertues of *Alphonso* and *Ianthe*.

57 *fatal.* Q4, F omit.

If I should proceed, and tell your Lordship of what use theatres have antiently been, and may be now, by heightening the characters of valour, temperance, natural justice, and complacency to government, I should fall into the ill manners and indiscretion of ordinary dedicators, who go about to instruct those from whose abilities they expect protection. The apprehension of this error makes me hasten to crave pardon for what has been already said by,

MY LORD,

Your Lordships most humble and
most obedient Servant,
WILL. D'AVENANT.

The Persons Represented.

Solyman	The Magnificent.
Pirrhus	Vizier Bassa.
Mustapha	Bassa.
Rustan	Bassa.
Haly	Eunuch Bassa.
Villerius	Grand Master of *Rhodes*.
Alphonso	A *Cicilian* Duke.
Admiral	Of *Rhodes*.
High Marshal	Of *Rhodes*.
Roxolana	Wife to *Solyman*.
Ianthe	Wife to *Alphonso*.
Women	Attendants to *Roxolana*.
Women	Attendants to *Ianthe*.
Four Pages	Attendants to *Roxolana*.

The Scene,
RHODES.

The Persons Represented. Follows dedication and precedes Part II in Q3.

Vizier. Q1, Q2 omit this word.

Rustan. Q1, Q2 omit this and all remaining names except *Villerius, Alphonso, Admiral, and Ianthe.*

The SIEGE of RHODES

The Ornament which encompass'd the scene, consisted of several columns, of gross rustick work, which bore up a large freese. In the middle of the freese was a compartiment, wherein was written RHODES. The compartiment was supported by divers habiliments of war; intermix'd with the military ensigns of those several nations who were famous for defence of that island; which were the *French*, *Germans*, and *Spaniards*, the *Italians*, *Avergnois*, and *English*. The renown of the English valor made the Grand Master *Villerius* to select their station to be most frequently commanded by himself. The principal enrichment of the freese was a crimson drapery, whereon several trophies of arms were fixt, those on the right hand representing such as are chiefly in use amongst the western nations; together with the proper cognizance of the Order of the *Rhodian* Knights; and on the left, such

as are most esteem'd in the eastern countries; and on an antique shield the crescent of the *Ottomans*.

The Scene before the First Entry.

The curtain being drawn up, a lightsome sky appear'd, discov'ring a maritime coast, full of craggy rocks, and high cliffs, with several verdures naturally growing upon such scituations; and afar off, the true prospect of the City of RHODES, when it was in prosperous estate; with so much view of the gardens and hills about it as the narrowness of the room could allow the scene. In that part of the horizon, terminated by the sea, was represented the *Turkish* fleet, making towards a promontory, some few miles distant from the town.

27 *City of.* Q1, Q2, City.

The Siege of Rhodes

The Entry is prepared by instrumental musick.

The First Entry.

Enter Admiral.

Admiral. Arm, arm, Villerius, arm!
Thou hast no leisure to grow old;
Those now must feel thy courage warm,
Who think thy blood is cold.

Enter Villerius.

Villerius. Our Admiral from sea?
What storm transporteth thee?
Or bring'st thou storms that can do more
Then drive an admiral on shore?
Adm. Arm, arm, the Bassa's fleet appears;
To Rhodes his course from Chios steers;
Her shady wings to distant sight,
Spread like the curtains of the night.
Each squadron thicker and still darker grows;
The fleet like many floating forrests shows.
Vil. Arm, arm! Let our drums beat

To all our out-guards, a retreat;
And to our main guards add
Files double lin'd from the parade.
Send horse to drive the fields;
Prevent what rip'ning summer yields.
To all the foe would save
Set fire, or give a secret grave.

Adm. I'le to our gallies hast,
Untackle ev'ry mast;
Hale 'em within the peer,
To range and chain 'em there,
And then behind St. Nic'las cliffs
Shelter our brigants, land our skiffs.

Vil. Our field and bulwark-cannon mount with hast;
Fix to their blocks their brazen bodies fast:
Whilst to their foes their iron entrails fly:
Display our colours, raise our standard high!

Exit Adm[*iral*].

Enter Alphonso.

Alphonso. What various noises do mine ears invade?
And have a consort of confusion made?
The shriller trumpet and tempestuous drum:
The deaf'ning clamor from the canonns womb;
Which through the air like suddain thunder breaks,

31 *their foes.* Q1, Q2, the Foe.

Seems calm to souldiers shouts, and womens shrieks.
What danger (rev'rend lord) does this portend?
Vil. Danger begins what must in honour end.
Alph. What vizards does it wear?
Vil. Such, gentle Prince,
As cannot fright, but yet must warn you hence.
What can to Rhodes more fatally appear
Than the bright crescents which those ensigns wear?
Wise emblems that encreasing empire show;
Which must be still in nonage and still grow.
All these are yet but the forerunning van
Of the prodigious gross of Solyman.
Alph. Pale shew those crescents to our bloody cross?
Sink not the western kingdoms in our loss?
Will not the Austrian eagle moult her wings,
That long hath hover'd o're the Gallick-Kings?
Whose lillies too will wither when we fade;
And th'English lyon shrink into a shade.
Vil. Thou see'st not, whilst so young and guiltless too,
That kings mean seldome what their states-men do;
Who measure not the compass of a crown
To fit the head that wears it, but their own;

49 *cross.* Q1, Cross! Q4, Cross;

Still hind'ring peace, because they stewards are,
Without account, to that wild spender, War.

Enter High Marshal of Rhodes.

Marshal. Still Christian wars they will pursue, and boast
Unjust successes gain'd, whilst Rhodes is lost:
Whilst we build monuments of death, to shame
Those who forsook us in the chase of fame.

Alph. We will endure the colds of court-delays;
Honour grows warm in airy vests of praise.
On rocky Rhodes we will like rocks abide.

Vil. Away, away, and hasten to thy bride!
'Tis scarce a month since from thy nuptial rites
Thou cam'st to honour here our Rhodian knights:
To dignifie our sacred annual feast:
We love to lodge, not to entombe a guest.
Honour must yield, where reason should prevail.
[Aboard, aboard,] and hoyse up ev'ry sail
That gathers any wind for Sicilie!

61 *Marshal.* Q1, Q2 omit, Villerius continuing without interruption.

72 *not to.* Q4, F, not.

74 [*Aboard, aboard*]. Q1, Q2, A Board, A Board; Q3, Q4, F, Abroad, Abroad.

75 *That.* Q2, What.

Mar. Men lose their virtu's pattern, losing thee.
Thy bride doth yield her sex no less a light,
But, thy life gone, will set in endless night.
Ye must like stars shine long ere ye expire.
Alph. Honour is colder virtue set on fire:
My honour lost, her love would soon decay:
Here for my tomb or triumph I will stay.
My sword against proud Solyman I draw,
His cursed prophet, and his sensual law.
Chorus. Our swords against proud Solyman we draw,
His cursed prophet, and his sensual law. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ianthe, Melosile, Madina (her two Women) bearing two open caskets with jewels.

Ianthe. To Rhodes this fatal fleet her course does bear.
Can I have love, and not discover fear?
When he, in whom my plighted heart doth live
(Whom Hymen gave me in reward
Of vows, which he with favour heard,
And is the greatest gift he e're can give)
Shall in a cruel siege imprison'd be,
And I, whom love has bound, have liberty?
Away! Let's leave our flourishing abodes
In Sicily, and fly to with'ring Rhodes.

76 *Mar.* Q1, Q2, Villerius continues without interruption.
82 *tomb or.* Q1, Tombe &.

Melosile. Will you convert to instruments of war,
To things which to our sex so dreadfull are,
Which terrour add to Death's detested face,
These ornaments which should your beauty grace?

Madina. Beauty laments! and this exchange abhors!
Shall all these gems in arms be spent
Which were by bounteous princes sent
To pay the valour of your ancestors?

Ian. If by their sale my Lord may be redeem'd,
Why should they more than trifles be esteem'd
Vainly secur'd with iron bars and locks?
They are the spawn of shells, and warts of rocks.

Mad. All, Madam, all? Will you from all depart?

Ian. Love a consumption learns from chymists art.
Saphyrs, and harder di'monds must be sold
And turn'd to softer and more current gold.
With gold we cursed powder may prepare
Which must consume in smoak and thinner air.

Mel. Thou idol-love, I'l worship thee no more
Since thou dost make us sorrowfull and poor.

Ian. Go seek out cradles, and with child-hood dwell;

Where you may still be free
From Loves self-flattery,
And never hear mistaken lovers tell
Of blessings, and of joys in such extreams
As never are possest but in our dreams.
They woo apace, and hasten to be sped;
And praise the quiet of the marriage-bed:
But mention not the storms of grief and care
When Love does them surprize
With sudden jealousies,
Or they are sever'd by ambitious war.

Mad. Love may perhaps the foolish please:
But he shall quickly leave my heart
When he perswades me to depart
From such a hoord of precious things as these.

Ian. Send out to watch the wind! with the first gale
I'l leave thee, Sicilie; and, hoysing sail,
Steer strait to Rhodes. For Love and I must be
Preserv'd (Alphonso!) or else lost with thee.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

By Souldiers of several nations.

1. Come, ye termagant Turks,
If your Bassa dares land ye,
Whilst the wine bravely works
Which was brought us from Candy.

138 *dares.* Q1, Q2, dare. 140 *Which.* Q1, Q2, That.

2. Wealth, the least of our care is,
For the poor ne'r are undone ;
A vous, Mounsieur of Paris,
To the back-swords of London.

3. Diego, thou, in a trice,
Shalt advance thy lean belly;
For their hens and their rice
Make pillau like a jelly.

4. Let 'em land fine and free ;
For my cap though an old one,
Such a turbant shall be,
Thou wilt think it a gold one.

5. It is seven to one odds
They had safer sail'd by us:
Whilst our wine lasts in Rhodes,
They shall water at Chios.

143 *A vous.* Q3, Q4, F, Avous.

End of the first Entry.

The Scene is chang'd, and the City, Rhodes, appears beleaguer'd at Sea and Land.

The Entry is again prepar'd by instrumental musick.

The Second Entry.

Enter Villerius and Admiral.

Admiral. The bloud of Rhodes grows cold: life must expire!

Villerius. The Duke still warms it with his valours fire!

Adm. If he has much in honours presence done,
Has sav'd our ensigns, or has others won,
Then he but well by your example wrought,
Who well in honours school his child-hood taught.

Vil. The foe three moons tempestuously has spent
Where we will never yield, nor he relent;
Still we but raise what must be beaten down;
Defending walls, yet cannot keep the town;
Vent'ring last stakes where we can nothing win;
And, shutting slaughter out, keep famine in.

Adm. How oft and vainly Rhodes for succour waits

From triple diadems, and scarlet hats?
Rome keeps her gold, cheaply her warriours pays
At first with blessings, and at last with praise.
Vil. By armies, stow'd in fleets, exhausted Spain
Leaves half her land unplough'd, to plough the main;
And still would more of the old world subdue,
As if unsatisfi'd with all the new.
Adm. France strives to have her lillies grow as fair
In other realms as where they native are.
Vil. The English lyon ever loves to change
His walks, and in remoter forrests range.
Chorus. All gaining vainly from each others loss;
Whilst still the Crescent drives away the Cross.

Enter Alphonso.

Alphonso.

1. How bravely fought the fiery French,
Their bulwark being storm'd.
The colder Almans kept their trench,
By more than valour warm'd.

2. The grave Italians paus'd and fought,
The solemn Spaniards too;
Study'ng more deaths than could be wrought
By what the rash could do.

3. Th'Avergnian colours high were rais'd,
Twice tane, and twice reliev'd.
Our foes, like friends to valour, prais'd
The mischiefs they receiv'd.

4. The cheerfull English got renown;
Fought merrily and fast:
'Tis time, they cry'd, to mow them down,
Wars harvest cannot last.

5. If death be rest, here let us dye,
Where weariness is all
We dayly get by victory,
Who must by famine fall.

6. Great Solyman is landed now;
All fate he seems to be;
And brings those tempests in his brow
Which he deserv'd at sea.

Vil. He can at most but once prevail.
Though arm'd with nations that were brought by more
Gross gallies then would serve to hale
This island to the Lycian shore.
Adm. Let us apace do worthily and give
Our story length, though long we cannot live.
Chorus. So greatly do, that being dead,
Brave wonders may be wrought
By such as shall our story read
And study how we fought. *Exeunt.*

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus.

Solyman. What sudden halt hath stay'd thy swift renown,
O're-running kingdoms, stopping at a town?
He that will win the prize in honours race,
Must nearer to the goal still mend his pace.
If age thou feel'st, the active camp forbear;
In sleepy cities rest, the caves of fear.
Thy mind was never valiant, if, when old,
Thy courage cools because thy blood is cold.

Pirrhus. How can ambitious manhood be exprest
More then by marks of our disdain of rest?
What less than toyls incessant can, despite
Of cannon, raise these mounts to castle-height?
Or less than utmost or unwearied strength
Can draw these lines of batt'ry to that length?

Sol. The toils of ants, and mole-hills rais'd, in scorn
Of labour, to be levell'd with a spurn.
These are the pyramids that shew your pains;
But of your armies valour, where remains
One trophy to excuse a bassa's boast?

Pir. Valour may reckon what she bravely lost;
Not from successes all her count does raise:
By life well lost we gain a share of praise.
If we in dangers glass all valour see,

73 *utmost or.* Q1, utmost of.

And death the farthest step of danger be,
Behold our mount of bodies made a grave;
And prize our loss by what we scorn'd to save.
Sol. Away! range all the camp for an assault!
Tell them, they tread in graves who make a halt.
Fat slaves, who have been lull'd to a disease;
Cramm'd out of breath, and crippled by their ease!
Whose active fathers leapt o'er walls too high
For them to climb: hence, from my anger fly:
Which is too worthy for thee, being mine,
And must be quench'd by Rhodian blood or thine. *Exit Pirrhus, bowing.*
In honour's orb the Christians shine;
Their light in war does still increase;
Though oft misled by mists of wine,
Or blinder love, the crime of peace.
Bold in adult'ries frequent change;
And ev'ry loud, expensive vice;
Ebbing out wealth by wayes as strange
As it flow'd in by avarice.
Thus vildly they dare live, and yet dare dye.
If courage be a vertue, 'tis allow'd
But to those few on whom our crowns rely,
And is condemn'd as madness in the crowd.

Enter Mustapha, Ianthe veil'd.

Mustapha. Great Sultan, hail! though here at land

Lost fools in opposition stand;
Yet thou at sea dost all command.
Sol. What is it thou wouldst shew, and yet dost shrowd?
Must. I bring the morning pictur'd in a cloud,
A wealth more worth then all the sea does hide,
Or courts display in their triumphant pride.
Sol. Thou seem'st to bring the daughter of the night;
And giv'st her many stars to make her bright.
Dispatch my wonder and relate her story.
Must. 'Tis full of fate, and yet ha's much of glory.
A squadron of our gallies that did ply
West from this coast, met two of Sicily,
Both fraught to furnish Rhodes; we gave 'em chase,
And had, but for our number, met disgrace.
For, grapling, they maintain'd a bloody fight,
Which did begin with day and end with night.
And though this bashful lady then did wear
Her face still vail'd, her valour did appear:
She urg'd their courage when they boldly fought,
And many shun'd the dangers, which she sought.
Sol. Where are the limits thou would'st set for praise?
Or to what height wilt thou [my] wonder raise?

129 *my*. So Q1, Q2; Q3, Q4, F, thy. Cf. l. 116.

Must. This is Ianthe, the Sicilian flower,
Sweeter then buds unfolded in a shower,
Bride to Alphonso, who in Rhodes so long
The theam has been of each heroick song;
And she for his relief those gallies fraught;
Both stow'd with what her dow'r and jewels bought.

Sol. O wond'rous vertue of a Christian wife!
Advent'ring lifes support, and then her life
To save her ruin'd lord! bid her unvail!

Ianthe steps back.

Ianthe. It were more honour, Sultan, to assail
A publick strength against thy forces bent,
Then to unwall this private tenement,
To which no monarch, but my lord, has right;
Nor will it yield to treaty or to might:
Where Heaven's great law defends him from surprise,
This curtain onely opens to his eyes.

Sol. If beauty vail'd so vertuous be,
'Tis more then Christian husbands know;
Whose ladies wear their faces free,
Which they to more then husbands show.

Ian. Your bassa swore, and by his dreadful law,
None but my lords dear hand this vail should draw;

149 *husbands.* Q3 (Harv. Copy), Husband.

And that to Rhodes I should conducted be,
To take my share of all his destiny:
Else I had quickly found
Sure means to get some wound,
Which would in deaths cold arms
My honour instant safety give
From all those rude alarms
Which keep it waking whilst I live.
Sol. Hast thou ingag'd our prophets plight
To keep her beauty from my sight,
And to conduct her person free
To harbour with mine enemy?
Must. Vertue constrain'd the priviledge I gave:
Shall I for sacred vertue pardon crave?
Sol. I envy not the conquests of thy sword:
Thrive still in wicked war;
But, slave, how did'st thou dare,
In vertuous love, thus to transcend thy lord?
Thou did'st thy utmost vertue show:
Yet somewhat more does rest,
Not yet by thee exprest;
Which vertue left for me to do.
Thou great example of a Christian wife,
Enjoy thy lord, and give him happy life.
Thy gallies with their fraight,
For which the hungry wait,
Shall strait to Rhodes conducted be;

And as thy passage to him shall be free,
So both may safe return to Sicilie.
Ian. May Solyman be ever far
From impious honours of the war;
Since worthy to receive renown
From things repair'd, not overthrown.
And when in peace his vertue thrives,
Let all the race of loyal wives
Sing this his bounty to his glory,
And teach their princes by his story:
Of which, if any victors be,
Let them, because he conquer'd me,
Strip cheerfully each others brow,
And at his feet their laurel throw.
Sol. Strait to the port her gallies steer;
Then hale the centry at the peer.
And though our flags ne'r use to bow,
They shall do vertue homage now.
Give fire still as she passes by,
And let our streamers lower fly.

Exeunt several ways.

Chorus of Women.

1. Let us live, live! for being dead,
The pretty spots,
Ribbands and knots,
And the fine French dress for the head;
No lady wears upon her
In the cold, cold bed of honour.

Beat down our grottoes, and hew down our bowers,
Dig up our arbours, and root up our flowers.
Our gardens are bulwarks and bastions become:
Then hang up our lutes, we must sing to the drum.

2. Our patches and our curls
(So exact in each station)
Our powders and our purls
Are now out of fashion.
Hence with our needles, and give us your spades;
We, that were ladies, grow coorse as our maids.
Our coaches have drove us to balls at the court,
We now must drive barrows to earth up the port.

The End of the Second Entry.

The further part of the scene is open'd, and a Royal Pavilion appears display'd, representing Solyman's imperial throne; and about it are discern'd the quarters of his bassa's, and inferiour officers.

The Entry is again prepar'd by instrumental musick.

The Third Entry.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Mustapha.

Solyman. Pirrhus, draw up our army wide!
Then from the gross two strong reserves divide;
And spread the wings,
As if we were to fight,
In the lost Rhodians sight,
With all the western kings!
Each wing with janizaries line;
The right and left to Hally's sons assign,
The gross to Zangiban.
The main artillery
With Mustapha shall be:
Bring thou the rear, we lead the van.

Pirrhus. It shall be done as early as the dawn,
As if the figure by thy hand were drawn.

again. Q4, F omit.

Mustapha. We wish that we, to ease thee,
could prevent
All thy commands, by ghessing thy intent.
Sol. These Rhodians, who of honour boast,
A loss excuse, when bravely lost:
Now they may bravely lose their Rhodes,
Which never play'd against such odds.
To morrow let them see our strength, and
weep
Whilst they their want of losing blame;
Their valiant folly strives too long to keep
What might be render'd without shame.
Pir. 'Tis well our valiant prophet did
In us not only loss forbid,
But has [enjoyn'd] us still to get.
Empire must move apace,
When she begins the race,
And apter is for wings than feet.
Must. They vainly interrupt our speed,
And civil reason lack,
To know they should go back
When we determine to proceed.
Pir. When to all Rhodes our army does appear,
Shall we then make a sudden halt,
And give a general assault?
Sol. Pirrhus, not yet, Ianthe being there:
Let them our valour by our mercy prize.

27 *enjoyn'd.* So Q1, Q2; Q3, Q4, F, conjoyn'd.

The respit of this day
To vertuous love shall pay
A debt long due for all my victories.
Must. If vertuous beauty can attain such grace,
Whilst she a captive was, and hid,
What wisdom can his love forbid
When vertue's free, and beauty shews her face?
Sol. Dispatch a trumpet to the town;
Summon Ianthe to be gone
Safe with her lord. When both are free
And in their course to Sicily,
Then Rhodes shall for that valour mourn
Which stops the hast of our return.
Pir. Those that in Grecian quarries wrought,
And pioneers from Lycia brought,
Who like a nation in a throng appear,
So great their number is, are landed here:
Where shall they work?
Sol. Upon Philermus Hill.
There, ere this moon her circle fills with days,
They shall, by punisht sloth and cherish'd skill,
A spacious palace in a castle raise:
A neighbourhood within the Rhodians view;
Where, if my anger cannot them subdue,
My patience shall out-wait them, whilst they long
Attend to see weak princes make them strong:
There I'le grow old, and dye too, if they have
The secret art to fast me to my grave.

Exeunt.

The Scene is chang'd to that of the Town Besieg'd.

Enter Villerius, Admiral, Alphonso, Ianthe.

Villerius. When we, Ianthe, would this act commend,
We know no more how to begin
Than we should do, if we were in,
How suddenly to make an end.
Admiral. What love was yours which these strong bars of fate
Were all too weak to separate?
Which seas and storms could not divide,
Nor all the dreadful Turkish pride?
Which pass'd secure, though not unseen,
Even double guards of death that lay between.
Vil. What more could honour for fair vertue do?
What could Alphonso venture more for you?
Adm. With wonder and with shame we must confess
All we our selves can do for Rhodes, is less.
Vil. Nor did your love and courage act alone,
Your bounty too has no less wonders done.
And for our guard you have brought wisely down
A troop of vertues to defend the town:
The only troop that can a town defend,
Which Heav'n before for ruine did intend.

Adm. Look here, ye western monarchs, look with shame,
Who fear not a remote, though common foe;
The cabinet of one illustrious dame
Does more then your exchequers joyn'd did do.
Alphonso. Indeed I think, Ianthe, few
So young and flourishing as you,
Whose beauties might so well adorn
The jewels which by them are worn,
Did ever musquets for them take,
Nor of their pearls did bullets make.
Ianthe. When you, my Lord, are shut up here,
Expence of treasure must appear
So far from bounty, that, alass!
It covetous advantage was:
For with small cost I sought to save
Even all the treasure that I have.
Who would not all her trifling jewels give,
Which but from number can their worth derive,
If she could purchase or redeem with them
One great inestimable gemm?
Adm. Oh ripe perfection in a brest so young!
Vil. Vertue has tun'd her heart, and wit her tongue.
Adm. Though Rhodes no pleasure can allow,
I dare secure the safety of it now;

108 *tun'd.* Q3 (Harv. copy), turn'd.

All will so labour to save you
As that will save the city too.
Ian. Alass! the utmost I have done
More then a just reward has won,
If by my lord and you it be but thought,
I had the care to serve him as I ought.
Vil. Brave Duke, farewell, the scouts for orders wait,
And the parade does fill.
Alph. Great master, I'll attend your pleasure strait,
And strive to serve your will.
Exeunt Vill[erius and] Adm[iral].
Ianthe, after all this praise
Which fame so fully to you pays,
For that which all the world beside
Admires you, I alone must chide.
Are you that kind and vertuous wife,
Who thus expose your husband's life?
The hazards, both at land and sea,
Through which so boldly thou hast run,
Did more assault and threaten me
Then all the Sultan could have done.
Thy dangers, could I them have seen,
Would not to me have dangers been,
But certain death: now thou art here
A danger worse than death I fear.
Thou hast, Ianthe, honour won,

But mine, alass, will be undone:
For as thou valiant wer't for me,
I shall a coward grow for thee.
Ian. Take heed, Alphonso, for this care of me,
Will to my fame injurious be;
Your love will brighter by it shine,
But it eclipses mine.
Since I would here before, or with you fall,
Death needs but becken when he means to call.
Alph. Ianthe, even in this you shall command,
And this my strongest passion guide;
Your vertue will not be deny'd:
It could even Solyman himself withstand,
To whom it did so beauteous show:
It seem'd to civilize a barb'rous foe.
Of this your strange escape, Ianthe, say,
Briefly the motive and the way.
Ian. Did I not tell you how we fought,
How I was taken, and how brought
Before great Solyman? but there
I think we interrupted were.
Alph. Yes, but we will not be so here,
Should Solyman himself appear.
Ian. It seems that what the bassa of me said,
Had some respect and admiration bred
In Solyman; and this to me increast
The jealousies which honour did suggest.

All that of Turks and Tyrants I had heard,
But that I fear'd not death, I should have fear'd.
I, to excuse my voyage, urg'd my love
To your high worth; which did such pity move
That straight his usage did reclaim my fear;
He seem'd in civil France, and monarch there:
For soon my person, gallies, fraight, were free
By his command.
Alph. O wondrous enemy!
Ian. These are the smallest gifts his bounty knew.
Alph. What could he give you more?
Ian. He gave me you;
And you may homewards now securely go
Through all his fleet.
Alph. But honour says not so.
Ian. If that forbid it, you shall never see
That I and that will disagree:
Honour will speak the same to me.
Alph. This Christian Turk amazes me, my dear!
How long, Ianthe, stay'd you there?
Ian. Two days with Mustapha.
Alph. How do you say?
Two days, and two whole nights? alas!
Ian. That it, my lord, no longer was,
Is such a mercy as too long I stay
E'r at the altar thanks to Heav'n I pay.

Alph. To Heav'n, confession should prepare the way. *Exit Ianthe.*
She is all harmony, and fair as light,
But brings me discord, and the clouds of night.
And Solyman does think Heav'ns joys to be
In women not so fair as she.
'Tis strange! Dismiss so fair an enemy!
She was his own by right of war,
We are his dogs, and such as she his angels are.
O wondrous Turkish chastity!
Her gallies, fraight, and those to send
Into a town which he would take!
Are we besieg'd then by a friend?
Could honour such a present make,
Then when his honour is at stake?
Against it self does honour booty play?
We have the liberty to go away!
Strange above miracle! But who can say,
If in his hands we once should be,
What would become of her? For what of me,
Though Love is blind, ev'n Love may see.
Come back my thoughts, you must not rove!
For sure Ianthe does Alphonso love!
Oh Solyman, this mystique act of thine
Does all my quiet undermine:
But on thy troops, if not on thee,
This sword my cure, and my revenge shall be.
Exit.

[The Scene changes to Solyman's Camp.]

Enter Roxolana, Pirrhus, Rustan.

Rustan. You come from sea as Venus came before,
And seem that goddess, but mistake her shore.
Pirrhus. Her temple did in fruitfull Cyprus stand;
The Sultan wonders why in Rhodes you land.
Rus. And by your sudden voyage he doth fear
The tempest of your passion drove you here.
Roxolana. Rustan, I bring more wonder than I find;
And it is more than humour bred that wind
Which with a forward gale
Did make me hither sail.
Rus. He does your forward jealousie reprove.
Rox. Yet jealousie does spring from too much love;
If mine be guilty of excess,
I dare pronounce it shall grow less.
Pir. You boldly threaten more than we dare hear.
Rox. That which you call your duty is your fear.

The . . . Camp. First given in F.
211–38 *Enter . . . say.* Q1, Q2 omit.

Rus. We have some valour or our wounds are feign'd.
Rox. What has your valour from the Rhodians gain'd?
Unless Ianthe, as a prize, you boast;
Who now has got that heart which I have lost.
Brave conquest, where the takers self is taken!
And, as a present, I
Bring vainly, e're I dye,
That heart to him which he has now forsaken.
Rus. Whispers of eunuchs, and by pages brought
To Licia, you have up to story wrought.
Rox. Lead to the Sultan's tent! Pirrhus, away!
For I dare hear what he himself dares say.
[*Exeunt.*]

Chorus.

Of Men and Women.

Men. Ye wives all that are, and wives that would be,
Unlearn all ye learnt here, of one another,
And all ye have learnt of an aunt or a mother:
Then strait hither come, a new pattern to see,
Which in a good humour kind fortune did send;
A glass for your minds, as well as your faces:
Make haste then and break your own looking-glasses;
If you see but your selves, you'l never amend.

239 *that would.* Q3, Q4, F, would.

Women. You that would teach us what your wives
ought to do,
Take heed; there's a pattern in town, too, for you.
Be you but Alphonsos, and we,
Perhaps Ianthes will be.
Men. Be you but Ianthes, and we
Alphonsos a while will be.
Both. Let both sides begin then, rather than neither;
Let's both joyn our hands, and both mend together.
[*Exeunt.*]

247 *would.* Q4, F, will.

End of the Third Entry.

The Scene is vary'd to the prospect of Mount Philermus: artificers appearing at work about that castle which was there, with wonderful expedition, erected by Solyman. His great army is discovered in the plain below, drawn up in battalia, as if it were prepar'd for a general assault.

The Entry is again prepar'd by instrumental musick.

The Fourth Entry.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Mustapha.

Solyman. Refuse my pass-port, and resolve to dye;
Only for fashions sake, for company?
Oh costly scruples! But I'le try to be,
Thou stubborn honour, obstinate as thee.
My pow'r thou shalt not vanquish by thy will,
I will enforce to live whom thou would'st kill.

Pirrhus. They in to morrows storm will change their mind,
Then, though too late instructed, they shall find,
That those who your protection dare reject

No humane power dares venture to protect.
They are not foes, but rebels, who withstand
The pow'r that does their fate command.
Sol. Oh Mustapha, our strength we measure ill,
We want the half of what we think we have;
For we enjoy the beast-like pow'r to kill,
But not the god-like pow'r to save.
Who laughs at death, laughs at our highest pow'r;
The valiant man is his own emperour.
Mustapha. Your pow'r to save, you have to them made known,
Who scorn'd it with ingratefull pride;
Now, how you can destroy, must next be shown;
And that the Christian world has try'd.
Sol. 'Tis such a single pair
As onely equal are
Unto themselves; but many steps above
All others who attempt to make up love.
Their lives will noble history afford,
And must adorn my scepter, not my sword.
My strength in vain has with their vertue strove;
In vain their hate would overcome my love.
My favours Ile compell them to receive:
Go, Mustapha, and strictest orders give,
Through all the camp, that in assault they spare
(And in the sack of this presumptuous town)
The lives of these two strangers, with a care
Above the preservation of their own.

Alphonso has so oft his courage shown,
That he to all but cowards must be known.
Ianthe is so fair that none can be
Mistaken, amongst thousands, which is she.
Exeunt.

The Scene returns to that of the Town Besieg'd.

Enter Alphonso, Ianthe.

Ianthe. Alphonso, now the danger grows so near,
Give her that loves you leave to fear.
Nor do I blush, this passion to confess,
Since it for object has no less
Then even your liberty, or life;
I fear not as a woman, but a wife.
We were too proud no use to make
Of Solyman's obliging proffer;
For why should honour scorn to take
What honour's self does to it offer.

Alphonso. To be o'rcome by his victorious sword,
Will comfort to our fall afford;
Our strength may yield to his; but 'tis not fit
Our vertue should to his submit;
In that, Ianthe, I must be
Advanc'd, and greater far then he.

Ian. Fighting with him who strives to be your friend,
You not with vertue, but with pow'r, contend.
Alph. Forbid it, Heav'n, our friends should think that we
Did merit friendship from an enemy.
Ian. He is a foe to Rhodes, and not to you.
Alph. In Rhodes besieg'd, we must be Rhodians too.
Ian. 'Twas Fortune that engag'd you in this war.
Alph. 'Twas Providence! Heaven's pris'ners here we are.
Ian. That Providence our freedom does restore;
The hand that shut, now opens us the door.
Alph. Had Heav'n that pass-port for our freedom sent,
It would have chose some better instrument
Than faithless Solyman.
Ian. O say not so!
To strike and wound the vertue of your foe
Is cruelty, which war does not allow:
Sure he has better words deserv'd from you.
Alph. From me, Ianthe, no;
What he deserves from you, you best must know.
Ian. What means my Lord?

Alph. For I confess, I must
The poyson'd bounties of a foe mistrust:
And when upon the bait I look,
Though all seem fair, suspect the hook.
Ian. He, though a foe, is generous and true:
What he hath done declares what he will do.
Alph. He in two days your high esteem has won:
What he would do I know; who knows what he has done?
Done? [*Aside.*] Wicked tongue, what hast thou said?
What horrid falshood from thee fled?
Oh, jealousie (if jealousie it be)
Would I had here an asp instead of thee!
Ian. Sure you are sick; your words, alas!
Gestures, and looks, distempers shew.
Alph. Ianthe, you may safely pass;
The pass, no doubt, was meant to you.
Ian. He's jealous, sure; Oh, vertue! can it be?
Have I for this serv'd vertue faithfully?
Alphonso—
Alph. Speak, Ianthe, and be free.
Ian. Have I deserv'd this change?
Aph. Thou do'st deserve
So much, that emperours are proud to serve
The fair Ianthe; and not dare
To hurt a land whilst she is there.

Return (renown'd Ianthe) safely home,
And force thy passage with thine eyes;
To conquer Rodes will be a prize
Less glorious than by thee to be o'rcome.
But since he longs (it seems) so much to see,
And be possest of me,
Tell him, I shall not fly beyond his reach:
Would he could dare to meet me in the breach.
Exit.

Ian. Tell him! tell him? Oh no, Alphonso, no.
Let never man thy weakness know;
Thy suddain fall will be a shame
To man's and vertue's name.
Alphonso's false! for what can falser be
Than to suspect that falshood dwells in me?
Could Solyman both life and honour give?
And can Alphonso me of both deprive?
Of both, Alphonso; for believe
Ianthe will disdain to live
So long as to let others see
Thy true, and her imputed, infamy.
No more let lovers think they can possess
More than a month of happiness.
We thought our hold of it was strong
We thought our lease of it was long:
But, now, that all may ever happy prove,
Let never any love.

105 *the.* Q1, a.

And yet these troubles of my love to me
Shall shorter than the pleasures be.
I'l till to morrow last; then the assault
Shall finish my misfortune and his fault.
I to my enemies shall doubly ow,
For saving me before, for killing now. *Exit.*

Enter Villerius, Admiral.

Admiral. From out the camp a valiant Christian slave
Escap'd, and to our knights assurance gave
That at the break of day
Their mine will play.

Villerius. Oft Martiningus, struck and try'd the ground,
And counter-digg'd, and has the hollows found:
We shall prevent
Their dire intent.
Where is the Duke, whose valour strives to keep
Rhodes still awake, which else would dully sleep?

Adm. His courage and his reason is o're-thrown.

Vil. Thou sing'st the sad destruction of our town.

Adm. I met him wild as all the winds,
When in the ocean they contest:
And diligent suspition finds
He is with jealousie possest.

Vil. That arrow, once misdrawn, must ever rove.
O weakness, sprung from mightiness of love!
O pitty'd crime!
Alphonso will be overthrown
Unless we take this ladder down,
Where, though the rounds are broke,
He does himself provoke
Too hastily to climb.
Adm. Invisibly, as dreams, fame's wings
Fly every where;
Hov'ring all day o're palaces of kings,
At night she lodges in the people's ear:
Already they perceive Alphonso wild,
And the belov'd Ianthe griev'd.
Vil. Let us no more by honour be beguil'd;
This town can never be reliev'd;
Alphonso and Ianthe being lost,
Rhodes, thou dost cherish life with too much cost!
Chorus. Away, unchain the streets, unearth the ports.
Pull down each barracade
Which womens fears have made,
And bravely sally out from all the forts!
Drive back the crescents, and advance the cross,
Or sink all human empires in our loss!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Roxolana, Pirrhus, Rustan, and two of her Women.

Roxolana. Not come to see me e're th'assault be past?

Pirrhus. He spoke it not in anger but in haste.

Rustan. If mighty Solyman be angry grown,
It is not with his empress, but the town.

Rox. When stubborn Rhodes does him to anger move,
'Tis by detaining there what he does love.

Pir. He is resolv'd the city to destroy.

Rox. But more resolv'd Ianthe to enjoy.

Rus. T'avoid your danger cease your jealousie.

Rox. Tell them of danger who do fear to dye.

Pir. None but your self dares threaten you with death.

1 *Woman.* Do not your beauty blast with your own breath.

2 *Woman.* You lessen't in your own esteem
When of his love you jealous seem.

1 *Woman.* And but a faded beauty make it
When you suspect he can forsake it.

2 *Woman.* Believe not, Empress, that you are decay'd,
For so you'l seem by jealous passion sway'd.

Rox. He follows passion, I pursue my reason:
He loves the traitor, and I hate the treason.

170–197 *Enter . . . wayes.* Q1, Q2 omit.

Enter Haly.

Haly. Our foes appear! Th'assault will strait begin. { *Pirrhus, Rustan, in Chorus.*
They sally out where we must enter in.

Rox. Let Solyman forget his way to glory,
Increase in conquest and grow less in story.
That honour which in vain
His valour shrinks to gain,
When from the Rhodians he Ianthe takes,
Is lost in losing me whom he forsakes.

Exeunt several wayes.

Chorus of Wives.

1.

1 *Woman.* This cursed jealousie, what is't?
2 *Woman.* 'Tis love that has lost it self in a mist.
3 *Woman.* 'Tis love being frighted out of his wits.
4 *Woman.* 'Tis love that has a fever got;
Love that is violently hot;
But troubled with cold and trembling fits.
'Tis yet a more unnatural evil:
Chorus. 'Tis the God of Love, 'tis the God of Love, possest with a devil.

2.

1 *Woman.* 'Tis rich corrupted wine of love,
Which sharpest vinegar does prove.
2 *Woman.* From all the sweet flowers which might honey make,
It does a deadly poyson bring.

3 *Woman.* Strange serpent which it self doth sting!
4 *Woman.* It never can sleep, and dreams still awake.
5 *Woman.* It stufs up the marriage-bed with thorns.
Chorus. It gores it self, it gores it self, with imagin'd horns.

The End of the Fourth Entry.

The Scene is chang'd into a representation of a general assault given to the town; the greatest fury of the army being discern'd at the English station.

The Entry is again prepar'd by instrumental musick.

The Fifth Entry.

Enter Pirrhus.

Pirrhus. Traverse the cannon! Mount the batt'ries higher!
More gabions, and renew the blinds!
Like dust they powder spend,
And to our faces send
The heat of all the element of fire;
And to their backs have all the winds.

Enter Mustapha.

Mustapha. More ladders, and reliefs to scale!

The fire-crooks are too short! Help, help to hale!
That battlement is loose, and strait will down!
Point well the cannon, and play fast!
Their fury is too hot to last.
That rampire shakes, they fly into the town.
Pir. March up with those reserves to that redout!
Faint slaves! the janizaries reel!
They bend, they bend! and seem to feel
The terrours of a rout.
Must. Old Zanger halts, and re-inforcement lacks!
Pir. March on!
Must. Advance those pikes, and charge their backs!

Enter Solyman.

Solyman. Those plat-forms are too low to reach!
Haste, haste! call Haly to the breach!
Can my domestique janizaries flye!
And not adventure life for victory!
Whose child-hood with my palace milk I fed:
Their youth, as if I were their parent, bred.
What is this monster Death, that our poor slaves,
Still vext with toyl, are loth to rest in graves?
Must. If life so pretious be, why do not they,
Who in war's trade can only live by prey,

Their own afflicted lives expose
To take the happier from their foes?
Pir. Our troops renew the fight!
And those that sally'd out
To give the rout,
Are now return'd in flight!
Sol. Follow, follow, follow, make good the line!
In, Pirrhus, in! Look, we have sprung the mine! *Exit Pirrhus.*
Must. Those desp'rate English ne'r will fly!
Their firmness still does hinder others flight,
As if their mistresses were by
To see and praise them whilst they fight.
Sol. That flame of valour in Alphonso's eyes,
Outshines the light of all my victories!
Those who were slain when they his bulwark storm'd,
Contented fell,
As vanquish'd well;
Those who were left alive may now,
Because their valour is by his reform'd,
Hope to make others bow.
Mus. E'r while I in the English station saw
Beauty, that did my wonder forward draw,
Whose valour did my forces back disperse;
Fairer than woman, and than man more fierce:

It shew'd such courage as disdain'd to yield,
And yet seem'd willing to be kil'd.
Sol. This vision did to me appear:
Which mov'd my pitty and my fear:
It had a dress much like the imag'rie
For heroes drawn, and may Ianthe be.

Enter Pirrhus.

Pir. Fall on! the English stoop when they give fire!
They seem to furl their colours and retire!
Sol. Advance! I onely would the honour have
To conquer two, whom I by force would save.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Alphonso with his sword drawn.

Alphonso. My reason by my courage is misled!
Why chase I those who would from dying fly,
Enforcing them to sleep amongst the dead,
Yet keep my self unslain that fain would die?
Do not the pris'ners whom we take declare
How Solyman proclaim'd through all his host,
That they Ianthe's life and mine should spare?
Life ill preserv'd is worse than basely lost.
Mine by dispatch of war he will not take,
But means to leave it lingring on the rack;
That in his palace I might live, and know
Her shame, and be afraid to call it so.
Tyrants and divels think all pleasures vain,
But what are still deriv'd from others pain.

Enter Admiral.

Admiral. Renown'd Alphonso, thou hast fought to day,
As if all Asia were thy valour's prey.
But now thou must do more
Than thou hast done before;
Else the important life of Rhodes is gone.
Alph. Why from the peacefull grave
Should I still strive to save
The lives of others, that would lose mine own?
Adm. The souldiers call, Alphonso! thou hast taught
The way to all the wonders they have wrought;
Who now refuse to fight
But in thy valour's sight.
Alph. I would to none example be to fly;
But fain would teach all human kind to dye.
Adm. Haste, haste! Ianthe in disguise
At th'English bulwark wounded lies;
And in the French, our old great master strives
From many hands to rescue many lives.
Alph. Ianthe wounded? where? alas!
Has mourning pitty hid her face?
Let pitty fly, fly far from the opprest,
Since she removes her lodging from my brest!
Adm. You have but two great cruelties to chuse
By staying here; you must Ianthe lose,
Who ventur'd life and fame for you;

Or your great master quite forsake,
Who to your childhood first did shew
The ways you did to honour take.
Alph. Ianthe cannot be
In safer company:
For what will not the valiant English do
When beauty is distress'd and vertue too?
Adm. Dispatch your choice, if you will either save,
Occasion bids you run;
You must redeem the one
And I the other from a common grave.
Alphonso, haste!
Alph. Thou urgest me too fast.
This riddle is too sad and intricate;
The hardest that was e're propos'd by Fate.
Honour and pitty have
Of both too short a time to choose!
Honour the one would save,
Pitty would not the other lose.
Adm. Away, brave Duke, away!
Both perish by our stay.
Alph. I to my noble master owe
All that my youth did nobly do:
He in War's school my master was,
The ruler of my life;
She my lov'd mistriss; but, alass,
My now suspected wife.

Adm. By this delay we both of them forsake!
Which of their rescues wilt thou undertake?
Alph. Hence, Admiral, and to thy master hy!
I will as swiftly to my mistris fly;
Through ambush, fire, and all impediments
The witty cruelty of war invents:
For there does yet some taste of kindness last,
Still relishing the vertue that is past.
But how, Ianthe, can my sword successful prove,
Where honour stops, and only pitty leads my love? *Exeunt several wayes.*

Enter Pirrhus.

Pirrhus. O suddain change! repulst in all the heat
Of victory, and forc'd to lose retreat!
Seven crescents, fixt on their redouts, are gone!
Horse, horse! we fly
From victory!
Wheel, wheel from their reserves, and charge our own!
Divide that wing!
More succours bring!
Rally the fled,
And quit our dead!
Rescue that ensign and that drum!
Bold slaves! they to our trenches come:
Though still our army does in posture stay

131 *hy.* F, high. *thy.* Q2, my.
132 *my.* Q2, F, thy.
146 *succours.* F, succour.

Drawn up to judge, not act, the business of the day;
As Rome, in theaters, saw fencers play.

Enter Mustapha.

Mustapha. Who can be loud enough to give command?
Stand, Haly, make a stand!
Those horses to that carriage span! Drive, drive!
Zanger is shot agen, yet still alive!
Coyns for the culv'rin, then give fire
To cleer the turn-pikes, and let Zanger in!
Look, Pirrhus, look, they all begin
To alter their bold count'nance, and retire!
[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene returns to that of the Castle on Mount Philermus.

Enter Solyman.

Solyman. How cowardly my num'rous slaves fall back:
Slow to assault, but dext'rous when they sack!
Wild wolves in times of peace they are;
Tame sheep and harmless in the war.
Crowds fit to stop up breaches; and prevail
But so as shoals of herrings choak a whale.
This dragon-duke so nimbly fought to day,
As if he wings had got to stoop at prey.

Ianthe is triumphant but not gone;
And sees Rhodes still beleaguer'd, though not won.
Audacious town! thou keep'st thy station still;
And so my castle tarries on that hill,
Where I will dwell till famine enter thee;
And prove more fatal than my sword could be.
Nor shall Ianthe from my favours run,
But stay to meet and praise what she did shun.

The Scene is chang'd to that of the town besieg'd.

Enter Villerius, Admiral, Ianthe.
She in a night-gown and a chair is brought in.

Villerius. Fair vertue, we have found
No danger in your wound.
Securely live,
And credit give
To us, and to the surgeons art.

Ianthe. Alas! my wound is in the heart;
Or else, where e're it be,
Imprison'd life it comes to free,
By seconding a worser wound that hid doth lie:
What practice can assure
That patient of a cure,
Whose kind of grief still makes her doubt the remedy?

Admiral. The wounded that would soon be eas'd
Should keep their spirits tun'd and pleas'd;
No discords should their mind subdue:
And who in such distress
As this ought to express
More joyful harmony than you?
'Tis not alone that we assure
Your certain cure;
But pray remember that your blood's expence
Was in defence
Of Rhodes, which gain'd to day a most important victory:
For our success, repelling this assault,
Has taught the Ottomans to halt;
Who may, wasting their heavy body, learn to fly.
[*Vill.*] Not only this should hasten your content,
But you shall joy to know the instrument
That wrought the triumph of this day;
Alphonso did the sally sway;
To whom our Rhodes all that she is does owe,
And all that from her root of hope can grow.
Ian. Has he so greatly done?
Indeed he us'd to run
As swift in Honour's race as any he

192 *discords.* Q1, Q2, discord.
204 *Vill.* Q1, Q2, Q3, *Adm.*

Who thinks he merits wreaths for victory.
This is to all a comfort, and should be,
If he were kind, the greatest joy to me.
Where is my alter'd lord? I cannot tell
If I may ask, if he be safe and well?
For whil'st all strangers may his actions boast,
Who in their songs repeat
The triumphs he does get,
I only must lament his favours lost.
Vil. Some wounds he has; none desperate but yours;
Ianthe cur'd, his own he quickly cures.
Ian. If his be little, mine will soon grow less.
Ay me! What sword
Durst give my lord
Those wounds, which now Ianthe cannot dress?
Adm. Ianthe will rejoyce when she [does] hear
How greater than himself he [did] appear
In rescue of her life; all acts were slight
And cold, even in our hottest fight,
Compar'd to what he did,
When with death's vizard she her beauty hid.
Vil. Love urg'd his anger, till it made such haste
And rusht so swiftly in,
That scarce he did begin
E're we could say, the mighty work was past.

222 *desperate.* Q2, dangerous.
228 *does.* Q1, Q2, Q3, Q4, F, did. 229 *did.* Q1, Q2, Q3, Q4, F, does.

Ian. All this for me? somthing he did for you:
But when his sword begun,
Much more it would have done
If he, alas! had thought Ianthe true.
Adm. Be kind, Ianthe, and be well!
It is too pittifull to tell
What way of dying he exprest
When he that letter read
You wrote before your wounds were drest;
When you and we despair'd you could recover:
Then he was more than dead,
And much out-wept a husband and a lover.

Enter Alphonso wounded, led in by two Mutes.

Alphonso. Tear up my wounds! I had a passion coorse
And rude enough to strengthen jealousie;
But want that more refin'd and quicker force
Which does out-wrestle nature when we dye.
Turn to a tempest all my inward strife:
Let it not last,
But in a blast
Spend this infectious vapour, life!
Ian. It is my lord! Enough of strength I feel,
To bear me to him, or but let me kneel.
He bled for me when he atchiev'd for you
This days success; and much from me is due.

244 *he.* Q4, F, is.

Let me but bless him for his victory,
And hasten to forgive him e'r I dye.
Alph. Be not too rash, Ianthe, to forgive.
Who knows but I ill use may make
Of pardons which I could not take,
For they may move me to desire to live.
Ian. If ought can make Ianthe worthy grow
Of having pow'r of pard'ning you,
It is, because she perfectly does know
That no such pow'r to her is due.
Who never can forget her self, since she
Unkindly did resent your jealousie.
A passion against which you nobly strove:
I know it was but over-cautious love.
Alph. Accursed crime! Oh, let it have no name
Till I recover bloud to shew my shame.
Ian. Why stay we at such distance when we treat?
As monarchs children, making love
By proxy, to each other move,
And by advice of tedious councils meet.
Alph. Keep back, Ianthe, for my strength does fail
When on thy cheeks I see thy roses pale.

264–81 *Be . . . meet.* Q1, Q2 omit.
270 *does.* Q4, F, doth. 282 *does.* Q1, Q2, will.
283 *When.* Q1, Q2, If.

Draw all the curtains, and then lead her in;
Let me in darkness mourn away my sin. *Exeunt.*

Enter [*Solyman*], *Roxolana, and women attendants.*

Solyman. Your looks express a triumph at our loss.

Roxolana. Can I forsake the crescent for the cross?

Sol. You wish my spreading crescent shrunk to less.

Rox. Sultan, I would not lose by your success.

Sol. You are a friend to the besiegers grown!

Rox. I wish your sword may thrive,
Yet would not have you strive
To take Ianthe rather than the town.

Sol. Too much on wand'ring rumour you rely;
Your foolish women teach you jealousie.

1 *Woman.* We should too blindly confident appear,
If, when the empress fears, we should not fear.

2 *Woman.* The camp does breed that loud report
Which wakens eccho in the court.

1 *Woman.* The world our duty will approve,
If, for our mistress sake,
We ever are awake
To watch the wand'rings of your love.

286–309 *Enter . . . wink.* Q1, Q2 omit.
288 *to.* F, no.

Sol. My war with Rhodes will never have success,
Till I at home, Roxana, make my peace.
I will be kind, if you'l grow wise;
Go, chide your whisp'rers and your spies,
Be satisfy'd with liberty to think;
And, when you should not see me, learn to wink. [*Exeunt.*]

Chorus of Souldiers.

1.

With a fine merry gale,
Fit to fill ev'ry sail,
They did cut the smooth sea
That our skins they might flea:
Still as they landed, we firkt them with sallies;
We did bang their silk shashes,
Through sands and through plashes
Till amain they did run to their gallies.

2.

They first were so mad
As they jealousies had
That our isle durst not stay,
But would float strait away;
For they landed still faster and faster:
And their old bassa Pirrhus
Did think he could fear us;
But himself sooner fear'd our Grand-Master.

3.

Then the hug'ous great Turk,
Came to make us more work;
With enow men to eat
All he meant to defeat;
Whose wonderfull worship did confirm us
In the fear he would bide here
So long till he dy'd here,
By the castle he built on Philermus.

4.

You began the assault
With a very long hault;
And, as haulting ye came,
So ye went off as lame;
And have left our Alphonso to scoff ye.
To himself, as a daintie,
He keeps his Ianthe;
Whilst we drink good wine, and you drink but coffee.

The End of the Fifth Entry.

The Curtain is let fall.

FINIS.

THE SIEGE OF RHODES:

The First and Second Part.

As they were lately Represented at His Highness the Duke of *YORK*'S Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

The First Part being lately Enlarg'd.

Written By

Sir VVILLIAM D'AVENANT.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the *Anchor*, on the Lower-walk in the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

[The Story Personated.

Solyman	by	Capt. *Henry Cook.*
Villerius		Mr. *Gregory Thorndell.*
Alphonso		Mr. *Edward Coleman.*
Admiral		Mr. *Matthew Lock.*
Pirrhus		Mr. *John Harding.*
Mustapha		Mr. *Henry Persill.*
Ianthe		Mrs. *Coleman*, wife to Mr. *Edward Coleman.*

The Composition of *Vocal Musick* was perform'd.

The *First Entry*	by	Mr. *Henry Lawes.*
Second Entry		Capt. *Henry Cook.*
Third Entry		Capt. *Henry Cook.*
Fourth Entry		Mr. *Matthew Lock.*
Fifth Entry.		Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

The *Instrumental Musick* was compos'd by Dr. *Charles Coleman* and Mr. *George Hudson.*]

The Story only in Q1, Q2.

PROLOGUE

What if we serve you now a trick? and do
Like him who posted bills that he would show
So many active feats, and those so high
That court and city came to see him fly?
But he, good man, carefull to empty still
The money-boxes, as the house did fill,
Of all his tricks, had time to shew but one:
He lin'd his purse, and, presto! he was gone! . . .
Many were then as fond, as you are now,
Of seeing stranger things than art can show.
We may perform as much as he did doe;
We have your money, and a back-door too.
Go and be couzen'd thus, rather than stay
And wait to be worse couzen'd with our play.
For you shall hear such course complaints of Love,
Such silly sighing, as no more will move
Your Passion then Dutch *madrigals can doe,*
When Skippers, *with w*[*e*]*t beards at* Wapping *wooe.*
Hope little from our poets wither'd witt,
From infant-players, scarce grown Puppets yet.
Hope from our women less, whose bashfull fear,
Wondred to see me dare to enter here:

Prologue. In F, the words, The Siege of Rhodes. The Second Part, precede this.

18 *wet.* So in Q4; Q3, wit.

Each took her leave, and wisht my danger past;
And though I come back safe, and undisgrac'd,
Yet when they spie the WITS *here, then I doubt*
No Amazon *can make 'em venture out.*
Though I advis'd 'em not to fear you much,
For I presume not half of you are such;
But many trav'lers here as judges come
From Paris, Florence, Venice, *and from* Rome,
Who will describe, when any scene we draw,
By each of ours, all that they ever saw;
Those praising, for extensive breadth and height,
And inward distance to deceive the sight.
When greater objects, moving in broad space,
You rank with lesser, in this narrow place,
Then we like chess-men, *on a chess-board are,*
And seem to play like pawns *the* Rhodian *Warr.*
Oh Money! Money! if the WITTS *would dress,*
With ornaments, the present face of peace,
And to our poet half that treasure spare,
Which faction gets from fools to nourish warr;
Then his contracted scenes should wider be,
And move by greater engines, till you see
(Whilst you securely sit) fierce armies meet,
And raging seas disperse a fighting fleet.
Thus much he bad me say; and I confess
I think he would, if rich, mean nothing less,
But, leaving you your selves to entertain,
Like an old rat retire to Parmazan.

The Siege of Rhodes

The Second Part.

Act the First, Scene the First.

The Scene is a Prospect of Rhodes beleaguer'd at Sea and Land by the Fleet and Army of Solyman.

Enter Alphonso, Admiral, Marshal of Rhodes.

Alphonso. When shall we scape from the delays of Rome?
And when, slow Venice, will thy succours come?
Marshal. How often too have we in vain
Sought ayd from long consulting Spain?
Admiral. The German eagle does no more
About our barren island sore.
Thy region, famisht Rhodes, she does forsake
And cruelly at home her quarrie make.
Alph. The furious French, and fiercer English fail.
Adm. We watch from steeples and the peer
What flaggs remoter vessels bear;
But no glad voice cries out, A sail! a sail!

Mar. Brave Duke! I find we are to blame
In playing slowly honour's game,
Whilst lingring Famine wasts our strength,
And tires afflicted life with length.
Alph. The Council does it rashness call
When we propose to hazard all
The parcells we have left in one bold cast:
But their discretion makes our torments last.
Adm. When less'ning hope flyes from our ken,
And still despair shews great and near,
Discretion seems to valour then
A formal shape to cover fear.
Alph. Courage, when it at once adventures all,
And dares with human aids dispence,
Resembles that high confidence
Which priests may faith and heav'nly-valour call.
Adm. Those who in latter dangers of fierce warr
To distant hope and long consults are given,
Depend too proudly on their own wise care,
And seem to trust themselves much more than Heav'n.
Alph. Let then the elder of our Rhodian knights
Discourse of slow designs in antient fights;
Let them sit long in council to contrive
How they may longest keep lean fools alive:

Whilst (Marshal) thou, the Admiral, and I
(Grown weary of this tedious strife
Which but prolongs imprison'd life)
Since we are freely born will freely dye.
Adm. From sev'ral ports wee'l sally out
With all the bolder youth our seas have bred,—
Mar. And we at land through storms of warr have led,
Then meet at Mustapha's redoubt.
Alph. And this last race of honour being run,
Wee'l meet agen, farr, farr, above the sun.
Adm. Already Fame her trumpet sounds,
Which more provokes and warms
Our courage than the smart of wounds.
Away! to arms! to arms! . . .

Enter Villerius.

Villerius. What from the camp, when no assault is near,
Fierce Duke, does thee to slaughter call?
Or what bold fleet does now at sea appear,
To hale and boord our admiral?
Adm. We give, great master, this alarm
Not to forewarn your chiefs of harm,
To whom assaults from land or sea
Would now but too much welcome be.
Alph. We want great dangers, and of mischiefs know
No greater ill but that they come too slow.

43 *bred.* Period after this in Q's and F.

Adm. Why should we thus, with arts great care
Of empire, against nature warr?
Nature, with sleep and food, would make life last,
But artfull empire makes us watch and fast.
Alph. If valour virtue be, why should we lack
The means to make it move?
Which progress would improve;
But cannot march when Famine keeps it back?
Adm. When gen'ral dearth
Afflicts the earth,
Then even our loudest warriours calmly pine.
High courage (though with sourness still
It yields to yoaks of human will)
Yet gracefully does bow to pow'r divine.
Alph. But when but mortal foes
Imperiously impose
A martial lent
Where strength is spent;
That Famine, doubly horrid, wears the face
Both of a lingring death, and of disgrace.
Mar. For those, whose valour makes them quickly dye,
Prevent the fast to shun the infamy.
Vil. Whom have I heard? 'Tis time all pow'r should cease
When men high born, and higher bred,
(Who have out-done what most have read,)

Grow like the gow[r]d, impatient of distress.
Is there no room for hope in any breast?
Adm. Not, since she does appear
Boldly a dweller where
She first was intertain'd but as a guest.
Alph. She may in sieges be receiv'd,
Be courted too, and much believ'd,
And thus continue after wants begin;
But is thrust out when Famine enters in.
Vil. You have been tir'd in vain with passiveness;
But where, when active, can you meet success?
Alph. With all the strength of all our forts
Wee'l sally out from all the ports,
And with a hot and hot alarm
Still keep the Turkish tents so warm
That Solyman shall in a feaver lye.
Mar. His bassas, marking what we do,
Shall find that we were taught by you
To manage life, and teach them how to dye.
Vil. Valour's designs are many heights above
All pleasures fancy'd in the dreams of love.
But whilst, voluptuously, you thus devise
Delightfull ways to end those miseries
Which over-charge your own impatient mind,
Where shall the softer sex their safety find?

86 *gowrd.* Q3, Q4, F, gowd; M and L, goud.

When you with num'rous foes lye dead,
(I mean asleep in honour's bed)
They then may subject be
To all the wild and fouler force
Of rudest victory,
Where noise shall deafen all remorse.
Alph. If still concern'd to watch and arm
That we may keep from harm
All who defenceless are
And seldome safe in warr,
When, Admiral, shall we
From weariness be free?
Vil. The Rhodians by your gen'ral sally may
Get high renown,
Though you at last must bravely lose the day,
And they their town.
Then when by anger'd Solyman 'tis sway'd,
On whom shall climbing infants smile for aid?
Or who shall lift and rescue falling age,
When it can only frown at Turkish rage?
The living thus advise you to esteem
And keep your life that it may succour them:
But though you are inclin'd to hear death plead
As strongly to invite you to the dead,
Whilst glory does beyond compassion move,
Yet stay till your Ianthe speaks for love!
Alph. Ianthe's name is such a double charm,
As strait does arm me, and as soon unarm.

Valour, as farr as ever valour went,
Dares go, not stopping at the Sultans tent,
To free Ianthe when to Rhodes confin'd:
But halts, when it considers I
Amidst ten thousand Turks may dye,
Yet leave her then to many more behind.
Adm. Since life is to be kept, what must be done?
Vil. All those attempts of valour we must shun
Which may the Sultan vex; and, since bereft
Of food, there is no help but treaty left.
Adm. Rhodes, when the world shall thy submission know,
Honour, thy antient friend, will court thy foe.
Mar. Honour begins to blush, and hide his face:
For those who treat sheath all their swords,
To try by length of fencing words
How farr they may consent to meet disgrace.
Alph. As noble minds with shame their wants confess;
So Rhodes will bashfully declare distress.
A shout within, and a noise of forcing of doors.
Vil. Our guards will turn confed'rates with the crowd,
Whose mis'ries now insult and make them loud.

Their leaders strive with praises to appease,
And soften the mis-led with promises.
Exit Admiral.

Alph. These us'd with awe to wait
Far from your palace gate;
But, like lean birds in frosts, their hunger now
Makes them approach us and familiar grow.

Vil. They have so long been dying, that 'tis fit
They deaths great privilege should have,
Which does in all a parity admit:
No rooms of state are in the grave.

[*Re-*]*enter Admiral.*

Adm. The peoples various minds
(Which are like sudden winds,
Such as from hilly-coasts still changing blow)
Were lately as a secret kept
In many whispers of so soft a breath,
And in a calm so deeply low,
As if all life had soundly slept;
But now, as if they meant to waken death,
They rashly rise, and loud in tumults grow.

Mar. They see our strength is hourly less,
Whilst Solyman's does still increase.

Adm. Thus, being to their last expectance driven,
Ianthe, now they cry!
Whose name they raise so high
And often that it fills the vault of Heaven.

Alph. If Solyman does much her looks esteem,
Looks captive him, and may enfranchise them.
Adm. By many pris'ners, since our siege began,
They have been told, how potent Solyman,
In all assaults, severely did command
That you and she
Should still be free
From all attempts of every Turkish hand.
Alph. It rudeness were in me, not to confess
That Solyman has civil been,
And did much Christian honour winn
When he Ianthe rescu'd from distress.
Adm. They were from many more advertis'd too,
That he hath passports sent for her and you:
Which makes them hope the pow'r divine
Does by some blessed cause design
Ianthe to procure their liberty:
Or if by Heaven 'tis not intirely me'nt
That powerfull beauties force should set them free,
Yet they would have her strait in treaty sent
To gain some rest for those,
Who of their restless foes
Continual wounds and fasts are weary grown.
Mar. Whose mighty hearts conceiv'd before,

That they were built to suffer more
Assaults and battries than our rocky town.
Vil. Those who, with gyant-stature, shocks receiv'd,
Now down to dwarfish size and weakness fall.
Mar. Who once no more of harm from shot believ'd
Than that an arrow hurts a wounded wall.
Alph. She treat? What pleasant, but what frantick dreams,
Rise from the peoples feaver of extremes?
I will allay their rage, or try
How farr Ianthe will comply. *Exit.*

Enter Ianthe and her two women at the other door.

Ianthe. Why, wise Villerius, had you power to sway
That Rhodian valour, which did yours obey?
Was not that pow'r deriv'd from awfull Heav'n
Which to your valour hath your wisdome given?
And that directs you to the seasons meet
For deeds of warr, and when 'tis fit to treat.
Vil. Ere we to Solyman can sue,
Ianthe, we must treat with you.
The people find that they have no defence
But in your beauty and your eloquence.
Mar. To your requests great Solyman may yield.

Ian. Can hope on such a weak foundation build?
Mar. In you the famish't peoples hopes are fed.
Ian. Can your discerning eyes
(Which may inform the wise)
Be by vain hope, their blind conductor, led?
Vil. When winds in tempests rise
Pilots may shut their eyes.
Mar. And, though their practice knows their way,
Must be content a while to stray.
Ian. Though Solyman should softer grow,
And to my tears compassion show,
What shape of comfort can appear to me,
When all your outward warr shall cease,
If then my lord renew his jealousie
And strait destroy my inward peace?
Vil. The Rhodian knights shall all in council sit;
And with perswasions, by the publick voice,
Your lord shall woo till you to that submit
Which is the peoples will, and not your choice.
No arguments, by forms of senate made,
Can magisterial jealousie perswade;
It takes no counsel, nor will be in awe
Of reasons force, necessity, or law.
Exit with the Marshal and her women.

Vil. Call thy experience back,
Which safely coasted every shore;
And let thy reason lack
No wings to make it higher soar;
For all those aids will much too weak appear,
With all that gath'ring fancy can supply,
When she hath travell'd round about the sphere,
To give us strength to govern jealousie.
Adm. Will you believe that fair Ianthe can
Consent to go, and treat with Solyman,
Vainly in hope to move him to remorse?
Vil. 'Twill not be said by me
That she consents, when she
Does yield to what the people would inforce.
Their strength they now will in our weakness find,
Whom in their plenty we can sway,
But in their wants must them obey,
And wink when they the cords of pow'r unbind.
Adm. 'Tis likely then that she must yield to go.
Vil. Who can resist, if they will have it so?
Adm. Where e're she moves she will last innocent.
Vil. Heav'ns spotless lights are not by motion spent.
Adm. Alphonso's love cannot so sickly be
As to express relapse of jealousie.

Vil. Examine jealousie and it will prove
To be the carefull tenderness of love.
It can no sooner than celestial fire
Be either quench't, or of it self expire.
Adm. No signs are seen of embers that remain
For windy passion to provoke.
Vil. Talk not of signs; celestial fires contain
No matter which appears in smoak.
Be heedfull, Admiral; the private peace
Of lovers so renown'd requires your care:
Their league, renew'd of late, will, if it cease,
As much perplex us as the Rhodian warr. *Exit.*
Adm. How vainly must I keep mine eyes awake,
Who now, Alphonso, am enjoyn'd to take,
For publick good, a private care of thee,
When I shall rather need thy care of me?
Love, in Ianthe's shape, pass't through my eyes
And tarries in my breast. But if the wise
Villerius does high jealousie approve
As virtue, and because it springs from love,
My love, I hope, will so much virtue be
As shall, at least, take place of jealousie.
For all will more respect
The cause than the effect.
What I discern of love, seems virtue yet,
And whilst that face appears I'le cherish it.
[*Exit.*

The same Scene continues.

The Second Act.

[*The First Scene.*]

A great noise is heard of the People within.

Enter Villerius, Admiral, Marshal.

Admiral. Their murmurs with their hunger will increase:
Their noises are effects of emptiness.
Murmurs, like winds, will louder prove
When they with larger freedome move.
Villerius. Winds which in hollow caverns dwell,
Do first their force in murmurs waste;
Then soon, in many a sighing blast,
Get out, and up in tempests swell.
Adm. Your practis'd strength no publique burden fears,
Nor stoops when it the weight of empire bears.
Vil. Pow'r is an arch which ev'ry common hand
Does help to raise to a magnifique height;

And it requites their aid when it does stand
With firmer strength beneath increasing weight.
Adm. 'Tis noble to endure and not resent
The bruises of afflictions heavy hand.
But can we not this embassy prevent?
Vil. Ianthe needs must go. Those who withstand
The tide of flood, which is the peoples will,
Fall back when they in vain would onward row:
We strength and way preserve by lying still.
And sure, since tides ebb longer than they flow,
Patience, which waits their ebbs, regains
Lost time, and does prevent our pains.
Adm. Can we of saving and of gaining boast
In that by which Ianthe may be lost?
She wholly honour is, and, when bereft
Of any part of that, has nothing left.
For honour is the soul, which by the art
Of schools is all contain'd in ev'ry part.
Vil. The guiltless cannot honour lose, and she
Can never more than virtue guilty be.
Adm. The talking world may persecute her name.
Vil. Her honour bleeds not, when they wound her fame.
Honour's the soul which nought but guilt can wound;
Fame is the trumpet which the people found.

Marshal. The trumpet where still variously they blow,
And seeking ecchos, sound both high and low.
Adm. Can no expedient stop their will?
Vil. The practice grows above our skill.
Last night, in secret, I a pris'ner sent
To Mustapha, with deep acknowledgment
For fair Ianthes former libertie,
And passports, offer'd since, to set her free.
My letters have no ill acceptance met;
But his reply forbids all means to treat,
Unless Ianthe, who has oft refus'd
That pass, which honour might have safely us'd,
Appear before great Solyman, and sue
To save those lives which famine must subdue.
Adm. (*aside*). Sad fate! Were all those drowsie sirrups here
Which art prescribes to madness, or to fear,
To jealousie, or carefull statesmens eyes,
To waking tyrants, or their watchfull spies,
They could not make me sleep when she is sent
To lie love's lieger in the Sultans tent.
A great shout within.
Mar. What sodain pleasure makes the crowd rejoyce?
What comfort can thus raise the publique voice?
Vil. 'Tis fit that with the peoples insolence,

37–8 *The . . . low.* F omits.

When in their sorrows rude, we should dispence,
Since they are seldome civil in their joys:
Their gladness is but an uncivil noise.
Adm. They seldome are in tune, and their tunes last
But like their loves rash sparkles struck in haste.
Vil. Still brief, as the concordance of a shout.
Adm. What is so short as musick of the rout?
Vil. Though short, yet 'tis as hearty as 'tis loud.
Adm. Dissembling is an art above the crowd.
Vil. Whom do they dignifie with this applause?

Enter Alphonso, Ianthe.

Alphonso. Of this, grave prince, Ianthe is the cause.
I from the temple led her now,
Where she for Rhodes pay'd many a vow,
And did for ev'ry Rhodian mourn
With sorrows gracefully devout:
But they pay'd back at our return
More vows to her than she laid out.
Vil. If they such gratitude express
For your kind pray'rs in their distress,
Ianthe, think, what the besieg'd will do
When the besieger is o'recome by you?
Though Rhodes by kings has quite forsaken bin

Without, whilst all forsake their chiefs within,
Yet who can tell but Heav'n has now design'd
Your shining beauty and your brighter mind
To lead us from the darkness of this warr,
Where the besieg'd, forgotten pris'ners are:
Where glorious minds have been so much obscur'd
That fame has hardly known
What they have boldly done,
And with a greater boldness have endur'd.
Alph. If Heav'n of innocence unmindfull were,
Ianthe then might many dangers fear.
Your hazards, and what Rhodes does hazard too,
Are less than mine when I adventure you;
Who doubtfull perills run
That we may try to shun
Such certain loss as nought can else prevent.
Adm. (*aside*). Revolted jealousie! can he consent?
Ianthe. If Rhodes were not concern'd at all
In what I am desir'd to undertake
I should it less than duty call
To seek the Sultan for Alphonso's sake.
Alph. The Sultan has with forward haste
Climb'd to the top of high renown;
And sure, he cannot now as fast,
By breaking trust, run backward down.

Ian. We should not any with suspition wound
Whom none detect, much less believe that those
In whom by trial we much virtue found
Can quickly all their stock of virtue lose.
Adm. (*aside*). How sweetly she, like infant-innocence,
Runs harmlessly to harm?
High honour will unarm
It self to furnish others with defence.
Mar. Her mind, ascending still o're human heights,
Has all the valour of our Rhodian knights.
Vil. What more remains but pray'rs to recommend
Your safety to the heav'nly pow'rs,
You being theirs much more than ours.
I'l to the Sultan for your passport send.
Ian. That may disgrace the trust which we should give,
And lessen the effects we should receive.
Let such use forms so low
As not by trial know
How high the honour is of Solyman,
Who never will descend
Till he in valleys end
That race which he on lofty hills began.
His pow'r does every day increase,
And can his honour then grow less?

Bright power does like the sun
Tow'rds chief perfection run,
When it does high and higher rise.
From both the best effects proceed,
When they from heights their glories spread,
And when they dazzle gazing eyes.

Alph. How far, Ianthe, will these thoughts extend?
Vain question, honour has no journeys end!

Adm. Her honor's such, as he who limits it
Must draw a line to bound an infinite.

Vil. Since fate has long resolv'd that you must go,
And you a pass decline, what can we do?

Ian. The great example which the Sultan gave
Of virtue, when he did my honour save,
And yours, Alphonso, too in me,
When I was then his enemy,
Shall bring me now a suppliant to his tent,
Without his plighted word or passport sent.
So great a test of our entire belief
Of clemency, in so renown'd a chief,
Is now the greatest present we can make:
His passport is the least that we can take.

Alph. Ianthe, I am learning not to prize
Those dangers, which your virtue can despise.

Adm. My love is better taught,
For with the pangs of thought,

I must that safety much suspect,
Which she too nobly does neglect.
A shout within.
Vil. You hear them, Admiral!
Adm. Agen the people call,
Our hast provoking by a shout.
Vil. Go hang a flag of treaty out,
High on Saint Nich'las fort!
Then clear the western port
To make renown'd Ianthe way!
Shout agen.
Adm. Heark! they grow loud!
That tide, the crowd,
Will not for lovers leisure stay.
Mar. That storm by suddenness prevails,
And makes us lower all our sails.
Vil. To Mustapha I'l strait a herald send,
That Solyman may melt when he shall know,
How much we on his mighty mind depend
By trusting more than Rhodes to such a foe.
Exeunt Villerius, Admiral, Marshal.
Alph. How long, Ianthe, should I grieve
If I perceiv'd you could believe
That I the Rhodians can so much esteem,
As to adventure you to rescue them?
Yet I for Rhodes would frankly hazard all
That I could mine, and not Ianthes call.
But now I yield to let you go

A pledge of treaty to the foe,
In hope that saving Rhodes you may
Prepare to Cicily your way.
Were Rhodes subdu'd, Ianthe being there,
Ianthe should the only loss appear.
Ian. Much from us both is to the Rhodians due,
But when I sue for Rhodes, it is for you.
Alph. Ianthe, we must part! you shall rely
On hope, whilst I in parting learn to dye.
Ian. Take back that hope! your dealing is not fair,
To give me hope, and leave your self despair.
Alph. I will but dream of death, and then
As virtuously as dying men
Let me to scape from future punishment
Come to a clear confession, and repent.
Ian. I cannot any story fear
Which of Alphonso I shall hear,
Unless his foes in malice tell it wrong.
Alph. Ianthe, my confession is not long,
For since it tells what folly did commit
Against your honour, shame will shorten it.
Ian. Lend me a little of that shame,
For I perceive I grow too blame
In practising to guess what it can be.
Alph. It is my late ignoble jealousie.
Though parting now seems death, yet but forgive

That crime, and after parting I may live.
And as I now again great sorrow show,
Though I repented well for it before,
So let your pardon with my sorrows grow;
You much forgave me, but forgive me more.
Ian. Away! away! How soon will this augment
The troubled peoples fears,
When they shall see me by Alphonso sent
To treat for Rhodes in tears?
Alph. What in your absence shall I do
Worthy of fame, though not of you?
Ian. By patience, not by action now,
Your virtue must successfull grow.
A shout within.
Alph. In throngs the longing people wait
Your comming at the palace gate.
Let me attend you to the peer.
Ian. But we must leave our sorrows here.
Let not a Rhodian witness be
Of any grief in you or me;
For Rhodes, by seeing us at parting mourn,
Will look for weeping clouds at my return.
Exeunt.

[*The Second Scene.*]

The Scene is chang'd to the Camp of Solyman, the Tents and Guards seem near, and part of Rhodes at a distance.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Rustan.

Pirrhus. None (glorious Sultan) can your conquest doubt,
When Rhodes has hung a flagg of treaty out.
Solyman. Thy courage, haughty Rhodes,
(When I account the odds
Thou hast oppos'd, by long and vain defence)
Is but a braver kind of impudence.
Thou knew'st my strength, but thou didst better know
How much I priz'd the brav'ry's of a foe.
Pir. Their sallies were by stealth, and faint of late.
Sol. Can flowing valour stay at standing flood?
Pir. No, it will quickly from the mark abate.
Rustan. And then soon shew the dead low ebb of blood.
Sol. When those who did such mighty deeds before,
Shall less, but by a little, do,
It shews to me and you,

Old Pirrhus, that they mean to do no more.
By treaty they but boldly begg a peace.

Pir. Shall I command that all our battries cease?

Sol. You may, then draw our out-guards to the line.

Pir. And I'l prevent the springing of the mine. *Exit.*

Enter Mustapha.

Mustapha. Villerius sends his homage to your feet:

And, to declare how low
The pride of Rhodes can bow,
Ianthe will be here to kneel and treat.

Rus. What more can fortune in your favour do?
Beauty, which conquers victors, yields to you.

Sol. What wandring star does lead her forth?
Can she
Who scorn'd a passport for her liberty,
Vouchsafe to come, and treat without it now?
The first did glory, this respect may show.
Pow'rs best religion she
Perhaps does civilly believe
To be establish'd, and reform'd in me,
Which counsels monarchs to forgive.

[*Re*]*-enter Pirrhus.*

Pir. A second morn begins to break from Rhodes;

And now that threatning skie grows clear,
Which was o're cast with smoke of cannon-clouds,
The fair Ianthe does appear.
Sol. Pirrhus, our forces from the trenches lead,
And open as our flying ensigns spread.
And, Mustapha, let her reception be
As great as is the faith she has in me.
I keep high int'rest hid in this command,
Which you with safety may
Implicitly obey,
But not without your danger understand.
Your try'd obedience I shall much engage,
Joyn'd to the prudence of your practis'd age.
Mus. We are content with age, because we live
So long beneath your sway.
Pir. Age makes us fit t'obey
Commands which none but Solyman can give.
Exeunt Pirrhus, Mustapha, Rustan.
Sol. Of spacious empire, what can I enjoy?
Gaining at last but what I first destroy.
'Tis fatal (Rhodes) to thee,
And troublesome to me
That I was born to govern swarms
Of vassals boldly bred to arms:
For whose accurs'd diversion, I must still

Provide new towns to sack, new foes to kill.
Excuse that pow'r, which by my slaves is aw'd:
For I shall find my peace
Destroy'd at home, unless
I seek for them destructive warr abroad. *Exit.*

[*The Third Scene.*]

Enter Roxolana, Haly, Pirrhus, Mustapha, Rustan, Pages, Women.

Roxolana. Th'ambassadors of Persia, are they come?

Haly. They seek your favour and attend their doom.

Rox. The vizier bashaw, did you bid him wait?

Haly. Sultana, he does here expect his fate.

Rox. You take up all our Sultans bosome now;
Have we no place, but that which you allow?

Rustan. Your beautious greatness does your ear incline
To rumors of those crimes which are not mine.
My foes are prosp'rous in their diligence,
And turn ev'n my submission to offence.

Rox. Rustan, your glories rise, and swell too fast.
You must shrink back, and shall repent your haste.

Mustapha. Th'Egyptian presents which you
pleas'd t'assign
As a reward to th'eunuch Salladine,
Are part of those allotments Haly had.
Rox. Let a division be to Haly made.
Pir. Th'Armenian cities have their tribute
paid,
And all the Georgian princes sue for ay'd.
Rox. Those cities, Mustapha, deserve our
care.
Pirrhus, send succours to the Georgian warr.
Mus. Th'embassador which did the jewels
bring
From the Hungarian queen, does audience crave.
Rox. Pirrhus, be tender of her infant king.
Who dares destroy that throne which I would
save?
Rus. Sultana, humbly at your feet I fall,
Do not your Sultan's will, my counsel call.
Rox. Rustan! go mourn! But you may long
repent:
My busie pow'r wants leisure to relent.
Rus. Think me not wicked, till I doubt to
find
Some small compassion in so great a mind.
Rox. These are court-monsters, corm'rants
of the crown:
They feed on favour till th'are over-grown,

Then sawcily believe, we monarchs wives
Were made but to be dress't
For a continu'd feast,
To hear soft sounds, and play away our lives.
They think our fullness is to wain so soon
As if our sexes governess, the moon,
Had plac'd us, but for sport on Fortunes lapp;
They with bold pencils, by the changing shape
Of our frail beauty, have our fortune drawn,
And judge our breasts transparent as our lawn;
Our hearts as loose, and soft, and slight
As are our summer vests of silk;
Our brains, like to our feathers light;
Our blood, as sweet as is our milk:
And think, when fav'rites rise, we are to fall
Meekly as doves, whose livers have no gall.
But they shall find, I'm no European queen,
Who in a throne does sit but to be seen;
And lives in peace with such state-thieves as these
Who robb us of our business for our ease.

Exeunt omnes.

The Scene continues.

The Third Act.

[*The First Scene.*]

Enter Solyman, Mustapha, Pirrhus, Rustan.

Mustapha. Majestick Sultan! at your feet we fall:
Our duty 'tis and just
To say, you have encompass'd us with all
That we can private trust
Or publique honours call.

Pirrhus. In fields our weak retiring age you grace
With forward action; and in court,
Where all your mighty chiefs resort,
Even they to us, as kings to them, give place.

Rustan. The cords by which we are oblig'd are strong.

Solyman. You all have loyal been, and loyal long.
To shew I this retain in full belief,
I'le doubly trust you with my shame and grief.
A grief which takes up all my breast:
Yet finds the room so narrow too

That being straightned there it takes no rest,
But must get out to trouble you.
That grief begets a shame which would disgrace
My pow'r, if it were publisht in my face.
Mus. Your outward calm does well
Your inward storm disguise.
Rus. But long dead calms fore-tell
That tempests are to rise.
Sol. My Roxolana, by ambitious strife,
To get unjust succession for her son,
Has put in doubt
Or blotted out
All the heroique story of my life,
And will lose back the battails I have wonn.
Pir. E're ill advice shall lead her far, shee'l skorn
Her guide, and, faster than she went, return.
Mus. Those who advis'd her ill, in that did do
Much more than we dare hear except from you.
Sol. O Mustapha! is it too much for me
To think, I justly may possessor be
Of one soft bosom, where releas'd from care,
I should securely rest from toils of warr?
But now, when daily tir'd with watchfull life,
(With various turns in doubtfull fight,
And length of talking councils) I at night
In vain seek sleep with a tempestuous wife.

Wink at my shame, that I, whose banners brave
The world, should thus to beauty be a slave.
Pir. This cloud will quickly pass
From Roxolana's face.
Mus. The weather then will change from foul to fair.
Rus. Tempests are short, and serve to clear the air.
Sol. Since I have told my sickness, it is fit
You hear what cure I have prescrib'd to it.
Those lovers knots I cannot strait untwine,
Which, sure, were made to last
Since they were once ty'd fast
With strings of Roxolana's heart and mine.
Mus. How can she vast possession more improve?
Has she not all in having all your love?
Sol. I have design'd a way to check her pride.
It is not yet forgot,
That even the gordian knot
At last was cut, which could not be unty'd.
Does not the fair Ianthe wait
Without, in hope to mitigate,
By soft'ning looks, the Rhodians fate?
Let that new moon appear,
And try her influence here.
Exit Mustapha.

Pir. What lab'rynth does our Sultan mean to tread?
Shall straying love the worlds great leader lead?

Enter Mustapha, Ianthe.

Sol. When warlick cities (fair embassadress)
Begin to treat, they cover their distress.
In shewing you, the artfull Rhodians know
They hide distress and all their triumphs show.
From with'ring Rhodes you fresher beauty bring,
And sweeter than the bosom of the spring.

Ianthe. Cities (propitious Sultan) when they treat,
Conceal their wants, and strength may counterfeit:
But sure the Rhodians would not get esteem,
By ought pretended in my self or them.
If I could any beauty wear
Where Roxolana fills the sphear
Yet I bring griefs to cloud it here.

Sol. Your Rhodes has hung a flagg of treaty out.

Ian. You can as little then my sorrows doubt
As I can fear that any humble grief
May sue to Solyman and want relief.

Sol. You oft the proffer'd freedome did refuse,
Which now you seek, and would have others use.

Ian. I then did make my want of merit known,

And thought that gift too much for me alone;
And as 'twas fit
To reckon it
More favour than Ianthe should receive,
So it did then appear
That single favours were
Too little for great Solyman to give.
Sol. Much is to every beauty due:
Then how much more to all
Those divers forms we beauty call,
And all are reconcil'd in you?
But those who here for peace by treaty look,
Must meet with that which beauty least can brook,
Delay of court, which makes the blood so cold
That youngest agents here look pale and old.
Here you must tedious forms of pow'r obey.—
Your bus'ness will all night require your stay.
Ian. Bus'ness, abroad at night? sure bus'ness then
Only becomes the confidence of men.
Those who the greatest wand'rers are,
Wild birds, that in the day
Frequent no certain way,
And know no limits in the air,
Will still at night discreetly come
And take their civil rest at home.

Sol. Is the protection of my pow'r so slight,
That in my camp you are affraid of night?
Ian. Stay in the camp at night, and Rhodes so near,
Honour my guide, and griev'd Alphonso there?
Sol. Treaties are long, my bassas old and slow,
With whom you must debate before you go.
Let not your cause by any absence fail.
Your beautious presence may on age prevail.
Ian. Alas, I came not to capitulate,
And shew a love of speech by long debate:
She kneels.
But to implore from Solyman what he
To Rhodes may quickly grant,
And never feel a want
Of that which by dispatch would doubled be.
Sol. Ianthe, rise! your grief may pitty move;
But gracefull grief,
Whilst it does seek relief,
May pitty lead to dang'rous ways of love.
Ian. Why Heav'n, was I mistaken when I thought
That I the coursest shape had brought
And the most wither'd too that sorrow wears?
Sol. If you would wither'd seem, restrain your tears.

The morning dew makes roses blow
And sweter smell and fresher show.
Take heed, Ianthe, you may be too blame.
Did you not trust me when you hither came?
Will you my honour now too late suspect,
When only that can yours protect?
Ian. If of your virtue my extreme belief
May virtuous favour gain,
My tears I will restrain.
It is my faith shall save me, not my grief.
Sol. Conduct her strait to Roxolana's tent,
And tell my haughty empress I have sent
Such a mysterious present as will prove
A riddle both to honour and to love.

Exeunt sev'ral ways.

[*The Second Scene.*]

The Scene returns to that of the Town Besieg'd.

Enter Admiral.

Admiral. Dwells not Alphonso in Ianthes breast,
As prince of that fair palace, not a guest?
Can it be virtue in a Rhodian knight
To seek possession of anothers right?
Yet how can I his title there destroy

By loving that which he may still enjoy?
My passion will no less than virtue prove,
Whilst it does much Ianthes virtue love.
If in her absence I her safety fear,
'Tis virtuous kindness then to wish her here.
But of her dangers I in vain
Shall with my watchfull fears complain
Till he grow fearfull too, whose fears must be
Rais'd to the husbands virtue, jealousie.—

Enter Villerius, Marshal.

Villerius. Does he not seem
As if in dream,
His course by storm were on the ocean lost?

Marshal. He now draws cards to shun a rocky coast.

Adm. The foolish world does jealousie mistake:
'Tis civil care, which kindness does improve.
Perhaps the jealous are too much awake,
But others dully sleep o're those they love.
He must be jealous made, for that kind fear,
When known, will quickly bring and stay her here.

Vil. What can thy silence now portend,
When the assembled people send
Their thankfullness to Heav'n in one loud voice?
The hungry, wounded, and the sick rejoyce.

Mar. Our quires in long procession sing,
The bells of all our temples ring,

Our enemies
Begin to rise,
And from our walls are to their camp retir'd
To see Ianthe there in triumph shown.
Their canon in a loud salute are fir'd,
And eccho'd too by louder of our own.
Who is so dully bred,
Or rather who so dead
Whom fair Ianthes triumph cannot move?
From th'oceans bosom it will call
A sinking Admiral
Who flies to stormy seas from storms of love.

Enter Alphonso.

Alphonso. Our foes (great master) wear the looks of friends.
A Zanjack from the camp attends
Behind the out-let of the peer,
And he demands your private ear.

Exit Villerius.

Adm. Would you had met Ianthe there!

Alph. Since well receiv'd, you wish her here too soon.
The morning led her out
And we may doubt
How her dispatch could bring her back e're noon.

Adm. Her high reception was but justly due,

37–42 *Who . . . love.* In F, spoken by *Adm.*

Who with such noble confidence,
Could with her sexes fears dispence,
And trusting Solyman could part from you.
Alph. By that we may discern her rising mind
O're all the pinnacles of female kind.
Adm. Strangely she shun'd what custom does afford,
The pledges of his pass and plighted word.
Alph. Not knowing guilt, she knows no fear,
And still must strange in all appear,
As well as singular in this;
The crowd of common gazers fill
Their eyes with objects low and ill,
But she a high and good example is.

[*Re-*]*enter Villerius, Marshal.*

Mar. Ianthes lawrels hourly will increase!
Vil. I have receiv'd some secret signs of peace
From Mustapha, whose trusted messenger
Has brought me counsel how to counsel her.
She must a while make such appliances
As may the haughty Roxolana please,
To whom she now by Solyman is sent,
And does remain our lieger in her tent.
Adm. In Turkish dialect, that word, remain,
May many summs of tedious hours contain:
And in a Rhodian lovers swift accompt,
To what a debt will that sad reck'ning mount?

Vil. To night, Alphonso, you must sleep alone.
But time is swift, a night is quickly gone.
For lovers nights are like their slumbers, short.—
I must dispatch this Zanjack to the court.
Alph. The quiet bed of lovers is the grave,
For we in death, no sence of absence have.
Exeunt Villerius, Marshal.
Adm. Rhodes in her view, her tent within your sight!
And yet to be divided a whole night!
Alph. A single night would many ages seem,
Were I not sure that we shall meet in dream.
Adm. She must no more such dang'rous visits make,
Me-thinks I grow malicious for your sake,
And rather wish Rhodes should of freedome fail,
Than that Ianthes power should now prevail.
Alph. Your words mysterious grow.
Adm. Alphonso, no.
For if whilst thus you for her absence mourn
Her pow'r should much appear,
She'l want excuse,
Unless she use
A little of that power, for her return
To day, and nightly resting here.
Alph. The hardned steel of Solyman is such,
As with the edge does all the world command,

And yet that edge is softned with the touch
Of Roxolana's gentle hand.
And as his hardness yields, when she is near,
So may Ianthe's softness govern her.

Adm. The day sufficient seems for all address,
And is at court the season of access;
Deprive not Roxolana of her right;
Let th'empress lye with Solyman at night.
And as that privilege to her is due,
So should Ianthe sleep at Rhodes with you.

Alph. I'le write! The Zanjack for my letter stays;
Love walks his round, and leads me in a maze.
Exit.

Adm. Love does Alphonso in a circle lead;
And none can trace the wayes which I must tread.
Lovers, in searching loves records, will find
But very few like me,
That still would virtuous be,
Whilst to anothers wife I still am kind.
And whilst that wife I like a lover woo,
I use all art
That from her husband she may never part,
And yet even then would make him jealous too.
Exit.

[*The Third Scene.*]

The Scene returns to that of the Camp.

Enter Roxolana, Haly.

Roxolana. Think, Haly, think, what I should swiftly do?
A Rhodian lady, and a beauty too,
In my pavilion lodg'd? It serves to prove
His setled hatred and his wandring love.
Who did he send to plant this canker here?
Haly. Old bassa Mustapha.
Rox. Bid him appear. *Exit Haly.*
Hope, thou grow'st weak, and thou hast been too strong.
Like night, thou com'st too soon, and stay'st too long.
Hence! smiling hope! with growing infants play:
If I dismiss thee not, I know
Thou of thy self wilt go,
And canst no longer than my beauty stay.
I'le open all the doors to let thee out:
And then call in thy next successor, Doubt.
Come, Doubt, and bring thy lean companion, Care.
And, when you both are lodg'd, bring in Despair.

Enter Mustapha, Haly.

Mustapha. Our op'ning buds, and falling blossoms, all
That we can fresh and fragrant call,
That spring can promise, and the summer pay,
Be strew'd in Roxolana's way.
On natures fairest carpets let her tread;
And there, through calms of peace, long may she lead
That pow'r which we have follow'd farr,
And painfully, through storms of warr.

Rox. Blessings are cheap, and those you can afford:
Yet you are kinder than your frowning lord.
I dare accuse him; but it is too late. — *Weeps.*
What means that pretty property of state,
Which is from Rhodes for midnight treaties sent?
Private caballs of lovers in my tent?
Your valour, Mustapha, serv'd to convay
Loves fresh supplies. You souldiers can make way.
Was it not greatly done to bring her here?

Mus. Duty in that did over-rule my fear.
It was the mighty Solymans command.

Rox. Thou fatal fool! how canst thou think
To find a basis where thou firm mayest stand
On those rough waters where I sink?

Mus. If Roxolana were not rank'd above

Mankind, she straight would fall
Before that pow'r which all
The valiant follow, and the virtuous love.
Rox. I grow immortal, for I life disdain:
Which ill with thy dislike of dying suits.
Yet thou, for safety, fear'st great pow'r in vain,
Who here art but a subject to my mutes. —
Mustapha draws a parchment.
Mus. Peruse the dreaded will of anger'd pow'r,
Toucht with the signet of the emperour:
It does enjoyn Ianthes safety here:
She must be sought with love, and serv'd with fear.
This disobey'd, your mutes, who still make haste
To cruelty, may rest for want of breath.
Tis order'd they shall suddenly be past
Their making signs, and shall be dumb with death.
This dreadfull doom from Solyman I give.
But if his will, which is our law,
Be met with an obedient awe,
The empress then may long in triumph live.
She weeps.
Rox. Begon! thy duty is officious fear.
If I am soft enough to grieve,
It is to see the Sultan leave
The warring world, and end his conquests here.—

Crawl to my Sultan still, officious grow!
Ebb with his love, and with his anger flow.
Exit Mustapha.

Haly. Preserve with temper your imperial mind;
And, till you can express
Your wrath with good success,
By angring others to your self be kind.—

Rox. If thou canst weep, thou canst endure to bleed:
Men who compassion feel have valour too:
I shall thy courage more than pitty need:
Dar'st thou contrive as much as I dare do?

Haly. I'le on, as far as weary life can go.

Rox. Then I shall want no aid to my design:
Wee'l digg below them, and blow up their mine.
Exeunt.

The Scene returns to that of the Town Beleaguer'd.

The Fourth Act.

[*The First Scene.*]

Enter Solyman, Mustapha, Rustan.

Solyman. Can Roxolana such a rival bear?
Mustapha. She has her fits of courage and of fear.
As she does high against your anger grow,
So, trusting strait your love, she stoops as low.
Sol. Her chamber-tempests I have known too well:
She quickly can with winds of passion swell,
And then as quickly has the womans pow'r
Of laying tempests with a weeping showr.
What looks does the detain'd Ianthe shew?
Mus. She still is calm in all her fears.
Rustan. And seems so lovely in her tears,
As when the mornings face is washt in dew.

Enter Pirrhus.

Pirrhus. The world salutes you Sultan! Ev'ry pow'r
Does shrink before your throne; and ev'ry how'r

A flying packet or an agent brings
From Asia, Afrique, and European kings.—
Sol. With packets to old Zanger go;
Who, free'd from action, can with sleep dispence;
And having little now to do,
May read dull volumes of intelligence.
These writing-princes covet to seem wise
In packets, and by formal embassies:
They would with symphonies of civil words
(Sweet sounds of court) charm rudeness from our swords:
Teach us to lay our gauntlets by,
That they unarm'd, and harmlessly,
From farthest realms, by proxy, might shake hands;
And, off'ring useless friendship, save their lands.
Exeunt.

[*The Second Scene.*]

Enter Villerius, Alphonso, Admiral, Marshal.

Admiral. He came disguis'd, who brought your letter here,
And sought such privacy as argu'd fear.
Marshal. But (sov'raign master) yours did seem to be
Convey'd by one less pain'd with secresie,
Who does for answer stay.

Villerius. Mine came from Mustapha.
It would import a promising increase
Of our conditions by approaching peace.
But does request us to consent
That fair Ianthe may yet longer stay
In pow'rfull Roxolana's tent;
And that request we understand
As a command
Which, though we would not grant, we must obey.
Alphonso. Mine by a Christian slave was brought,
Who from the eunuch bassa, Haly, came;
And was by Roxolana wrote:
See the Sultana's signet and her name.
She writes — but oh! why have I breath
To tell, how much 'tis worse than death
Not to be dead
Ere I agen this letter read?
Adm. Oh my prophetick fear!
Alph. She writes, that if I hold my honour dear,
Or if Ianthe does that honour prize,
I should with all the art
Of love, confirm her heart,
And strait from Solyman divert her eyes.
Adm. Who knows what end this dire beginning bodes?

Alph. And here she likewise says,
He to Ianthe lays
A closer siege than ere he did to Rhodes.
Adm. (*aside*). Ianthe, I will still my love pursue;
Be kind to thee, and to Alphonso true:
But Loves small policies great Honour now
Will hardly to my rival-ship allow:
Those little arts, bold Duke, I must lay by
And urge thy courage more than jealousie.
Vil. Where is thy honour now, fam'd eastern lord?
Adm. Why sought we not his passport or his word?
Alph. How durst Ianthe have so little fear
As to believe
That in the camp she could receive
Freedome from him who did besiege her here?
Adm. Whilst in her own dispose she here remain'd
I of the brav'ry of her trust complain'd:
Her gen'rous faith too meanly was deceiv'd,
And must not be upbraided but reliev'd.
Vil. To rescue Rhodes she did her self forsake;
And Rhodes shall nobly pay that virtue back.

43 *could.* Q4, F, should.

Alph. Great master! what shall poor Alphonso do?
Since all he has Ianthe's is;
And now in this
Must owe Ianthe and her fame to you.
Vil. If any virtue can in valour be,
Adm. Or any valour in a Rhodian knight,
Alph. Or any lover can have loyalty,
Vil. Or any warriour can in love delight,
Mar. If absence makes not mighty love grow less,
Adm. Or gentle lovers can compassion feel,
Alph. If loyal beauty, when in deep distress,
Can melt our hearts, and harden all our steel:
Vil. Then let us here in sacred vows combine.
My vow is seal'd — *They joyn their swords.*
Adm. And mine. —
Mar. And mine. —
Alph. And trebly mine. —
Vil. Behold us, Fame, then stay thy flight,
And hover o're our towers to night.
Fresh wings together with the morning take;
As early as afflicted lovers wake.
Then tell the world that we have joyn'd our swords
But 'tis for griev'd Ianthe, not for Rhodes.
Alph. Now we shall prosper, who were weary grown

In Rhodes, and never could successfull prove
When empire led us forth to seek renown,
For honour should no leader have but love.

Exeunt omnes.

[*The Third Scene.*]

The Scene is chang'd.

Being wholly fill'd with Roxolana's rich pavilion, wherein is discern'd at distance, Ianthe sleeping on a couch; Roxolana at one end of it, and Haly at the other; guards of eunuchs are discover'd at the wings of the pavilion; Roxolana having a Turkish embroidered handkerchief in her left hand, and a naked ponyard in her right.

Roxolana. Thou dost from beauty, Solyman,
As much refrain as nature can,
Who, making beauty, meant it should be lov'd.
But how can I my station keep
Till thou, Ianthe, art by death remov'd?
To dye, when thou art young,
Is but too soon to fall asleep
And lye asleep too long.

Haly. Your dreadfull will what power can
here command
But pitty? Oh let pitty stay your hand! —
Rox. Sultan, I will not weep, because my tears
Cannot suffice to quench thy loves false flame:
Nor will I to a paleness bleed,
To show my loves true fears,
Because I rather need
More blood to help to blush away thy shame.
Haly. How far are all his former virtues
gone?
Turn back the progress of forgetfull Time:
The many favours by your sultan done
Should now excuse him for one purpos'd crime.
Rox. Haly, consult! Can I do ill
If many foul adult'ries I prevent,
When I but one fair mistress kill?
Haly. Be not too early here with punishment.
Your sultan now
Does only show
The grudgings of a lovers feavrish fit.
You find his inclinations strange,
But, being new, they soon may change;
And they have reacht but to intention yet.
Rox. Long before deeds Heav'n calls inten-
tion sin.
Tis good to end what he would ill begin.
Haly. Do not relinquish yet your first design.

Before you darken all her light
Examine, by your judging sight,
If in your sphear she can unblemisht shine.
You ment to prove her virtue and first try
How well she here could as a rival live,
E're as a judg'd adultress she should dye:
In pard'ning her you Solyman forgive.
And can you add to your lov'd greatness more
When able to forgive the greatest pow'r?

Rox. Tell me agen Alphonso's short reply
When I by letter wak'd his jealousie,
And counsel'd him to write and to advise
His wife to lock her breast, and shut her eyes?

Haly. With silence first he did his sorrows bear;
Then anger rais'd him, till he fell with fear:
At last, said she was now past counsel grown,
Or else could take no better than her own.

Rox. His thoughts a double vizard wear,
And only lead me to suspence,
It seems he does her dangers fear,
And fain would trust her innocence.
Wake her! I will pursue my first design. —

Haly. I go to draw the curtain of a shrine. —
Awake! Behold the pow'rfull empress here.

Ianthe rises and walks at distance from Roxolana.

Ianthe. Heav'n has the greatest pow'r;
Heav'n seeks our love, and kindly comforts fear.
This is my fatal how'r.
Rox. Though beautious when she slept,
Yet now would I had kept
Her safely sleeping still.
She, waking, turns my envy into shame,
And does it so reclaim
That I am conquer'd who came here to kill.
Ian. What dangers should I fear?
Her brow grows smooth and clear:
Yet so much greatness cannot want disguise.
The great live all within,
And are but seldome seen
Looking abroad through casements of their eyes.
Rox. Have courage, fair Sicilian, and come near. —
Ian. My distance shews my duty more than fear.
Rox. I have a present for you, and 'tis such
As comes from one who does believe
It is for you too little to receive;
And I, perhaps, may think it is too much.
Ian. Who dares be bountifull to low distress?
Who to Ianthe can a present make
When Rhodes besieg'd has all she would possess,
And all the world does ruin'd Rhodes forsake?

Rox. The present will not make the giver poor;
And, though 'tis single now, it quickly can
Be multipli'd; you shall have many more.
It is this kiss — it comes from Solyman.
Ian. You did your creature courage give,
And made me hope that I had leave to live,
When you from dutious distance call'd me near:
But now I soon shall courage lack:
I am amaz'd, and must go back:
Amazement is the uggli'st shape of fear.
Rox. Are Christian ladies so reserv'd and shy?
Ian. Our sacred law does give
Them precepts how to live.
And nature tells them they must dye.
Rox. Tis well they to their husbands are so true.
But speak, Ianthe, are they all like you?
Ian. I hope they are, and better too,
Or, if they are not, will be so.
Rox. They have been strangely injur'd then.
But rumour does mistake.
Some say they visits make,
And they are visited by men.
Ian. What custom does avow
Our laws in time allow;
And those who never guilty be
Suspect not others liberty.

Rox. This would in Asia wonderfull appear:
But time may introduce that fashion here.
Come nearer! Is your husband kind and true?
Ian. If good to good I may compare
(Excepting greatness) I would dare
To say, he is as Solyman to you.
Rox. As he to me? How strong is innocence?
Prevailing till tis free to give offence.
Indeed, Alphonso has a large renown,
Which does so daily spread,
As it the world may lead,
And should not be contracted in a town.
Ian. As we in all agree,
So he will prove like me
A lowly servant to your rising fame.
Rox. But is he kind to you, and free from blame?
Civil by day, and loyal too at night?
Ian. By nature, not by skill,
He is as cheerfull still
And as unblemisht as unshaded light.
Rox. These Christian-turtles live too happily.
I wish, for breed, they would to Asia fly. —
You must not at such distance stand;
Draw near, and give me your fair hand. —
I have another present for you now,
And such a present as I know

You will much better than the first allow,
Though Solyman will not esteem it so.
Tis from my self — of friendship such a seal —
Kisses her.
As you to Solyman must ne'r reveal. —
And that I may be more assur'd,
By this agen you are conjur'd. —
Ian. Presents so good and great as these
I should receive upon my knees.
Rox. I will not, lest I may revive your fear,
Relate the cause of your confinement here.
But know, I must
Your virtue trust,
Which, proving loyal, you are safe in mine.
Ian. The light of angels still about you shine!
Haly. The dang'rous secrets of th'imperial bed *Haly takes Ianthe aside.*
Are darker than the riddles of the throne.
The glass, in which their characters are read,
We eunuchs grin'd, and tis but seldome shown.
Ian. I shall with close and wary eyes
Retire from all your mysteries.
And when occasion shall my honour trust,
You'l find I have some courage, and am just.
Rox. Perhaps, Ianthe, you may shortly hear
Of clouds, which threatning me, may urge your fear.

Be virtuous still! tis true my Sultan frowns,—
She weeps.
But let him winn more battails, take more towns,
And be all day the fore-most in the fight,
Yet he shall find that I will rule at night.
Haly looks in.

Haly. The guards increase, and many mutes appear,
Lifting their lights, to shew the Sultan near.

Rox. My new seal'd friendship I must now lay by
A while, and seem your jealous enemy.
Be to your self, and to Alphonso true.

Ian. As he to me, and virtue is to you.
Ianthe steps at aistance.

Enter Solyman.

Solyman. Has night lost all her dark dominion here?
High hopes disturb your sleep,
But I suspect you keep
Ianthe waking not with hope but fear.

Rox. Too well, and much too soon I know
Whom you are pleas'd to grace:
However, since it must be so,
You'l find I can give place.

Sol. You had a place, too near me, and too high.
If but a little you remove

From place of empire or of love,
You soon become but as a stander-by.
One step descending from a shining throne,
You to the darkest depth fall swiftly down.
Rox. If I sat nearer to you than 'twas fit
For empires, heraulds to admit,
(I being born below, and you above)
Pray call in Death, and I'le, even then, bring Love.
To these all places equal be,
For Love and Death know no degree.
Sol. I cannot passions riddles understand.
Rox. You still have present death at your command;
But former love you have laid by,
Which, being gone, you know that I can dye. — *Weeps.*
Sol. I better know that you have cause to weep. *Turns to Ianthe.*
Ianthe, all is calm within your breast,
Retire into the quiet shade of sleep,
And let not watchfull fear divert your rest.
Let all the nations of my camp suffice,
As guards, to keep you from my enemies,
(For of your own
You can have none)
Whilst I but as Loves sent'nel on you wait,
Arm'd with his bow, at your pavilion gate.

Ian. Heav'n put it in your mighty mind
Quickly to be,
More than to me,
To all the valiant Rhodians kind.
And may you grieve to think how many mourn
Till you shall end their griefs at my return.
Sol. You shall not languish with delay.
But this is bus'ness for the day.
Tis now so late at night that all loves spies,
Parents, and husbands too,
The watchfull and the watcht seal up their eyes,
And lovers cease to woo.
Exeunt Haly, Ianthe.
Rox. You alter ev'ry year the worlds known face;
Whilst cities you remove, and nations chace.
These great mutations (which, with shril
And ceaseless sounds, Fame's trumpet fill,
And shall seem wonders in her brazen books)
Much less amaze me than your alter'd looks;
Where I can read your loves more fatal change.
Sol. You make my frowns, yet seem to think them strange.
Rox. You seek a stranger, and abandon me.
Sol. Strange coasts are welcome after storms at sea.

213 *watcht.* Q4, F, Watch.

Rox. That various mind will wander very farr,
Which, more than home, a forein land preferrs.
Sol. The wise, for quietness, when civil warr
Does rage at home, turn private travailers.
Rox. Your loves long frost has made my bosom cold.
Sol. Let not the cause be in your story told.
Rox. A colder heart death's hand has never felt :
But tis such ice as you may break, or melt. —
She weeps.
Sol. I never shall complain
When you are wet with rain,
Which softer passon, does thus gently powr.
What more in season is than such a showr ?
You still, through little clouds, would lovely show,
Were all your April-weather calm as now.
But March resembles more your haughty mind,
Froward and loud oftner than calmly kind.
Weather which may not inconvenient prove
To country lovers, born but to make love,
Who grieve not when they mutual kindness doubt,
But with indiff'rence meet a frown or smile,
As having frequent leisure to fall out,
And their divided breasts to reconcile.

Rox. The world had less sad bus'ness known,
if you
Had been ordain'd for so much leisure too.
Sol. Monarchs, who onward still with conquest move,
Can only for their short diversion love.
When a black cloud in beauties sky appears,
They cannot wait till time the tempest clears.
Whilst they, to save a sullen mistress, stay,
The worlds dominion may be cast away.
Rox. Why is dominion priz'd above
Wise natures great concernment, love?
Sol. Of Heav'n what have we found, which we do more
And sooner, than exceeding pow'r adore?
The wond'rous things which that chief pow'r has done,
Are to those early spies, our senses, shown,
And must at length to reason be assur'd:
Yet how, or what, Heav'n loves is much obscur'd.
And our uncertain love
(Perhaps not bred above,
But in low regions, like the wandring winds)
Shews diff'rent sexes more than equal minds.
Rox. Your love, indeed, is prone to change,
And like the wandring wind does range.
The gale awhile tow'rds Cyprus blew;

It turn'd to Creet, and stronger grew;
Then, on the Lycian shore, it favour'd me:
But now, Ianthe seeks in Sicily.
Sol. In progresses of warr and love
Victors with equal haste must move,
And in attempts of either make no stay:
They can but visit, conquer, and away.
Rox. Love's most victorious and most cruel foe!
Forsake me, and to meaner conquests go!
To warrs, where you may sack and over-run,
Till your success has all the world undone.
Advance those trophies which you ought to hide;
For wherefore are they rais'd
But to have slaughter prais'd,
And courage, which is but applauded pride?
Sol. In so much rain I knew a gust would come:
I'le shun the rising storm and give it room.
Rox. Loves foes are ever hasty in retreat;
You can march off; but 'tis for fear
Lest you should hear
Those mournings which your cruelties beget.
Sol. The fear is wise which you upbraid;
For, whilst thus terrible you grow,
I must confess, I am affraid,
And not asham'd of being so.

Rox. Go where you cover greater fear
Than that which you dissemble here:
Where you breed ill your mis-begotten fame
When charging armies and assaulting towns,
You ravish nations with as little shame
As now you shew in your injurious frowns.
Sol. If we grow fearfull at the face of warr,
You, justly, may our terrour blame,
Since, by your darings, we might learn to dare.
Would you as well could teach us shame.
Rox. Your fears appear, even in your darings, great;
You would not else sound cheerfull trumpets when
The charge begins, whilst drumms with clamour beat,
To raise the courage of your mighty men.
With warrs loud musick showts are mingled too;
Which boastingly such cruel deeds proclaim
As beasts, through thickest furrs, would blush to do.
Your wives may breed up wolves to teach you shame.
Sol. Tis not still dang'rous when you angry grow:
For, Roxolana, you can anger show
To those whom you, perhaps, can never hate.
This passion is; but you have crimes of state.

Rox. Call nature to be judge! What have I done?
Sol. You have a husband lost to save a son.
Rox. Sultan, that son is yours as much [as] mine.
Sol. He has some lustre got in fight;
But yet, beyond the dawning light
Of his new glory, Mustapha does shine,
Who is the pledge of my Circasian wife,
And from my blood as great a share of life
May challenge as your son. Has he not worn
A victors wreath? He is my eldest born.
Rox. Because her son the empire shall enjoy,
Must therefore strangling mutes my sons destroy?
Since eldest born you may him empire give:
But mine, as well as he were born to live.
They may, as yours, though by a second wife,
Inherit that which nature gave them, life.
Sol. Whilst any life I shew by any breath,
Who dares approach them in the shape of death?
Rox. When you to Heav'ns high palace shall remove,
To meet much more compassion there
Than you have ever felt, and far more love
Than ere your heart requited here;

319 *as.* Q3 omits.

Will not your bassas then presume to do
What custom warrants and our priesthood too?
Sol. Those are the secret nerves of empires force.
Empire grows often high
By rules of cruelty,
But seldome prospers when it feels remorse.
Rox. Accursed empire! got and bred by art!
Let nature govern, or at least
Divide our mutual interest:
Yield yours to death, and keep alive my part.
Sol. Beauty, retire! Thou dost my pitty move!
Believe my pitty, and then trust my love! —
Exit Roxolana.
At first I thought her by our prophet sent
As a reward for valours toils,
More worth than all my fathers spoils:
And now, she is become my punishment.
But thou art just, O Pow'r Divine!
With new and painfull arts
Of study'd warr I break the hearts
Of half the world, and she breaks mine.
Exit.

The Scene is chang'd to a Prospect of Rhodes by night, and the Grand Masters Palace on Fire.

The Fifth Act.

[*The First Scene.*]

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Rustan.

Solyman. Look, Pirrhus, look! what means that sudden light,
Which casts a paleness o're the face of night?
The flame shews dreadfull, and ascends still higher!

Pirrhus. The Rhodian masters palace is on fire!

Rustan. A greater from Saint Georges tower does shine!

Sol. Chance it would seem, but does import design!

Enter Mustapha.

Mustapha. Their flagg of treaty they have taken in!

Sol. Dare they this ending warr again begin?

Pir. They feed their flames to light their forces out!

Rus. And now, seem sallying from the French
redoubt!
Mus. Old Orcan takes already the alarm!
Sol. Need they make fires to keep their cour-
age warm?
Pir. The English now advance!
Sol. Let them proceed!
Their cross is bloody, and they come to bleed.
Set all the turn-pikes open, let them in!
Those island gamesters may,
(Who desperately for honour play)
Behold fair stakes, and try what they can winn.
Exeunt omnes.

[*The Second Scene.*]

Enter Villerius, Alphonso, Admiral, Marshal.

Villerius. Burn, palace, burn! Thy flame
more beautious grows
Whilst higher it ascends.
That now must serve to light us to our foes
Which long has lodg'd our friends.
Alphonso. It serves not only as a light
To guide us in so black a night,
But to our enemies will terrour give.
Marshal. Who (seeing we so much destroy,
What we in triumph did enjoy,
That now we know not where to live)
Will strait conclude that boldly we dare dye.

Vil. And those who to themselves lov'd life deny,
Want seldome pow'r to aid their will
When they would others kill.
Admiral. Speak both of killing and of saving too.
The utmost that our valour now can do
Is when, by many bassas, pris'ners ta'ne,
We freedome for distrest Ianthe gain.
Alph. A jewel too sufficient to redeem
Great Solyman were he in chains with them.
Vil. Here spread our front! Our rear is all come forth.
We lead two thousand Rhodian knights,
All skill'd in various fights:
Fame's role contains no names of higher worth.
In whispers give command
To make a stand!
Adm. Stand!
Within. 1 Stand! 2 Stand! 3 Stand!
Vil. Divide our knights, and all their martial train!
Alph. Let me by storm the Sultan's quarter gain.
Adm. My lot directs my wing to Mustapha.
Mar. To Pirrhus, o'er his trench, I'le force my way.
Vil. Our honour bids us give a brave defeat,

Whilst prudence leaves reserves for a retreat.
All lovers are concern'd in what we do.
Loves crown depends on you, on you, and you.
Loves bow is not so fatal as my sword.
Alph. As mine.
Adm. And mine.
Together. Ianthe is the word.
Exeunt.

A Symphony expressing a battail is play'd awhile.

[*The Third Scene.*]

Enter Solyman.

Solyman. More horse! more horse, to shake their ranks!
Bid Orchan haste to gaul their flanks.
Few Rhodian knights, making their several stands,
Out-strike assemblies of our many hands.

Enter Mustapha, Rustan.

Mustapha. Morat and valiant Zangiban are slain.
Rustan. But Orcan does their yielded ground regain.
Sol. Our crescents shine not in the shade of night.

But now the crescent of the sky appears,
Our valour rises with her lucky light,
And all our fighters blush away their fears.

Enter Pirrhus.

Pirrhus. More pikes! and pass the French! fall in! fall in!
That we may gain the day e're day begin.

Sol. Advance with all our guards! This doubtfull strife
Less grieves me than our odds
Of number against Rhodes,
By which we honour lose to rescue life.

Exeunt.

A Symphany sounds a battail again.

[*The Fourth Scene.*]

The Scene Returns to the Town Besieg'd.

Enter Villerius, Marshal.

Villerius. Send back! send back! to quench our fatal fire!
E're morning does advance we must retire;
Justly asham'd to let the days great light
Shew what a little we have done to night.

12 *the day.* F, the field.

Enter Admiral.

Admiral. We have been shipwrackt in a mid-
night storm,
Who hither came (great master) to perform
Such deeds as might have given us cause to
boast.
Marshal. We found the night too black,
And now no use can make
Of day but to discern that we are lost.
Vil. Can thy great courage mention our defeat
Whilst any life is left to make retreat?
Adm. It is a just rebuke.
Vil. Where is the duke?
Adm. Long tir'd with valour's toils, and in his
breast
O're charg'd with lovers griefs, he sought for
rest.
To Fames eternal temple he is gone.
And I may fear
Is enter'd there,
Where death does keep the narrow gate,
And lets in none
But those whom painfull honour brings,
Many, without, in vain for entrance wait,
With warrants seal'd by mighty kings.
Vil. Villerius never yet by Turkish swords
Was cut so deep as by thy wounding words.
Is that great youth, the prince of lovers, slain?

Adm. Who knows how much of life he does
retain?
Twice I reliev'd him from the double force
Of Zangibans old foot, and Orcan's horse.
My strength was overpow'rd; and he still bent
To follow honour to the Sultans tent.
Mar. Alphonso's story has this sodain end:
Ianthe may a longer fate attend.
Vil. Of lifes chief hope we are bereft.
Go rally all whom death has left.
Let our remaining knights make good the peer.
Our hearts will serve to beat,
Unheard, a stoln retreat.
Adm. But shall we leave Ianthe captive here?
Vil. I'le to our temple force our way,
And there for her redemption pray:
Her freedome now depends on our return.
In temples we shall nothing gain
From Heav'n, whilst we of loss complain:
Wee'l for our crimes, not for our losses, mourn.
Exeunt.

[*The Fifth Scene.*]

Enter Solyman, Pyrrhus.

Solyman. Let us no more the Rhodians flight
pursue;
Who since below our anger, need our care.
Compassion is to vanquisht valour due
Which was not cruel in successfull warr.

Pirrhus. Our Sultan does his pow'r from Heav'n derive,
'Tis rais'd above the reach of human force:
It could not else with soft compassion thrive:
For few are gain'd or mended by remorse.
The world is wicked grown, and wicked men
(Since jealous still of those whom they have harm'd)
Are but enabled to offend agen,
When they are pardon'd and left arm'd.

Enter Mustapha, Rustan.

Mustapha. The Rhodians will no more in arms appear:
They now are lost before they lose their town.

Rustan. They may their standards hide and ensigns tear,
For what's the body when the soul is gone?

Must. The pris'ner whom in doubtfull fight we took
(Who long maintain'd the strife,
For freedome more than life)
Is young Alphonso, the Sicilian duke.

Sol. Fortune could never find, if she had eyes,
A present for me which I more would prize.

Enter Haly.

Haly. Your bosom-slave (the creature which your pow'r

Has made in all the world the greatest wife)
Did all this dang'rous night kneel and implore
That Heav'n would give you length of happy life,
In measure to your breadth of spreading fame,
And to the heighth of Ottamans high name.
Sol. Tell Roxolana I esteem her love
So much that I her anger fear;
And whilst with passion I the one approve,
The other I with temper bear.
Haly. She charg'd me not to undertake t'express
With how much grief her eyes did melt
When she this night your dangers felt,
Nor how much joy she shew'd at your success.
She hears that you have pris'ner took
The bold Sicilian duke,
And begs he may be strait at her dispose,
That you may try how she can use your foes.
Sol. This furious Rhodian sally could not be
Provokt but by his jealousie of me.
Must. He wanted honour who could yours suspect.
Pir. The rash, by jealousie, themselves detect.
Sol. His jealousie shall meet with punishment.
Convay him strait to Roxolana's tent.

Exit Pirrhus.

But, Haly, know, the fair Ianthe must
Be safe and free, who did my honour trust.

You want no mutes, nor can they want good skill
To torture or dispatch those whom they kill.
But since this duke's renown did spread and rise
(Who in attempt at night
Has often scap'd my sight)
Take care that I may see him e're he dyes.

Exeunt several ways.

[*The Sixth Scene.*]

The Scene returns to Roxolana's Pavilion.

Enter Ianthe in her night dress.

Ianthe. In this pavilion all have been alarm'd.
The eunuchs, mutes, and very dwarfs were arm'd.
The Rhodians have a fatal sally made;
And many now, to shun
The griefs of love, are run
Through nights dark walks to death's detested shade.
An eunuch lately cry'd, Alphonso's slain;
Now others change my grief,
And give some small relief,
By new report that he's but pris'ner ta'ne.
Where, my afflicted lord,
Is thy victorious sword?
For now (though 'twas too weak to rescue thee)

It might successfull grow
If thy triumphant foe
Would make an end of love by ending me.

Enter Roxolana.

Roxolana. How fares my rival, the Sicilian flow'r?

Ian. As wet with tears as roses in a show'r.

Rox. I brought you presents when I saw you last.

Ian. Presents? If you have more,
Like those you brought before,
They come too late, unless they make great haste.

Rox. Are you departing without taking leave?

Ian. I would not you, nor can your guards deceive.

Rox. You'l pay a farewell to a civil court?

Ian. Souls make their parting ceremonies short.

Rox. The present which the Sultan sent before
(Who means to vex your bashfulness no more)
Was to your lips, and that you did refuse:
But this is to your ear. I bring you news.

Ian. I hear, my lord and Rhodes have been too blame.

Rox. It seems you keep intelligence with fame,

Or with some frighted eunuch, her swift post,
Who often has from camps to cities brought
The dreadfull news of battails lost
Before the field was fought.
Ian. Then I may hope this is a false alarm,
And Rhodes has neither done nor taken harm.
Rox. You may believe Alphonso is not slain.
Ian. Blest angel, speak! Nor is he pris'ner ta'ne?
Rox. He is a pris'ner, and is given to me.
Ian. Angels are kind, I know you'l set him free.
Rox. He has some wounds, plac'd nobly in his breast.
Ian. You soon take back the comfort you have given.
Rox. They are not deep, and are securely drest.
Ian. Now you are good agen! O heal them, Heav'n!
Rox. In Heav'n, Ianthe, he may mercy find,
He must go thither, and leave you behind.
Ian. I hope I shall discern your looks less strange,
And your expressions not so full of change —
Rox. Weep'st thou for him, whose sawcy jealousie
Durst think the Sultan could be false to me?

Ian. Though his offence makes him unfit to live,
I hope it is no crime in me to grieve.
Rox. Soft fool! bred up in narrow western courts,
Which are by subjects storm'd like paper-ports,
Italian courts, fair inns for forein posts
Where little princes are but civil hosts,
Think'st thou that she, who does wide empire sway,
Can breed such storms as lovers show'rs allay?
Can half the world be govern'd by a mind
That shews domestick pity, and grows kind?
Ian. Where are those virtuous vows you lately seal'd?
Rox. I did enjoyn they should not be reveal'd.
Ian. But could you mean they should be broken too?
Rox. Those seals were counterfeit, and pass
For nothing, since my sealing was
But to a Christian when I seal'd to you.
Ian. Seal'd by your pretious lipps? What is so sure
As that which makes the Sultan's heart secure?
You to religion many temples rere;
Justice may find one lodging in your breast.

56 *ports.* F, Forts.
58 *hosts.* Q3, Q4, F, period after this.

Rox. Religion is but publique fashion here,
And justice is but private interest.
Nature our sex does to revenge incite,
And int'rest counsels us to keep our own.
Were you not sent to rule with me at night?
Love is as shy of partners as the throne.
Haly, prepare the pris'ner; he must dye.

Enter Haly.

Ian. If any has offended, it is I. —
O think! think upward on the thrones above.
Disdain not mercy, since they mercy love.
If mercy were not mingled with their pow'r,
This wretched world could not subsist an how'r.
Excuse his innocence; and seize my life!
Can you mistake the husband for the wife?

Rox. Are Christian wives so true, and wondrous kind?
Ianthe, you can never change my mind,
For I did ever mean to keep my vow,
Which I renew, and seal it faster now. —

Kisses her.

The Sultan franckly gave thy lord to me,
And I as freely render him to thee.

Ian. To all the world be all your virtues known
More than the triumphs of the Sultans throne.

Rox. Send in her lord, to calm her troubled breast.

Exeunt Roxolana, Haly, several ways.

Ian. Now his departing life may stay;
But he has wounds. Yet she did say
They were not deep, and are securely drest.
Enter Haly, Alphonso, his arms bound.
Haly. Fate holds your dice; and here expect the cast.
Your chance, if it be bad, will soon be past.
Exit.
Alphonso. My doom contains not much diversity.
To live, to dye, to be a slave, or free?
Death summs up all! by dying we remove
From all the frowns of pow'r, and griefs of love.
Ianthe, are you here?
I will dismiss my fear.
Deaths dreaded journey I
Have ended e're I dye.
Death does to Heav'n the virtuous lead,
Which I enjoy ere I am dead.
For it is Heav'n to me where e're thou art,
And those who meet in Heav'n shall never part.
Ian. Stay, stay, Alphonso! you proceed too fast,
For I am chang'd since you beheld me last.
In Rhodes I wholly did my self resign
To serve your pow'r, but you are now in mine.
And that you may perceive how soon I can
Melt the obdurate heart of Solyman,

Let this confirm your restless jealousie:
You came in bound, and thus I make you free.— *Unbinds him.*
Alph. By this, Ianthe, you express no more
Dominion o're me than you had before.
In Rhodes I was a subject to your will:
Your smiles preserv'd me, and your frowns did kill.
Ian. I know your tongue too well; which should deceive
One who had study'd all the art
Of love rather than her whose heart
Too simply would your very looks believe.
But now you know, that though you are unbound,
Yet still your walk is on the Sultans ground.
Alph. Ianthe, you are chang'd indeed
If, cruelly, you thus proceed.
Ian. In tracing human story we shall find
The cruel more successfull than the kind.
Whilst you are here submitted to my sway,
It safe discretion were to make you pay
For all those sighs and tears my heart and eyes
Have lost to make you lose your jealousies.
But I was bred in natures simple school,
And am but Loves great fool,
With whom you rudely play,
And strike me hard, then stroke the pain away.—

How are your wounds? I hope you find them
slight?
Alph. They scarce will need the rip'ning of a
night:
Unless, severe Ianthe, you
By chiding me, their pains renew.
Ian. Was it not jealousie which brought you
here?
Alph. It was my love, conducted by my fear.
Fear of your safety, not of virtue, made
The Rhodians, by surprize, this camp invade.
In hope, by bringing home great pris'ners, we
Might set the Rhodians greater mistress free.
Ian. The safety of Ianthe was not worth
That courage which mis-led the Rhodians forth.
The worlds contagion, vice, could ne'r infect
The Sultans heart: but when you did suspect
His favours were too great for me to take,
You then, Alphonso, did unkindly make
My merit small; as if you knew
There was to that but little due.
Or if he wicked were,
What danger could you fear?
Since virtues force all vicious pow'r controles.
Lucrece a ponyard found, and Porcia coals.
Alph. How low to your high virtue shall I fall?
Ian. What chance attended in this fatal night
The Master, Marshal, and the Admiral?

Alph. I lost them in the thickest mist of fight.
Yet did from Haly this short comfort get
That they to Rhodes have made a brave retreat,
As Love's great champions we must them adore.
Ian. Be well, Alphonso, I will chide no more.

Enter Solyman, Roxolana, Mustapha, Pirrhus, Haly, Rustan.

Solyman. Haly, I did declare that I would see
The jealous pris'ner e're he dy'd.
Roxolana. Look there! you are obey'd. Yet pardon me
Who, e're you pardon'd him, did make him free.
Sol. In this I have your virtue try'd.
If Roxolana thus revengeless proves
To him whom such a beautious rival loves,
It does denote she rivals can endure,
Yet think she still is of my heart secure.
Duke, this example of her trust may be
A cure for your distrustfull thoughts of me.
You may imbark for the Sicilian coast,
And there possess your wife when Rhodes is lost.
Alph. Since freedome, which is more than life, you give
To him, who durst not ask you leave to live,
I cannot doubt your bounty when I crave
That, granting freedome, you will honour save.
My honour I shall lose, unless I share
In Rhodes, the Rhodians worst effects of warr.

To Sicily let chaste Ianthe steer,
And sing long stories of your virtue there:
Whilst, by your mercy sent, to Rhodes I go,
To be in Rhodes your suppliant, not your foe.
Ian. Alphonso, I have honour too;
Which calls me back to Rhodes with you.
Were this, through tenderness, by you deny'd
For soft concerns of life,
Yet gracious Solyman will ne'r divide
The husband from the wife.
Sol. Both may to Rhodes return: but it is just
That you, who nobly did my honour trust,
(Without my pass, or plighted word)
Should more by your advent'rous visit get
Than empires int'rest would afford,
Or you expected when you came to treat.
Go back, Ianthe; make your own
Conditions boldly for the town.
I am content it should recorded be,
That, when I vanquisht Rhodes, you conquer'd me.
Ian. Not fames free voice, nor lasting numbers can
Disperse, or keep, enough of Solyman.
Sol. From lovers beds, and thrones of monarchs, fly
Thou ever waking madness, jealousie.

And still, to natures darling, Love
(That all the world may happy prove)
Let giant-virtue be the watchfull guard,
Honour, the cautious guide, and sure reward:
Honour, adorn'd in such a poets song
As may prescribe to fame
What loyal lovers name
Shall farr be spread, and shall continue long.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

Though, bashfully, we fear to give offence,
Yet, pray allow our poet confidence.
He has the priv'lege of old servants got,
Who are conniv'd at, and have leave to doat,
To boast past service, and be chol'rique too,
Till they believe at last that all they do
Does far above their masters judgments grow:
Much like to theirs is his presumption now.
For free, assur'd, and bold his brow appears,
Because he serv'd your fathers many years.
He says he pleas'd them too, but he may find
You wits not of your duller-fathers mind.
Which, well consider'd, Mistress Muse *will then*
Wish for her old gallants at Fri'rs agen;
Rather than be by those neglected here,
Whose fathers civilly did court her there.
But as old mistresses, who meet disdain,
Forbear through pride, or prudence, to complain,
And satisfie their hearts, when they are sad,
With thoughts of former lovers they have had:
*Even so poor Madam-*Muse *this night must bear,*
With equal pulse, the fits of hope and fear,

And never will against your passion strive:
But, being old, and therefore narrative,
Comfort her self with telling tales too long,
Of many plaudits had when she was young.

FINIS.

Notes to The Siege of Rhodes

The First Part of *The Siege of Rhodes* was first acted in 1656 in the back part of Rutland House and later, in 1658 or 1659, according to the quarto of 1659, at the Cockpit in Drury Lane. When D'Avenant opened his new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields on June 25 or 26, 1661, he did so with the enlarged version of the play. Pepys saw it on July 2, and records its performance on four more occasions.

Part I is numbered continuously throughout each Entry, since D'Avenant evidently thought of each Entry as a unit with no consistent changing of scenery. The Chorus evidently remains throughout in the background, and, though it is Rhodian in all cases, it lifts its voice irrespective of the fact that sometimes the scene just closed is the Turkish camp. Part II is divided into acts and scenes after the manner of the regular drama.

183, 36. to prevent . . . musick. To anticipate and therefore make allowances for the length of recitative music, which would necessarily consume more time than ordinary dialogue.

183, 46. to hang out no bush. A bush was a sign hung out in front of a tavern; here the expression is used metaphorically.

184, 58. Mr. John Web. An architect (1611–1672) associated with Inigo Jones and of considerable contemporary reputation.

186. The Earl of Clarendon. Edward Hyde, first Earl (1609–1674), an early friend of D'Avenant, for whose *Albovine* he wrote commendatory verses. Later he became somewhat estranged, as witness his unfavorable account of D'Avenant's mission to the king in 1646. His position as Lord High Chancellor he held till 1667, when he was compelled to flee to France to escape impeachment by the Commons.

186, 12. early known to learned men. Clarendon boasts in his autobiography (I, 34 f., 1827 Ed., Oxford) of being admitted to the most brilliant literary society of his time. He knew Jonson, Waller, Carew, Selden, Chillingworth, Hales, Falkland, and Laud.

187, 17. **how many . . . persecute dramatick Poetry.** The specific reference may be to the suits which Herbert, Master of the Revels, brought against D'Avenant and Killigrew; the general reference is to the opposition of the Puritans, which now could not be backed by force.

187, 43. **cleanse it . . . manners.** In his patent to D'Avenant and Killigrew, dated Aug. 21, 1660, Charles had said: "We doe hereby by our authority royal strictly enjoine the said Thomas Killigrew and Sir William Davenant that they doe not at any time hereafter cause to be acted or represented any play, enterlude, or opera, containing any matter of prophanation, scurrility, or obscenity; and wee doe further hereby authorize and commande them the said Thomas Killigrew and Sir William Davenant to peruse all playes that have been formerly written, and to expunge all prophaneise and scurrility from the same before they be represented or acted." In the patent granted to D'Avenant on January 15, 1662, the same hypocritical regard is shown for the morality of the stage.

188, 48. **the two wise cardinals.** Richelieu and Mazarin. "'It is to two Cardinals,' says [Voltaire], 'that tragedy and opera owe their existence in France.' Corneille served an apprenticeship under Richelieu. . . . Card. Mazarin was the first who introduced operas." (Dibdin, i, 313.)

190. **Solyman.** Solyman II, the Magnificent, Sultan of the Ottomans from 1520 to 1566.

190. **Pirrhus.** "The eldest Bassa and of greatest authoritie." (Knolles, p. 572.)

190. **Mustapha.** The Bassa next in authority to Pirrhus, general of the land army against Rhodes.

190. **Rustan, Haly.** Names taken from Knolles's *Historie* but not found in the narrative of the siege.

190. **Villerius.** Philip de Villiers L'Isle D'Adam, Grand Master of Rhodes during the siege.

190. **Alphonso.** Knolles (p. 597) mentions a Spaniard Alphonsus, chief pilot of the Rhodian galleys, who with a hundred Latin volunteers joined the Rhodians from Crete without the knowledge of the Venetian Senate.

190. **Roxolana.** A favorite concubine of Solyman, later his wife.

191, 5. was written RHODES. The name of the scene was given corresponding pre-eminence in the staging of masques.

191, 8. nations. About 1331 the order of the Knights of St. John was divided into the seven *langues* of France, Provence, Auvergne, Italy, Germany, England, and Aragon.

191, 12. Villerius . . . himself. "The English garrison, over whom the Grand Master himselfe commanded." (Knolles, p. 581.)

191, 18. cognizance of the Order. A white cross on a red field.

192, 21. narrowness of the room. See D'Avenant's "Address to the Reader."

192, 34. promontory. The Turkish fleet was first descried from St. Stephen's Hill, about a mile from the city, on June 26. (Knolles, p. 580.)

193, 1. Arm . . . arm! Parodied in *The Rehearsal*, v, i: "Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm."

193, 10. course from Chios steers. The first division of the Turkish fleet sailed from Chios. (Knolles, p. 579.) Chios is an island off the coast of Asia Minor, northwest of Rhodes.

194, 19. Send horse to drive the fields. "The Rhodians for the most part now assured and out of doubt of the comming of the Turkes . . . pluckt downe the suburbs of the citie, and laid them euen with the ground, their pleasant orchards also & gardens neere vnto the citie, they vtterly destroied; the Grand Master for example sake beginning first with his owne . . . and taking into the citie all such things as they thought needfull for the enduring of the siege, they vtterly destroied all the rest, were it neuer so pleasant and commodious, within a mile of the towne, leauing all that space as euen and bare as they could possibly make it; to the intent, that the enemie at his comming should find nothing neere the citie whereof to make vse." (Knolles, p. 578.)

194, 27. St. Nic'las cliffs. The tower of St. Nicholas stood upon a narrow piece of ground, pointing far into the sea, defending the haven upon the right hand, where sometime stood the great Collosus of the sun. (Knolles, p. 584.) "Cliffs" is incorrect.

194, 33. What . . . invade. Parodied in *The Rehearsal*, v, i: "But stay, what is this invades our ears?"

195, 49. our bloody cross. The cross was not bloody, the

field was. See note **191, 18**. D'Avenant is confusing it with St. George's cross of England.

195, 50. the western kingdoms. The Grand Master sought aid from the Emperor Charles V, in Spain, from the cardinals and the knights of the order in Rome, and from the king of France, but all to no purpose. (Knolles, p. 581.)

195, 51. the Austrian eagle . . . Gallick-Kings. "The French king (being at mortall warres with the Germane Emperour, and Lord of Italie)." (Knolles, p. 572.)

196, 61. Still Christian wars. The Marshal continues the dialogue as if he had not just entered.

196, 71. our sacred annual feast. Bosio (p. 543) states that the Turkish fleet was descried on June 26, within the octave of the feast of St. John, while processions in honor of the Saint were being held.

197, 84. Chorus. The Chorus takes no part in the action and its entrance is not recorded. It lifts its voice at the close of this part of the Entry, which is placed in Rhodes, as it does at the close of the latter part of the Entry, which is really in Sicily.

197, 87. To Rhodes. The scene changes to Sicily, but without any disturbance of the stage-setting.

199, 139–40. wine . . . Candy. The Grand Master laid in a supply of wine from Candia. (See Bosio, p. 531.)

200, 143. A vous. As for you, "Frenchy," you are matched by the back-sword fighters of London. The whole chorus is rather absurd.

201, 9. Still we . . . beaten down. "Solyman . . . caused his batterie to be planted against that part of the wall so undermined : which so many wayes weakened, and now fore battered, fell downe daily more and more. For remedie whereof, the Rhodians laboured day and night to raise a new wall, instead of that which was beaten downe." (Knolles, p. 591.)

203, 47. Solyman is landed now. He did so on August 28th. (Knolles, p. 583.)

204, 61. Solyman. What sudden halt. The scene changes to the camp of Solyman without alteration of the stage-setting.

204, 62. O're-running kingdoms. This is the tenor of Solyman's speech to his soldiers when he joined them. (Knolles, p. 583.)

206, 111. I bring . . . cloud. Parodied in *The Rehearsal*, III, ii:

> "Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty show?
> Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud."

211, 1–12. Pirrhus . . . we lead the van. Parodied in *The Rehearsal*, v, i (pp. 123–5 in Arber's reprint).

212, 22. want of losing blame. That is, blame themselves for not having lost earlier, when there was excuse and before the Turks should take vengeance for their resistance.

213, 57–66. Upon Philermus Hill . . . to my grave. These details are from Knolles, p. 589.

219, 199. booty play. To play into the hands of a confederate in order to plunder another player.

220, 221. forward jealousie. Roxolana was jealous of Solyman's son Mustapha by a concubine; but this was many years later. (Knolles, p. 758 f.)

229, 130–3. From out the camp . . . will play. "It fortuned the same night, that a poore Christian serving a Turke in the campe, calling secretely vnto the watchman vpon the walls, gave them warning that the Turkes prepared the next day to giue a generall assault vnto the citie." (Knolles, p. 586.)

229, 134. Martiningus. "Gabriel Martiningus of Brixia, a most skilfull enginier, came to the Rhodes out of Creta; by whose industrie and cunning, 55 mines which the Turkes did with infinit labor and charge make . . . during the siege, were all by countermines disappointed and defeated." (Knolles, p. 581.)

230, 167. bravely sally out from all the forts. The Rhodians sallied out against the Turkish pioneers, whom they "fiercely pursued and slew downright." (Knolles, p. 582.)

231, 170. Roxolana. Not come to see me. The scene changes to Solyman's camp but without change in the stage-setting.

233. the greatest fury . . . at the English station. In the assaults of September 4 and 9 the English bulwarks were those most fiercely attacked. (Knolles, p. 584.)

233, 7–40. More ladders . . . fight. Upon the blowing up of the English bulwark the Turks attempted to enter, but were "by the Grand Master and his followers with great slaughter repulsed." (Knolles, p. 584.)

234, 10–19. Point . . . reach. Parodied in *The Rehearsal*, v, i (pp. 123–5 in Arber).

236, 63. Alphonso. My reason by my courage. The scene changes to the forces of the besieged, but without disturbance of the stage-setting.

238, 115–138. This riddle . . . love. Such a situation is parodied in *The Rehearsal*, III, ii (p. 87 in Arber).

239, 141. Seven crescents . . . are gone! "Seven ensigns of the Turks were broken in by the ruins of the bulwarke, & had inforced the defendants . . . to give ground." (Knolles, p. 584.)

240, 168. This dragon-duke. Drake is called "Dragon-Drake" with punning appropriateness in D'Avenant's *The History of Sir Francis Drake.*

246, 286. Solyman. Your looks express. The scene returns to that of the Castle on Mount Philermus.

250. Capt. Henry Cook. Musician and royalist captain. He taught music under the Commonwealth. See Evelyn's *Diary*, November 28, 1654, and October 2, 1656. He contributed along with Coleman, Lawes, and Hudson to the music of D'Avenant's Rutland House Entertainment. On the Restoration he was appointed master of the children of the Chapel Royal. He wrote all the music for the coronation of Charles II, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. See Pepys, August 12, October 7, 1660, and February 13, 1667.

250. Mr. Edward Coleman. At the Restoration he was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and was later appointed musician for the lute and voice in the royal band. Pepys has several references to him and his wife. See his entries for October 31, December 6, 1665, and January 3, 1666. He died in 1669.

250. Mr. Matthew Lock. A musical composer, who died in 1677. He was composer in ordinary to his majesty under Charles II. He wrote several fine anthems and composed the instrumental music for the adaptation of *The Tempest*, by Dryden and D'Avenant. See references to him in Pepys, February 21, 1660, and September 1, 1667.

250. Mr. Henry Persill [Purcell]. Gentleman of the Chapel Royal and master of the children of Westminster Abbey and music copyist there. He was the father of the more distinguished Henry Purcell (d. 1695). He was buried in Westminster Abbey, August 3, 1664.

250. Mr. Henry Lawes (1596–1662). Epistler, later

gentleman of the Chapel Royal, 1626; later member of the king's band. He was by 1633 connected with the household of the Earl of Bridgewater. He is said to have selected Milton to write *Comus* for an entertainment given by the Earl, in which Lawes and his pupils performed. At the outbreak of the Civil War he lost all his appointments but regained them upon the Restoration. He contributed along with Cook, Coleman, and Hudson to the music for D'Avenant's Rutland House Entertainment.

250. Dr. Charles Coleman. He was a member of Charles I's private band. With Captain Cook, Henry Lawes, and George Hudson he contributed music to D'Avenant's Rutland House Entertainment. In 1662 he was appointed composer to the king and died in 1664.

250. Mr. George Hudson. See preceding note.

251, 2. Like him, etc. In Lyly's *Campaspe* the servant of Diogenes proclaims that his master is to fly (Act III, Sc. ii); when the populace assemble to see the flight, Diogenes rates them for their idle curiosity. (Act IV, Sc. i.) I do not know the exact source of D'Avenant's allusion.

251, 18. Wapping. A quarter of London situated along the north bank of the Thames, below the Tower.

252, 34. inward . . . sight. The perspective of the stage pictures.

253, 2. slow Venice. The Venetians were at that time in league with the Turks. (Knolles, p. 597.)

257, 86. gow[r]d. This is probably the correct reading. The reference would be to the inability of the gourd to endure distress. See *Jonah*, iv, 6–10. *Goud* is meaningless.

257, 99. hot and hot. The expression is applied to dishes served in succession as soon as cooked.

258, 121. Admiral. The person addressed, one would suppose, would be the Grand Master.

259, 157–160. Our guards . . . promises. "The ratling of the falling houses, the horrible noise of the enemie, with the thundering of the great artillerie, wonderfully terrified the miserable citizens: in every place was heard the lamentation of women and children, every thing shewed the heavinesse of the time, and seemed as altogether lost and forlorne." (Knolles, p. 591.) There is no mention in Knolles of any spirit of rebellion among

the Rhodians. Strong counsels were given, however, in favor of surrender.

260, 163. their hunger now Makes them approach. "Upon the returne of the embassadors [concerning surrender], the poore of all sorts flockt together to the Grand Master his house." (Knolles, p. 593.)

267, 22. Since tides ebb longer than they flow. The interval between high and low tides is greater than between low and high.

279, 1–24. Th'ambassadors . . . save. Compare a similar scene in *The Fair Favourite*, III, i.

280, 17. Th'Armenian cities have their tribute paid. Armenia was at the time of the siege of Rhodes reduced to the condition of a province of the Ottoman Empire. (Knolles, p. 600.)

280, 18. Georgian princes. Georgia is in the interior of the Transcaucasian district.

280, 22. the Hungarian queen. In 1540, on the death of King John of Hungary, the council of his widow and her infant son sent two ambassadors with valuable jewels to Solyman, in return for which he granted them his protection. (Knolles, p. 696 f.)

281, 48. doves whose livers have no gall. Sir Thomas Browne treats of this belief in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, bk. III, ch. iii.

283, 24–5. Roxolana . . . son. Another of D'Avenant's anachronisms. It was not till 1553 that Roxolana plotted for her own son against Mustapha, Solyman's son by a Circassian bondwoman. (Knolles, p. 757.)

284, 43. to beauty be a slave. "It fortuned with Solyman . . . that he became amorous of Roxolana . . . so graced with beauty and courtly behaviour, that in short time she became mistresse of his thoughts, and commandresse of him that all commanded." (Knolles, p. 757.)

285, 78. Roxolana fills the sphear. According to the old astronomy each of the original seven spheres had its planet.

306, 66. That I am conquer'd . . . kill. A situation frequently developed in the heroic play.

312, 222–32. You make . . . or melt. An instance of the stychomythic dispute frequent in the heroic play.

317, 322. Mustapha. Solyman's son by a Circassian bondswoman. See note **283, 24–5.**

318, 349–58. Beauty retire, etc. Pepys put these words to music, much to his own delectation and, so he says, to that of others. (See the *Diary*, Dec. 6, 9, 1665, etc.)

319. Stage-Direction. Grand Master's Palace on Fire. This is an invention of D'Avenant's for spectacular purposes. As a matter of fact the four days' truce was broken, several bloody deeds were perpetrated, but no regular engagement was renewed. The city surrendered after parley. (Knolles, p. 597 f.)

319, 5. Saint Georges tower. Situated on the western line of the fortifications of the city.

320, 14. Their cross is bloody. Saint George's cross, red on a white field.

325, 37. make good the peer. Make sure of, gain and hold the pier.

327, 39–40. And begs . . . your foes. Roxolana's request is such as frequently occurs under similar conditions in Dryden's heroic plays.

335, 164. Lucrece . . . Porcia. See Shakspere's *Rape of Lucrece* and his *Julius Cæsar*, IV, iii, 156.

339, 14. Fri'rs. Blackfriars Theatre, one of the principal playhouses of Shakspere's time. It was not pulled down till 1655.

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Glossary

actuate, carry out into action, perform. *L. H.* IV, iv, 11.

admiral, the chief ship in the fleet. *2 S. R.* I, i, 54; III, ii, 41.

affect, have an affection for, like. *L. H.* III, iv, 138; IV, v, 111. *S. R. Ded.* 52.

Almans, Germans. *1 S. R.* II, 29.

amber. "Amber is reputed of some medicinal efficacy, being used in suffumigations to remove defluxions, and in powder, as an alterant, absorbent, sweetener, and astringent." *M. and L.* II, 244. *L. H.* IV, ii, 48.

ancient, standard-bearer, ensign. *L. H.* I, i, 322.

apace, swiftly, speedily. *1 S. R.* I, 123.

arras, a curtain hung at the back of the stage, behind which persons or things might be concealed. *L. H.* III, v, 177. (*St. Dir.*)

attend, wait, tarry. *1 S. R.* III, 64; await. *2 S. R.* II, iii, 2.

back-swords, fencers with the back-sword or single-stick. *1 S. R.* I, 144.

barly breake, "an old country game . . . somewhat resembling *Prisoner's Bars*, originally played by six persons (three of each sex, in couples; one couple, being in the middle den termed 'hell,' had to catch the others, who were allowed to separate or 'break' when hard pressed, and thus to change partners, but had when caught to take their turn as catchers." — *N. E. D. L. H.* III, iii, 106.

batoone, cudgel, club. *L. H.* V, i, 40.

beads, prayers. *L. H.* II, iii, 35.

behave, manage, regulate, conduct. *L. H.* II, i, 100.

beldam, old woman, hag. *L. H.* II, i, 13.

bing, a bin. *L. H.* IV, ii, 114.

blind, a structure used in sieges as a protection against the enemy's fire, a blindage. *1 S. R.* V, 2.

bongrace, a sunshade fitted on the front of a woman's bonnet or cap to protect the complexion. *L. H.* II, i, 96.

brave, handsome, splendid. *L. H.* I, i, 65.

brigant, light-armed, irregular foot-soldier. *1 S. R.* I, 28.

Brownist, a follower of the Puritan sect founded by Robert Brown about 1581. *L. H.* III, iii, 79.

Bucephalus, the favorite horse of Alexander the Great. *L. H.* II, iii, 58.

burthen, chorus. *L. H.* IV, ii, 3.

by, a term in the game of hazard, associated with *main*. The latter was the principal risk and the *by* a sort of collateral risk. Cf. Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase*, III, i, "We 'll bar him, bye and main." *L. H.* II, i, 27.

canker, an inferior species of rose, the dog rose. *2 S. R.* III, iii, 5.

capitulate, drawn up articles of agreement, arrange or propose terms, parley. *2 S. R.* III, i, 120.

carefull, full of care, anxious. *2 S. R.* II, i, 53.

case, condition. *L. H.* II, iii, 48.

cast, cashiered, dismissed. *L. H.* V, i, 16.

Cataian, a man of Cathay, a sharper. *L. H.* II, i, 24.

cawdle, a warm drink consisting of thin gruel, mixed with wine or ale, sweetened and spiced, given chiefly to sick people, especially in childbed, and to their visitors. *L. H.* I, i, 51. *v.* to treat with a cawdle. *L. H.* IV, ii, 87.

cease, ceaze, seize. *L. H.* III, iv, 238; IV, iv, 56.

cherish, foster. *L. H.* IV, v, 49.

chiefest bloud, highest in rank. *L. H.* V, iii, 130.

civil, of or pertaining to the citizens collectively, civic. *1 S. R.* III, 32; civilized. *S. R. Ded.* 33; ordered, well ordered, well governed. *L. H.* II, iii, 32; *2 S. R.* III, i, 111; courteous. *1 S. R.* III, 168; *2 S. R.* I, i, 193; polite, proper. *L. H.* IV, i, 14.

civility, freedom from barbarity, culture, good manners. *L. H.* IV, v, 42; *S. R. Ded.* 29.

cognizance, an heraldic device or emblem. *1 S. R.* p. 191, l. 18.

comfortable, encouraging, reassuring. *L. H.* V, iii, 9.

compartiment, compartment, a technical term in architecture for a division for ornament in a design. *1 S. R.* p. 191, l. 4.

complacency, contented acquiescence. *S. R. Ded.* 74.

concordance, concord, harmony. *2 S. R.* II, i, 65.

confirm, strengthen, invigorate, support. *2 S. R.* IV, ii, 27.

consult, consider. *2 S. R.* IV, iii, 21.

converse, be conversant or familiar with. *L. H.* I, i, 157.

cordiall water, spirits, stimulants. *L. H.* v, i, 14.

cordovan, glove made of Cordovan leather. *L. H.* IV, ii, 124.

couzen, delude, deceive. *S. R. Prol.* l. 13.

cowlestaffe, a stout stick used to support a 'cowl' or tub for carrying water, being thrust through the two handles of it. *L. H.* v, i, 39.

coyn, a wedge used for raising and lowering pieces of ordnance. *1 S. R.* v, 158.

culleis, a strong broth made of meat, fowl, etc., boiled and strained, as beef tea. *L. H.* II, iii, 47; III, iii, 40.

culverin, a large cannon, very long in proportion to its bore. *1 S. R.* v, 158.

defalk, diminish by cutting off a part, cut or lop off. *L. H.* I, i, 103.

dejected, bent down. *L. H.* III, ii, 30; v, ii, 44.

Delphos, a mistake for Delphi, the seat of the famous oracle. *L. H.* IV, iv, 80. Compare *Winter's Tale,* II, i, 183.

demeane, demeanor, bearing, behavior. *L. H.* IV, v, 80.

deny, refuse. *L. H.* v, iii, 16.

depart, part, separate. *L. H.* II, ii, 146; *1 S. R.* I, 109.

descry, make known, disclose, reveal. *L. H. Prol.* l. 13.

detect, inform against, accuse. *2 S. R.* v, v, 44.

determine, bring to an end, conclude. *L. H.* v, iii, 129.

Diego, a cant term for a Spaniard, giving our modern Dago. *1 S. R.* I, 145.

diligence, careful attention. *L. H.* v, i, 2.

discoursive, rational. *L. H.* I, i, 251.

discretion, discernment, discrimination. *L. H.* v, ii, 14; iii, 141.

dispose, put into a proper place, place fitly. *L. H.* I, i, 307; *n.* disposal. *2 S. R.* IV, ii, 45.

distract, rend into pieces. *L. H.* IV, iv, 6.

divide, separate or mark off. *1 S. R.* III, 2.

division, the execution of a rapid melodic passage, originally conceived as the dividing of each of a succession of long notes into several short ones, especially as a variation on or accompaniment to a theme or plain song, variation, modulation. — *N. E. D. L. H.* II, i, 105.

domestique, of or pertaining to the household. *1 S. R.* v, 21.

doome, judgment. *L. H. Prol.* l. 10.

doubt, fear. *L. H.* v, i, 25;

S. R. Prol. l. 25; suspect, apprehend. *L. H.* II, ii, 110.

doubtful, giving cause for apprehension. *L. H.* II, ii, 143.

drive the fields, drive off the cattle, etc., from the fields. *1 S. R.* I, 19.

emptiness, hunger. *2 S. R.* II, i, 2.

equal, even, undisturbed, tranquil. *2 S. R. Epil.* l. 22.

estate, condition with respect to worldly prosperity. *L. H.* I, i, 38.

exact, consummate, finished, refined, perfect. *L. H.* IV, i, 10; iii, 11.

excuse, offer or serve as exculpation for. *L. H.* IV, iii, 32; *1 S. R.* II, 79.

exemplar, exemplary. *L. H.* I, i, 77.

expectance, a resource from which results are expected. *N. E. D. 2 S. R.* I, i, 180.

faction, dissension. *S. R. Ded.* 60.

fairly, neatly, elegantly; clearly, distinctly. *L. H.* II, iii, 65.

fame, reputation, good name. *2 S. R.* IV, ii, 54.

familiar, tame. *2 S. R.* I, i, 164.

fast, fasten, fix, settle. *1 S. R.* III, 66.

fatal, doomed. *1 S. R.* I, 87; *2 S. R.* III, iii, 36.

figure, design, pattern, diagram. *1 S. R.* III, 14.

fire-crook, firehook used in pulling down burning buildings. *1 S. R.* V, 8.

firk, beat, whip, lash, trounce. *1 S. R.* V, 314; play. *L. H.* IV, ii, 2.

fond, foolish. *S. R. Prol.* l. 9. *L. H.* III, ii, 1.

forward, ready, prompt. *1 S. R.* III, 219, 221.

fraught, freighted. *1 S. R.* II, 120.

freely, free. *2 S. R.* I, i, 40.

gabion, a wicker basket of cylindrical form usually open at both ends, intended to be filled with earth for use in fortifications and engineering. — *N. E. D. 1 S. R.* V, 2.

galley-grosse, a great galley. *L. H.* V, i, 22.

government, behavior, conduct, discretion. *L. H.* V, iii, 5.

grasse, spring or early summer. *L. H.* V, iii, 244.

greatly, magnanimously, grandly. *2 S. R.* III, iii, 33.

gross, the main body. *1 S. R.* I, 48; III, 9; *a.* stout, massive, great. *1 S. R.* p. 191, l. 2.

grudging, an access or slight symptom of an approaching illness or a trace of a previous one; a touch of an ailment. *2 S. R.* IV, iii, 27.

habiliments, personal accoutrements for war, armor, also weapons, implements, or apparatus of war. *1 S. R.* p. 191, l. 6.

head peece, helmet. *L. H.* I, i, 5.

high, difficult to perform. *S. R. Prol.* l. 3.

hornes, the sign of the cuckold. *L. H.* v, i, 66.

how ere, however. *L. H.* IV, v, 93.

hoyse, hoist. *1 S. R.* I, 74.

hoyt, indulge in riotous and noisy mirth, act the hoyden. *L. H.* III, iii, 106.

hug'ous, huge. *1 S. R.* v, 326.

idea, an image or picture conceived by the mind. *L. H.* IV, i, 23.

import, be of importance to, concern. *L. H.* v, iii, 52.

improve, make greater, increase. *2 S. R.* III, i, 54.

influence, in astronomy, the supposed flowing or streaming from the stars or heavens of an etherial fluid acting upon the character or destiny of man and affecting things generally. — *N. E. D. L. H.* II, iii, 115; III, iv, 223.

inform, instruct. *2 S. R.* I, i, 232.

intelligence, the correspondence that merchants and statesmen hold in foreign countries. *2 S. R.* IV, i, 20.

jet, strut, swagger. *L. H.* IV, ii, 120.

justify, maintain as true, affirm. *L. H.* IV, iv, 96.

knots, ties or bows of ribbon, used or worn as an ornament or adjunct to a dress. *1 S. R.* II, 201.

leds, the roof (of a house). *L. H.* v, iii, 192.

leverite, a leverat or young hare. *L. H.* III, i, 104.

libd, castrated, gelded. *L. H.* IV, iv, 101.

lieger, a representative, an ambassador. *2 S. R.* II, i, 56; III, ii, 73.

magnificence, greatness of nature, glory. *S. R. Ded.* 29.

magnifique, splendid, imposing. *2 S. R.* II, i, 12.

maine, mane. *L. H.* II, iii, 54.

May fly, an angler's name for *ephemera vulgata*. *L. H.* III, iii, 55.

meere, pure, unmixed. *L. H.* IV, ii, 36.

mortall, death dealing, fatal. *L. H.* I, i, 299; still in life, not immortal. *L. H.* III, iv, 118.

motion, a puppet-show. *L. H.* v, i, 46.

mump, munch, nibble, chew. *L. H.* II, i, 115.

muskadine, a wine made from muscat-grapes, having a strong flavor of musk. *L. H.* II, iii, 17.

mysteries, rites or ceremonies as of a religious character. *L. H.* IV, iv, 58; *2 S. R.* IV, iii, 154.

mystique, mysterious. *1 S. R.* III, 207.

narrative, garrulous. *2 S. R. Epil.* 24.

needlesse, that has no need of such sacrifice, as unworthy. *L. H.* III, iv, 70.

night-gown, a loose gown worn in one's chamber at night or in the daytime, a dressing-gown. *1 S. R.* V, 178. (*St. Dir.*)

notch'd, closely cut, cropped; applied by Cavaliers to Roundheads. *L. H.* III, iii, 80.

optick, telescope. *L. H.* V, iii, 191.

packet, the state parcel or mail of dispatches to and from foreign countries. *2 S. R.* IV, i, 22.

parcel, a small portion, item. *2 S. R.* I, i, 19; *a. L. H.* IV, iv, 38.

Parmazan, Parmesan cheese. *S. R. Prol.* l. 50.

patch, a small piece of black silk or court plaster worn on the face usually to show off the complexion, fashionable among women in the 17th and 18th centuries. *1 S. R.* II, 209.

peake, the projecting front of a head dress. *L. H.* II, i, 88.

perdu, a soldier sent on hazardous duty, so that he is regarded as already lost. *L. H.* V, i, 68.

perplex, complicate, entangle. *L. H.* V, ii, 2.

perswade, try to convince, seek to induce, advise, counsel. *L. H.* II, ii, 193; III, ii, 91; V, i, 71.

picked, having a sharp point, peaked. *L. H.* II, i, 93.

pillau, an oriental dish, consisting of rice boiled with mutton, kid, or fowl, and flavored with spices, raisins, butter, broth, etc.; a favorite dish among Mohammedans everywhere. — *C. D. 1 S. R.* I, 148.

pioneers, foot-soldiers who clear the way from obstructions, repair roads, dig entrenchments, etc. *1 S. R.* III, 54.

pirk, perk, carry one's self in a smart, brisk, or jaunty manner. *L. H.* II, i, 70.

plashes, puddles of water, pools. *1 S. R.* V, 316.

plight, word of honor, pledge. *1 S. R.* II, 160.

point tag, a tag at the end of a

lace. Points were about eight inches long and were used to fasten clothes together. They or the tags were used as small stakes in gambling. *L. H.* II, i, 99.

port, a gate or entrance. *1 S. R.* IV, 164.

possit, a drink composed of hot milk curdled by some infusion, as wine or other liquor, formerly much in favor as a luxury and as a medicine. *L. H.* I, i, 110.

practice, artifice, plot, skill acquired through experience. *1 S. R.* V, 187; *2 S. R.* I, i, 236; II, i, 40.

practis'd, experienced. *2 S. R.* II, i, 9.

practise, to endeavor, try. *2 S. R.* II, i, 205.

prevent, anticipate. *1 S. R.* III, 15; IV, 136; *2 S. R.* I, i, 82; take previous measures against, forestall by destroying. *1 S. R.* I, 20.

provide, make ready, prepare. *L. H.* III, iii, 68.

pullen, poultry. *L. H.* I, i, 59.

punctuall, to the point, minute. *L. H.* III, iv, 226.

purl, a border of embroidery or perhaps of lace. *1 S. R.* II, 211.

qualifie, induce to assent to, appease, calm. *L. H.* II, ii, 163.

quarrie, the attack or swoop made by a hawk or eagle upon a bird, the act of seizing or tearing the quarry. *2 S. R.* I, i, 8.

rabin, a rabbi. *L. H.* I, i, 341.

rampire, a rampart. *1 S. R.* V, 12.

rap'd, transported, delighted. *L. H.* V, iii, 186.

relief, a soldier who relieves others. *1 S. R.* V, 7.

remorse, pity. *L. H.* I, i, 255; IV, iv, 133; *2 S. R.* IV, iii, 344; V, v, 8.

respective, respectful. *L. H.* I, i, 211; III, iv, 95.

rugge, rough, heavy woollen fabric, coarse, nappy frieze used by the poor. *L. H.* III. iii, 110.

sad, momentous, weighty, serious. *1 S. R.* V, 115.

second, follow up, supplement. *1 S. R.* V, 186.

secure, safe. *L. H.* IV, iv, 111.

securely, without care or thought of danger, confidently. *1 S. R.* V, 180; *2 S. R.* V, vi, 45.

shashes, sashes. *1 S. R.* V, 315.

singly, as a single person. *L. H.* V, iii, 79.

speake, bespeak, speak for. *L. H.* III, i, 14.

spot, a patch as worn by ladies. *1 S. R.* II, 200.

still, always. *2 S. R.* IV, iii, 313; *L. H.* II, ii, 121.

stoop, swoop or pounce upon. *1 S. R.* V, 169.

strength, a fortification. *1 S. R.* II, 140.

strike, surrender. *L. H.* II, iii, 112.

sucket, a dried sweatmeat or sugar plum. *L. H.* II, i, 81.

sufferance, suffering. *L. H.* III, ii, 83; V, ii, 2.

suspect, respect, esteem. *L. H.* V, iii, 22.

swadle, beat, cudgel. *L. H.* I, i, 360.

temperance, moderation. *S. R. Ded.* 74.

temperature, moderation, freedom from passion. *L. H.* I, i, 237.

terme, in law, the period during which a court of justice may hold its sessions from day to day for trial of causes. In England the law terms were four in number: Hilary, Easter, Trinity, Michaelmas. *L. H.* IV, ii, 39.

timpany, a swelling out, an inflation. *L. H.* IV, ii, 23.

towardly, accommodating, willing. *L. H.* III, iii, 73.

traverse, turn or point a gun in any direction. *1 S. R.* V, 1.

truss'd, with the garments drawn closely, drawn or tied tight. *L. H.* V, i, 36.

turbant, turban. *1 S. R.* I, 151.

turn-pike, a kind of revolving cheval-de-frise. *1 S. R.* V, 159; *2 S. R.* V, i, 15.

usher, in the royal household of Great Britain there are four gentlemen ushers of the privy chamber, who attend various ceremonies at court, together with gentlemen ushers daily waiters, gentlemen ushers quarterly waiters, etc.—*C. D. L. H.* II, i, 111.

viewlesse, invisible. *L. H.* IV, v, 54.

vildly, vilely. *1 S. R.* II, 103.

vizards, visors. *1 S. R.* I, 41.

whinyard, a sword or hanger. *L. H.* I, i, 330.

witty, cunning, clever. *1 S. R.* V, 134.

Zanjack, a Sanjak-bey, a governor of a sanjak, a Turkish administrative district of the second grade. *2 S. R.* III, ii, 44.

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